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*See page 221.*

JAPANESE LADY IN NATIVE COSTUME.

# OVER THE WORLD.

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BY

SIR EDGAR COLLINS BOEHM,
BART., F.R.G.S.

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Dedicated to

ALL THE KIND FRIENDS

IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE WORLD

WHO GAVE THE AUTHOR HELP

AND INFORMATION.

# PREFACE.

IN these notes, mostly written on the spot, or in trains, steamers, driving, and riding, the writer lays no claim whatsoever to literary ability; and should the book fall into the hands of the critical book-worm, I can only advise him to pass it on to a friend fond of travel and sympathetic to foreign countries.

In the first instance these notes were written for private circulation, but owing to unexpected developments the author has launched the book on the sea of publicity with the hope that it may float serenely on its waters, and be dealt as leniently with as possible.

One word more. In many instances the writer has, in various parts of the world, been so misled by guide books—particularly those of the cheap local sort—that he feels he can justly give a word of advice to tourists in perusing so many of these pamphlets, etc., not to be led away by the impressions of the authors. What time, money, and energy I have thrown away in long

journeys to visit worthless spots in this manner would be hard to say. And yet how many books of travel and so-called guide books are apt to mislead one. No doubt written with every good intention, but absurdly exaggerated to the extent of making the tourist disgusted or thoroughly dissatisfied? I can only say that I hope I have succeeded, in these notes, in my wish to avoid personal impressions, and to convey to my readers only what has been seen with my own eyes, and judged in as even a manner as possible.

To illustrate the above, for example, take a traveller (it doesn't matter where). Well, it is probably raining and dreary, he can't find his letters of introduction, he has left his umbrella or stick in the train, the hotel he wishes to go to is full up, etc., etc., *ad infinitum*—under those circumstances a really charming place becomes (to him) intolerable, he being utterly blind to its attractions, whereas under more favourable circumstances and with a spell of fine weather the traveller would have probably spent a most enjoyable time. But not a bit of it; the ordinary impressionist's sole idea is to clear out as fast as possible, and never go near the "beastly" place again, and in consequence runs it down to everyone who questions him about it.

Looking at it from the other side, the same impressionist has some very great friends living in some place where we will say there is absolutely nothing of interest whatsoever from a picturesque, social, climatic, politic, geologic, botanic, or any

point of view you like. Now, the train is punctual, carriage sent to meet him, lovely day, good food, comfortable bed, is taken for walks, shown insignificant nooks and crannies which have stories and associations, and when he leaves he feels enraptured with the place and advises everybody to go there. Now, with due deference to the impressionist, in my opinion that is most misleading, and I can only repeat that a traveller must not allow superficial gleams to hold any weight at all—at the same time not forgetting, as in eating so in travelling, that what appeals to the one may be distasteful to the other; and I can only conclude by humbly wishing that the following pages may prove of some use or interest to the traveller, at home or abroad, who does not thirst for too exhaustive details.

E. C. B.

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# OVER THE WORLD.

## I.—SOUTH AFRICA.

THE passenger for South Africa who wishes for the greatest comfort on the sea voyage would naturally travel by one of the Mail steamers rather than by one of the intermediate boats. We, however, journeyed by one of the latter, as they stop at Las Palmas, which place we were anxious to see, and where we arrived on Friday, December 24th, 1897.

The Canaries are a beautiful little group, and the panorama of rocky and sandy hills towering up all round, which opens out when the steamer enters the Grand Çanary Harbour, is a sight never to be forgotten, while the capital lying along the shore adds to the picture.

The drive up from the port to the town of Las Palmas takes about fifteen minutes, over a very muddy and sandy road with deep ruts. The Metropole and South Catalina are the two best

hotels, and most of the servants are English. The cathedral is worth seeing The language spoken, of course, is Spanish, as is also the money. Some of the women are extremely prepossessing, but the men are not handsome.

We were due to leave the port at 2.30, but did not finish the coaling until past four. Boys came round in boats selling fruit, oranges, bananas, etc., also canary birds. Some of the latter were bought, and they looked healthy and seemed to sing well; they cost, I believe, from 10s. to 15s. The boys dive after coins just like the natives at Aden, but they do not disdain coppers like their Aden *confrères.*

The day after leaving this port was Christmas Day, and it seemed curious spending it on board an ocean liner.

The usual sports took place during the long and uneventful voyage; they were more exciting than usual, inasmuch as we had a lot of marines and bluejackets on board, on their way to join H.M.S. *Thrush*, a gunboat stationed at the time in Simon's Bay.

Later on we "crossed the line," *i.e.*, the Equator; we experienced no "bump," and the only indication that we were nearing it was the intense heat! In days gone by the sailors used to play practical jokes on people crossing the line for the first time, so it is said.

On Sunday, January 9th, 1898, we reached Cape Town at about 6 o'clock in the morning, and our

luggage was examined at the custom house. There are excellent shops in Cape Town where one can get almost anything one wants; certainly some things are highly priced, but, on the other hand, there are many things which are cheaper than one could



ZULU CHIEF WITH WIVES.

purchase them in London. There are some very fine buildings, the streets are broad and good, and it all looked cheerful, though dusty.

In the hotels (which are all very medium class) the arrangements for meals are much the same

all over South Africa. The system of payment is either so much per day inclusive, or per week; about 12s. 6d. per day or £4 per week. The system of paying for your room only does not exist.

A great feature in Cape Town are the electric trams, which run every ten minutes; they are most comfortable. One of the pleasantest drives is to Wynberg, about eight miles out; numerous villas, country houses, and thriving little villages are passed, and Wynberg itself is an extremely healthy and pretty place. Another drive can be taken to Sea Point, where one can dine at a good hotel. There is good bathing, and the air is very bracing after Cape Town.

On Thursday, January 13th, we left by the 10 p.m. train for Kimberley. In the carriages bedding is supplied, which you pay a trifle for; there are four bunks in each compartment. The train stops at different places for meals, which are cheap and nasty; in fact, taking everything into consideration, railway travelling in South Africa is as comfortless as it can be.

At 8.30 in the morning we stopped at Beaufort West to breakfast, for which half an hour was allowed. The country is very monotonous, all sand and rocks, and low ranges of mountains and rocky hills, among which the train winds through the endless Karoo. It seems as if the line were mostly laid in the centre of a flat valley, as the ranges of hills are never very near, in spite of continually leaving some



ADDERLEY STREET, CAPE TOWN.

behind and new ones cropping up in a remarkable manner as the train grunts and snorts and skips along.

Occasionally one passes a small farm fenced in, a white house, something like an Indian bungalow, and perhaps sees in the distance a farmer driving two horses in a wooden hooded buggy, light and comfortable looking. Now and then a herd of tame goats is passed, feeding on little bushy green shrubs about a foot high, which are dotted all over the place. Anon a party of niggers will be seen at work on the line, or an English engineer, with his two or three tents and coolies.

As one gets nearer Kimberley more grass and small trees and shrubs appear, with a few small buildings of corrugated iron, and a little later one sees Kimberley lying on the right; then some rifle butts are passed (one of the best ranges in South Africa I was told), and the train pulls up at 8.45 at a somewhat insignificant station. After a hasty bath and breakfast we drove round to the De Beers offices to see the secretary.

The staircase is full of the most beautiful platinotype photographs of the mines and works, and the whole place is strongly guarded. Once inside the large door a little wicket is opened, a head pops out, and the owner asks what is wanted; then another massive door opens and a broad passage is entered.

On the left is situated an office, and on the right are safes, etc., and straight in front is a

large, square room, with desks running all round; on one side were two men and a woman busily engaged sorting stones. On pieces of paper pinned down to the table with drawing pins were little heaps of uncut diamonds arranged according to their purity, whiteness, good shape, and their freedom from flaws.

The size, unless they have no flaw, is not of such consequence as one would think. There was a large stone with a flaw in the middle of it, a little black spot about the size of a pin's point, that would have to be cleaved or cut in two, and in that way be made into two valuable stones. We were then shown a case with about two dozen cut stones which are kept entirely for show. The smallest was a little orange-coloured one, and others were pink. Stones of either of these colours are very precious, but are rarely of any great size. Then there are the different shades of yellow, the darker the more valuable, and the whites in their various states of purity.

It being Saturday it was impossible to go down any of the mines, so we were driven round to the compound, etc., with Mr. L— S——r, the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes' private secretary. The compound is a sort of village, enclosed by a wall and guarded, where there are a hospital and stores, and where all the natives live. I forget how many there were, but they looked a most happy and contented lot.

The system in vogue (in order to prevent as much

as possible any robbery) with the De Beers Co. is that the natives working for them are engaged for three months, and during that time they are not allowed out of the compound, except when at work in the mines, under any pretence whatsoever.

They have their games, etc., and can buy any extra food they may want, although they are kept and fed by the Company. For the white men employed the system is naturally totally different. They all live together in a pretty village, which it is worth while going to see. I was shown round by Mr. F——n, the manager, who proved a very interesting Irish host. It being a Saturday afternoon, the inmates were playing billiards, smoking and chatting, and seemingly having a very pleasant time of it. The name of the place is Kenilworth, and the trees surrounding it have all been recently planted. There are first-rate roads running all about this plantation, which from a distance looks like a sort of oasis in the desert, as it is bounded by rocky ground in all directions.

However, this village, from what I understood, must either be abandoned or be occupied by a different class of people, namely, engineers, etc., instead of, as at present, diamond sorters, as the De Beers Co. intend to have all the sorting, etc., done by machinery, which they hope will be working soon. They lose, so I was told on very good authority, £500,000 worth of diamonds every year, *i.e.*, one-sixth of what is found.

"What is the cause of this?" is the natural question. Do the niggers still steal under this strict compound system? Yes, they do, though the cases are few and far between, but instances occur occasionally among the Europeans engaged



SORTING THE DIAMONDS AT DE BEERS, KIMBERLEY.

at the works. These men, of course, are never searched; if they were they would strike, and it appears to be hard enough even now to get efficient workmen; they are mostly men of first-rate character, and the pay they get is much higher than men of the same stamp could get in

England. At the same time the temptation is enormous, and from the numerous cases they have had of dishonest workmen who had the most undeniable characters, and men in whom the Company had put the most implicit trust, it seems quite obvious that until machinery is made to carry out what is now done by men, the losses will continue as steadily as ever, even if they do not increase. One rather interesting case was told me by the Secretary about one of their most trusted servants, who held a responsible position in the sorting establishment. He came to the office one morning asking for three months' leave to go to England as his sister was very unwell. Of course, leave was granted, and the man went after a time to Durban, and placed at a banker's there a sum of several thousand pounds.

The manager was rather surprised at this, found out about the man, and then sent an account of the transaction to the De Beers. They, in the meantime, had been making investigations, and the man eventually had to serve ten years' penal servitude.

The natives also, in spite of their being searched, often place diamonds they have stolen in some particular spot, and, intelligence being conveyed to some white man outside the compound as to their whereabouts, the stones are taken away, and the money they fetch is given to the Kaffir when his term is up. In fact, from what is said, there seems

very little doubt that there is, or was, an organised system of robbery. A white man will get hold of a certain number of useful Kaffirs (or niggers of some sort) and make arrangements with them before they enter into the service of the Company. However, it is not all plain sailing, as the natives who are employed in the actual sorting of stones are convicts, and any attempt that they might make to steal would be readily detected.

A mine which is worked on the open system, and therefore can be seen with greater ease, is the Weddesley Open Mine at Beaconsfield, about an hour's drive from Kimberley over a very rough road, particularly so the day we went, as the river had overflowed, and in places the water was very deep. There is very little to say about it, except that it is exactly the opposite to the other mines, in that, instead of going down in a skip in the inside of the mine you go down steps outside; but really one gets a far better view from the top. Looking down into this valley or open mine one sees the cars carrying the clay or "blue" dug out from the sides of the mine, and hundreds of natives trotting about down below, filling them, pushing them along, and hurrying and scurrying here, there, and everywhere, like a lot of ants more than anything else.

On our way back to Kimberley we visited the drill hall, which is a fine building.

Major P——m, who was in command of the Kimberley district, told me that he was in a position



MARKET SQUARE, KIMBERLEY.

at any moment to turn out 600 men fully equipped and who thoroughly knew their drill, and who were all first-rate horsemen (and little did he know how soon they would be wanted).

"The only thing we want," said Major P——m, "is a riding school, as although men all learn to ride very quickly out here, when one gets them out on parade and they are knocked about a little, it rather takes the ardour out of them, whereas if they had a decent riding school to practise in, and get thoroughly competent in all their drills, etc., it would be of great help to them."

The journey from Kimberley to Johannesburg is a long and tedious one; the same monotonous scenery of large rock and sandstone boulders. At last the train slows up in that peculiar sort of way, when one instinctively knows that there is a large station ahead. It is impossible to know the feeling unless one has travelled a good deal. It is the same thing on the Continent and everywhere else.

The engine first whistles two or three times to show its importance, whilst it puts on a good speed. After a little it begins slowing down, as if to let itself be seen in its swaggering career through the outer suburbs; it continues along at a slow, level, even pace, noticeable at night, when one sees the lights of some large town gradually getting brighter, and at length we draw up at a very fine station, far the best in South Africa.

There are some fine broad streets and large

buildings in Johannesburg, and some very good shops, in which certain things are very expensive. Although the town then wholly belonged to the Dutch, unless one had anything to do of an official kind, one did not notice them at all.

The money in the Transvaal is, of course, Dutch, the same size and value as our own, except that there are no coppers, the lowest coin being a three-penny piece, which they call a "tikke," but there is very little which can be bought for that, except a newspaper or stamps.

There is a good club, called the Rand Club; used in more of a business way than the social little Kimberley Club, but people use it for meals, especially luncheon, after probably a morning spent on the Stock Exchange.

The ends of the street in which the buildings of the Exchange stand have pillars and chains across them to prevent any vehicles passing in. On entering the building, one walks along a wide passage to the room in which the brokers, etc., carry on their business. It is very prettily decorated, and at the further end is a bar, and when business is slack a party playing dominoes, etc., is usually to be seen. In fact, wherever one goes in this "golden town" there appear to be bars of some sort or other (whether they be bars of gold or marble bars!).

We called on a Mr. G——g, secretary of the mines. The Robinson gold mine is the one which most people go to see, but as their show day

is on a Friday, and this was a Saturday, we were given instead an order to see over the Ferreira Mine, which is very rich, paying 300 per cent., but unfortunately then they calculated that their claims would be worked out in fifteen years.

Before, however, going there we saw the Museum, which, though small, was interesting. There you can see the difference between "pyrites" and gold, etc.

We had a good deal of rain in sharp, swift showers, which were followed by bursts of sunshine, laying the awful dust and cooling the air. Some little distance from Johannesburg are the Recreation Grounds, cricket ground and pavilion.

The country around is hilly, and in the suburbs there are some charming villas. Further away are high green hills and undulating pasture land; water, however, is scarce, in fact, in Johannesburg itself there is very little water indeed, and what there is, is like the Cape Town water, of a dirty brown colour. This want is felt greatly, especially for the workings in the mines, where in some cases it has to be brought by means of pipes from a great distance.

After calling on the manager we put on some old clothes, which they lend, and you then enter the "skips," large iron boxes, oblong, and open, of course, at the top. These are not built for human traffic, but are sent down the mines and filled at the bottom with the broken reef, rock,

and mud, and sent up again, the contents shot into trucks, which are waiting on lines outside, and pushed along by coolies to the crushing and washing machines to extract the gold.

You descend at a great pace, and the skip heaves over slightly and then comes up straight again. You are still rushing down and down, and as you pass through the different levels you catch a hasty glimpse of dark figures walking about by the light of candles hanging on the walls. At last, with a certain amount of jolting, the car stops at the lowest level, where you climb out and walk, or stumble along the long subterranean passage. (It is not at all necessary to go to the *bottom* level of a mine to get an idea of it, as each level is nearly the same.)

Your guide then points out the reef in the walls of rock which surround you; in some places it is only 2ft. or 3ft. wide, and in others considerably wider, and it is difficult to tell the reef from the rock. You pass large gaps in the wall, with niggers sitting on either side drilling holes; these holes have to be 3ft. deep and about ½in. in diameter. A Kaffir who is a practised hand, so our guide informed us, was able to get his hole drilled in half a day, whereas a beginner sometimes took a week or more.

When they leave off work these holes are filled with dynamite, and when all hands have left the mine they are lighted, and an explosion takes place, and then the *débris* next day is sent up in the skips, which are emptied

into trucks, and wheeled away to the crushing machines.

There is also belonging to this mine, on the flats, a piece of land called "the Slimes," which contains in its mud a lot of gold. From the peculiar nature of the stuff it was for a long time found very difficult to treat it in order to extract the gold. They have, however, now found a way of getting over this by baking it in an oven, and then treating it in the ordinary way.

One mine is very much like another, and is by no means a pleasant place to go down. There are usually a lot of unpleasant smells, places difficult to walk in, very dirty and not much light.

When one sees in the distance inside a mine, these hideous black Kaffirs walking about, and hammering away at their hole-drilling by candle light, with their shadows flickering here, there, and everywhere on the back ground of rock, etc., together with the noise of the skips going up and down, you can indeed imagine yourself in Hades. Coming up is not quite so unpleasant as going down, and it is a relief to get into the fresh air again.

After washing and getting once more into our own clothes, one is ready to have a look at a map of the mine, which is the most interesting part of the business. We were then shown great balls of pure gold, much larger than a cricket ball, which were brought into the manager's office in a bucket to be locked away in the safes, also blocks of gold about the same size shaped like a

brick, with the firm's name stamped on top; these were worth about £2500 each. They are eventually sent to the Bank, and every Friday are all packed in wooden boxes, sealed, and sent to the coast to go to London, and be converted into sovereigns at our Mint. The Union Line steamer *Britain* took the largest consignment of gold from Africa, on her return maiden voyage home, that had ever been carried from there before.

It was my intention not to go to Pretoria from what I had heard about it; but a little incident which occurred on my way to Johannesburg, in crossing the frontier at a place called Vereeniging, decided me. This is, I think, worth relating in order to show how so-called officialism in these little ways used to work in the Transvaal. On entering the Transvaal at the frontier, Vereeniging, all the large baggage is taken out and put in the Custom House, and a Dutch official came round to all the carriages and examined the small baggage most minutely. Everyone then had to leave the train and stand outside the Custom House door in a crowd, and you are only allowed in one by one, after which a man searches you superficially, at the same time asking if you have anything to declare.

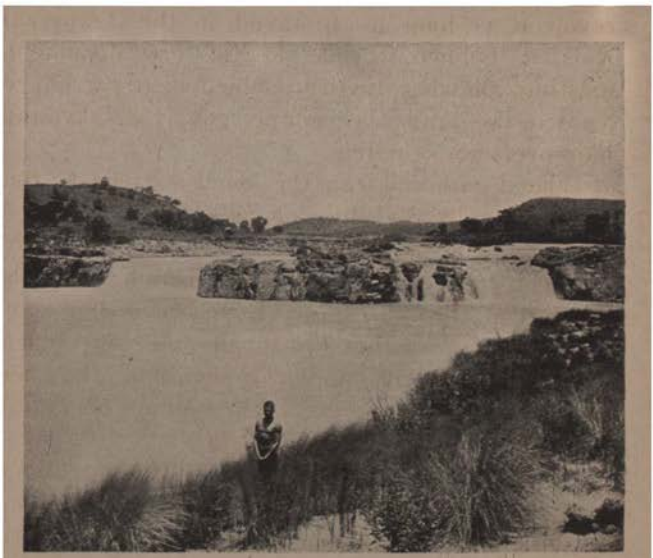
Now I had one of those large leather hunting bags, at the bottom of which is a stiff canvas box, made for carrying top boots. This, however, was filled with odds and ends, which had not been touched since leaving England, such as spare note

paper, candles, bootlaces, photo accessories, and a host of miscellaneous things, amongst which was a small revolver in a leather case. This I had forgotten even the very existence of, but the bag was overhauled, the revolver taken out and carried by an official to a little office.

Nothing else of the sort being found, the things were put in again, and I had to wait to confront the chief. Unluckily this was not the case, and I had to waste twenty minutes talking with an impertinent little Dutch under-official.

"Well, sir," said he, trying to look dignified with his dirty nails and crumpled collar, "I charge you with having tried to pass a firearm through the Customs without declaring it, and, therefore, with breaking the law, so now would you like your *case* dealt with by me, here, or would you like to have it tried at Heidelberg?" (a village about fourteen miles off). Now, if I had gone to Heidelberg, it appears I should have been sent there as a prisoner, and as well as being extremely *infra dig.*, my time was too valuable to be fooling about in this way through a stupid little oversight. I had kept my temper perfectly (in the same way as one does when one sees sometimes one's things ruthlessly scattered about at the examination of baggage on the Continent), but at the same time, the utter want of any civility on the part of this man, his impertinent dictatorial manner, made me think that he must be some little understrapper trying to bounce and swagger unduly in his false position. So I told him that I did not intend to go to Heidelberg,

or any other "berg," till I had seen the chief official. A change came over the man immediately, and his oily bland manner made one think what a fool one had been not to have asked to see the "head" before. On the appearance of the chief, I explained to him that I had omitted to declare



SCENE ON THE TUGELA RIVER.

the revolver through forgetfulness, and not with any idea of defrauding anyone, that I was a perfectly peaceable creature on my way to Johannesburg to have a look at the mines, etc. After jotting down my name and address he gave me the number of my revolver, and told me that by

going to see the Commandant-General at Pretoria I should in all probability get it back. This, then, I was about to do. I got a letter to General Joubert (now dead), called on him at his office, explained the case, and three days after I heard that my revolver had been sent to me to "Durban," accompanied by an order allowing me to carry a revolver as long as I stayed in the Transvaal. This, I believe, is one of the few documents existing allowing English subjects to carry fire-arms in the Transvaal; simply got by a fluke, and, moreover, not required.

What I gathered from this small matter was, that in dealing with real Boer officials you have a lot of kindliness and consideration from them, but with the petty officials who speak Dutch, but who are not of the real kindly Boer breed, but some imported rubbish, both in small and large offices under Government, they can sometimes be most offensive. This, I believe, is the opinion of many—*mais nous avons changé tout cela.*

*Pretoria* itself is a small town with the makings of a fine one about it. There are already some large buildings dotted about the place, but unfortunately only one street at present is of any consequence. The station is some little distance from the town, with a tram running to and fro, and some pretty little villas on either side. A pretty drive is that to a suburb called Sunnyside, where trams run also. The carriages you get are better than any I have seen elsewhere, and some very passable horses. President Kruger lived there,

receiving callers. At that time there were rumours of gold in the district around Pretoria, in fact mining engineers had been prospecting. This seemed to trouble the President very much, as he said he did not wish another Johannesburg at Pretoria.



CHURCH STREET, PIETERMARITZBURG, NATAL.

From there a long dreary journey again brings you toward Natal. The country gradually assumes an undulating grassy appearance, till you get amongst high hills dotted with trees. The train appears to be at one moment on a level with the highest hills, and at another you are running through green valleys with the mountains towering

up around you. It is far the finest bit of scenery that I saw, and it continues almost until within a few miles of the coast.

Pietermaritzburg is a good town to break the long journey at, the country around being very pretty, and an excursion can be taken to the water-falls at Howick, which are double the height of Niagara though not so broad, being 364ft. high. Eight miles further on are the Kar-Kloof falls, nearly 80ft. high, being composed of a series of cascades, and exceedingly pretty with the sun shining on them. There were two regiments quartered near the town, a few good shops, and it seems a quiet, pretty little country place.

From there the train rattles on to Durban, where we arrived in time for dinner. Durban is one of the most important seaport towns in Africa. The damp heat was very trying. I can remember heat of this kind in India, but here they do not appear to cope with it, there being no punkahs, in fact, the only thing at all Eastern were the mosquito curtains over the beds, which were full of tears and holes and mosquitoes.

The only punkahs I remember to have seen in Africa were a set at the Grand Hotel, in Pretoria. Those were hung too high, so that one was very little, if at all, cooled by them. The suburbs of Durban are pretty, a collection of houses in gardens built on the Berea, high grass hills, surrounding the town, reminding one somewhat of parts of Surrey. There are trams straggling about all over them, and the best method of getting

cool is to jump on one and go up there. There are some large buildings, and the principal street is broad and well paved, and some really excellent shops, a good swimming bath, and a very good Club.

From thence we went to East London in the Union Line's *Norman*, one of the best all-round



BUFFALO HARBOUR, EAST LONDON, CAPE COLONY.

boats I have ever travelled on. The weather, on getting to East London (January 31st, 1898), was rather too rough for the tender to land us, as the bar there in bad weather is dangerous to cross. So we did not get off till the next morning. East London looks prettier from the sea than it does when you land, at the same time we found it a very good

place to rest in for a few days before returning to Cape Town by rail. There is a comfortable hotel on the beach, with a swimming bath, and ordinary sea bathing amongst the rocks, with good bathing houses, etc. There is generally a fresh breeze blowing, which makes the air cool and bracing. The town is composed of a few straggling streets, and one principal street with shops and hotels. It is nothing like such a go-a-head place as its neighbour, Port Elizabeth, but from what the inhabitants say it has every prospect of becoming one, though the bar must prove a drawback. Steamers up to 4000 tons can go in, however, and the river continues inland for about three miles, and a sail up it is very pretty. The population is now about 8000, and that of Port Elizabeth 25,000.

Taking the train at eight o'clock at night, one arrives at Aliwal North, the most northerly town in Cape Colony, at five o'clock the next evening. It is a straggly town, and looking down on it from the hills all round, it is simply like a pretty little oasis in the desert. The Orange River runs through it, and the roads are well shaded with trees on each side.

There is capital shooting to be had all round, and an excellent swimming bath and private ones from springs at a temperature of about 80° Fahr., containing sulphur springs. It is certainly as good a little town as any to break the journey at. The country around is very wild.

A long tedious journey towards Cape Town brought us to Beaufort West, where we intended

to stop the day to break the journey once more, as in travelling in South Africa, what with the poor food and dust and heat, and the usually over-crowded and dirty compartments, the shorter your stay in them the better; but, with the exception of a resting place from Cape Town to De Aar or Kimberley, I should certainly not advise anyone to stay there. It was built by the Boers, who planted trees all about, so that the streets with the trees on each side, etc., rather remind one of some little old-fashioned provincial Dutch town. The air there is supposed to be very good and particularly adapted to consumptives. In spite of its being now entirely English, many Dutch families live there. The station is some distance from the town, and the place does not give a stranger the impression of its being at all go ahead. The country round, however, is rather picturesque, and about four miles off is a large sanatorium on the hill, for consumptives.

Leaving Beaufort West on Sunday evening, we arrived at Cape Town the next morning about 12.30.

To get out of Cape Town heat we left for Simon's Town, or Simon's Bay, as it is usually called, which is one of the trips that everyone ought to take. Trains run about every half hour, and the scenery and novelty of the run is most interesting, and quite unlike anything else. The tramway going as far as Wynberg (eight miles) runs parallel to the train, which runs along by the sea, and for a long time one is passing villas and

houses with lovely gardens. The line then breaks away and runs underneath the high cliffs on the sea-shore and at high tide the waves splash up to the railway lines, then suddenly it spins across the bare sands, and after passing charming little seaside places, with tents, etc., on the beach, and people bathing and paddling, you arrive at Simon's Bay, the great naval station.

We went on board the *Penelope*, and looked over the gunboat, *Thrush*, of 800 tons, which was then in dry dock being overhauled. The old *Monarch* was also close by. It is a beautiful bay, with the clear blue sea, the cliffs behind, and the pretty buildings dotted about along the shore, with shady green trees and bright-coloured flowers. Considering what a good train service there is between it and Cape Town, no wonder it is so popular.

There are also very many pretty places to stop at *en route*, amongst them "Rondebusch," where the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes had his country house.

After returning to Cape Town and all its bustle, trams, shops, dust and heat, we were shortly after in the South Pacific fighting with the cold.

# II.—NEW ZEALAND.

THERE are only two important lines of steamers which run between Cape Town and New Zealand, viz., The Shaw-Saville and Albion (White Star Line boats) and the New Zealand Shipping Company. Indeed, if people cannot get to the Cape from England in a good Union Line ship, they should go in a Shaw-Saville; the food is excellent, the attendance first rate, and cabins most comfortable.

So February 12th saw us alongside of the *Ionic*, a vessel of some 4500 tons.

Just after leaving the Cape, for about two days, or until one had left "the shallows," as they call them, the weather was very squally.

Later on we had a fairly good sea the whole way, doing about 330 knots a day. It is, however, a very long sea trip without seeing any land at all. Now and then icebergs are passed, and the cold was intense. Swarms of graceful albatross follow the boat. We had fogs to go through on several occasions, with five lookers out kept, two men on the bridge, one in the crow's nest, and one forward, but only once had occasion to slacken

speed in the middle of the night, when the fog was very thick. The saloon and smoking rooms were heated during the coldest days, which was welcomed by people coming from the Cape, where we had experienced heat, as at Durban, for example, of 97° in the shade. On the other hand, the people who had come straight from England naturally did not feel the cold to any great extent. About 5 o'clock in the morning of March 2nd we were steaming up the sounds to Hobart Town; the approach is very pretty, and quite worth getting up early to see. Unfortunately it was a wet day, and some of the hills in the distance were blotted out. On each side the water is hemmed in by undulating hills covered with brown bracken. On rounding the corner you come in full sight of Hobart Town, a low lying, straggling place, built on the flat, with high hills ranging up all round. There is a landing stage which the ship glides alongside of, and off we all went our different ways. There are several pretty drives to be taken, and one of the prettiest is up to a place called "Fern Tree Gully."

One drives up and up through grand scenery, thick woods, with twining creepers and gigantic ferns, which are here, as in other places all over Australasia, called "bush." (I understand the idea of the word is, that when the settlers first came to Australia, etc., or settled down in places where there was a lot of thick undergrowth, that they called it all "bush"; and now the word applies to even the huge forests in New

Zealand and elsewhere, with trees over 60ft. high.)

Unfortunately the Fern Tree Gully, or a good deal of it, had just been destroyed by fire, and most of the ferns had been burnt down, so that the chief beauty of the place was not to be seen. Some of the large trees also had the foliage all burnt off, nothing remaining but the high black stumps sticking up in the air. There is a little inn up there, where the horses rest, and where refreshments can be got. On a really fine day, and when the ferns are not burnt, the drives and walks to be taken in the woods must be enchanting. Hobart, itself, consists of several wide streets, with a chemist's shop at nearly every corner—so I suppose the inhabitants must be fond of dosing themselves—and a good hotel; also a few places of amusement.

There are some pretty little houses on the outskirts of the town, and from what one hears, it is one of those towns which begin only to show their attractions after you have been some little time there!

After taking in some coal, etc., we left at about 4.30 in the afternoon, parting from some friends who left us there to make their way to Melbourne direct. Four days more brought us to Wellington, the capital of New Zealand, where we arrived on Sunday afternoon.

Our first impression of that place was by no means a pleasant one. On Sunday evening all the people were lounging about the streets—it seemed

excessively dusty and badly lighted, and certainly did not improve on acquaintance.

They have, however, a very good club there, and they boast of the largest wooden structure in the world (although some of the large Royal Palaces in Burmah cover a good deal more ground). The elections were on at that time, which brought hosts of people from all round.

Things were arranged which, apparently, gave a lot of dissatisfaction to the larger landowners.

It appears that laws were enforced to the effect that men who had anything over 15,000 acres had to hand the surplus over to the Government at a price which should be decided by arbitration. Also, that people having large estates might be induced to part with the whole, in order that the Government might buy it to split up into plots of 300 acres or so, and sell to small farmers.

There were men who had come out in the early days, bought large tracts of land, spent money on it, cutting down and burning "bush," sowing grass, draining land, wiring in portions, killing off the rabbits and so on, and these same men were asked to sell their land to be split up and sold to some little farmer, who probably could not afford to keep things going. It prevented these men, who had spent a lot of time and money in getting and keeping their properties in good order, from taking the same interest in them as formerly, as they feel they do not know how much longer they will be able to remain in them in comfort. This applies chiefly

to what I heard around Wellington with regard to the North Island, and from people who were incessantly talking about the whole question at Clubs and in the train on the way up to Masterton, where I went to stay on a large sheep farm, which had also been through the mill, but had eventually come out all right.

The best way to see the North Island, and the hot lakes, etc., is to go up the Wanganni river as far as Pipirikee, the scenery on both sides being pretty. But unfortunately the coach drive from Pipirikee to Rotorua is a very long one, and through most uninteresting country, so we preferred to go up as far as Napier by rail, having only two days in the coach, from there to Taupo, instead of three. Taupo is the place where all the coaches stop; there are three hotels there, a post office, and a shop. The lake is very picturesque in many ways, with rugged mountains or hills all round, about seventy miles long and seventeen broad, with a launch which goes about on it in the summer, but is usually out of order.

Considering that the accommodation is very poor there, and with the exception of the lake and a few geysers and picturesque bits on the Wikata river, there is nothing to see. But Wairakei, six and a half miles further on (where there is a very fair hotel in the midst of the best geysers), is the better place to rest at, as after having seen all the things there, you can then saunter about the island without being taken in by guides or flymen, to see exactly the same thing, on very much smaller scales, in



THE CRATER DISTRICT, TARRAWERA, NEW ZEALAND.

other parts, a dodge which is rather prevalent amongst them. At Wairakei it takes about three hours to see the geysers. It is necessary to take a guide from the hotel, as the ground about in all directions is unsafe to walk upon. In many parts sheep and horses have fallen through.

I shall only describe the geysers, etc., at Wairakei, which are on a larger scale, and altogether far more curious and interesting than elsewhere, although similar things are to be seen at Taupo, Rotorua, Whakarewarewa, etc.

The land on which the geysers are is about twenty-five minutes' walk from the house through a wood of Tee trees. As you go along, looking down the valley on your right, you see the steam clouds hanging about the trees, till you gradually descend into the valley itself, by paths leading around the different geysers. Standing down below, amongst the boiling pools, tossing great volumes of water about, and the rumbling noise heard coming up from the bowels of the earth, remind one of a veritable Hades. On a day when there is no wind or it is raining, the dense clouds hanging about, although adding to this awe-inspiring region, detracts from the view.

The first geyser to be seen is known by the name of the "Champagne Geyser," a huge boiling cauldron, 70ft. in diameter. On looking down you see bright clear bubbles rising to the top of the water, and suddenly a vast mass of water is thrown up with a deafening roar. The background is formed by a wall of black rock, with a fern-clad

summit. The margin of this cauldron or basin forms a small terrace, down which the overflow trickles into a boiling stream below, the silica, etc., which it runs over, being of varied tints.

The *Great Wairakei* is a pool of water, surrounded by rocks, which every eight minutes becomes violently agitated, and rises to a height of from 4ft. to 18ft., and "plays" for four minutes with the regularity of machinery.

A little further along are three hot pools of different tinted water; hot, but not boiling, curious for their colours, as they are only a foot or so apart, these are called the *Fairy Pools.*

*The Dragon's Mouth* is a curious one to look at, the clay inside being of bright red. Looking down its mouth you hear a rumbling and gurgling going on, seemingly miles down, when suddenly the surface of the water becomes disturbed. You have then to take a back seat, and with a splutter, feathery fountains spurt forth in a most unexpected way.

*The Lightning Pool* is a curious circular pool of clear boiling blue water, with large bubbles ascending quickly to the surface with such force that an ordinary stick held in the water is nearly jerked out of your hand.

*The Black Geyser* is also a dark, deep cauldron of boiling water in a continual state of bubble, and *The White Geyser* is a pool of white milky water, boiling and bubbling in the same manner.

A few yards further, or amongst trees, is the *Eagle's Nest,* so called, I suppose, as the pool is

round, and the sides built up with sticks. Every time the overflow takes place, which is about every three to ten minutes, a deposit remains on them, which upon evaporation frosts the sticks.

*The Prince of Wales' Feathers* is another fine fountain display, rising up to a height of 45ft. to 50ft. every fifteen or twenty minutes. The hole from where it comes is only 1ft in diameter, with a bar of rock across it, which separates the water and forms three jets. Unfortunately, the steam and spray is so great that one is not always able to see it unless the wind is in the right direction.

There is also what is called the Petrifying Geyser, which in time covers anything with a beautiful red coat.

All these Geysers lie in a valley, the actual spot I should say not covering more than two acres, and they all play with the regularity of a clock. The hills on each side are covered with Tee trees, a small green shrub from 3ft. to 7ft. high. It is good covert for game, and I saw a good many pheasants, etc.

The "Huka" falls are worth driving out to see, and also the rapids; the water is a most beautiful blue, and to see it gurgling and boiling amongst the high rocks from the tops of the hills on a fine clear day is a pretty sight.

From Wairakei it takes a day to drive to Rotorua. One does not pass through any beautiful scenery, but goes over a heavy, sandy road, like some parts of the New Forest.

We did not get to Rotorua till after dark as one of the horses went lame, and when we saw all the lights in the distance it gave the impression of being a far larger place than it is in reality.

Situated on the borders of the lake, it is the most important place for the baths in the whole of the hot lake district, and there, all through the year, people flock for rheumatism, paralysis, etc., etc.

There are several hotels and boarding establishments, the best of which is the *Grand Hotel*, considered the finest in New Zealand.

There are some charming excursions to be made, one in particular, across the lake to Hamarana. You go over in a little steam launch, which leaves about 10 every morning, to the mouth of the river, up by boat, passing pretty woodland scenery, until you reach the source, which is like a natural well, the water bubbling up so beautifully clear that one could see a threepenny bit distinctly, lying 20ft. down in reality, but looking as if you could reach it with your hand.

The sides of this natural well, which is about 6ft. or 8ft. in diameter, are covered with a green moss of a most gloriously rich tint, and the longer you gaze into it the more you feel inclined to take a header and explore its depth. The water, however, is intensely cold and the spring very powerful.

Returning, you pass by an island in the middle of the lake, where some Maories live. It is the shape of a mole hill, and on the top the Maories

bury their dead. In fact, it is the oldest burying ground they have.

These people have a curious way of dealing with their dead. They bury them in the ordinary way, and then, after some years have elapsed, often dig them up, scrape their bones, and take them off to some other burying place. Perhaps it would not be out of place here to say a few words about this extraordinary people; but so many opinions exist as to their origin that it seems that nearly everyone who is interested in them holds different ideas. The following I simply put down from what was told me by a Mr. N——n of Whakarewarewa, a man who has made a most exhaustive study of them nearly all his life. He says that they are a race of people who came from the Behring Islands (Malay Peninsula) in their huge war canoes (good specimens can be seen at the museum in Auckland), working their way through the isles and along the North Coast of Australia, and settled down in New Zealand about 1200 years ago.

There are now only about 38,000 left, mostly in the North Island, those in the South having been eaten up long ago after the little invasions which took place by the Northerners; they may have termed them picknicking excursions.

Some of the women are clever and not bad-looking; they usually have the lower lip and chin tattooed, but that is dying out a good deal. Some time ago the old chiefs were most beautifully tattooed all over their bodies, but I don't think any exist now.

One's first impressions of the race, looking for medium specimens, is that they are of a most pronounced Mongolian type, but on the whole, I think they are a very much overrated race; they are excessively idle, given to petty thieving and pilfering, also drink, and are very immoral, cheeky, and independent, but decidedly clever.

An interesting excursion is to Waiotapu to see the great sulphur caves, also the crater which, being extinct since the awful eruption (which destroyed the far-famed pink terraces at Rotomahana), can be explored. There is a cosy little hotel there.

Tikitere is another favourite place to go to from Rotorua. The drive is through flat gorse country. You see there seething masses of mud and steam boiling and bubbling about as at Wairakei with its "porridge pots," etc. There is also a miserable little shanty in the Maori style with five or six rooms. A man there who has married a Maori wife lets out these rooms, where a person can go now and then to take the mud baths. Some friends of mine stayed there a fortnight for rheumatism. It not only appeared to have done them no good whatever, but the roughing it there was an experience they said they would never be able to forget. At night the throbbing of liquid masses underground kept them awake, and in the daytime the intense stench of the sulphur was enough to make them sick. The country around, when the wind blew away the steam which rises from jets in the ground, was deplorably bare. So much for

the famed Tikitere. They talk of building a hotel there!

Wakarewarewa, a place with a break-jaw name, is about two and a half miles out of Rotorua. It is a regular Maori village, but most of the inhabitants are half-castes.

Geysers, etc., exist on a small scale as at Wairakei, only here the people make use of the boiling pools to do all their cooking in, also using holes for steaming purposes. A broad stream runs along one end of the village over which there is a bridge. Here people can stand and throw coppers into the water for a mob of little Maori children, boys and girls, to dive for; they are very clever at it.

There is a fair hotel there, with some capital baths in its gardens. They are supposed to be beneficial in cases of paralysis. A young fellow I saw there had been taking them for fourteen months. When he first went he could not even feed himself, and now he walked with a stick.

To return to Rotorua. The baths there belong to the Government, and are kept very clean, and the attendance is exceedingly good. The charge is about 6d. for each, bath with towels; but the ordinary way is to take a course as at European watering-places. The most celebrated bath of the lot is what they call the *Post-Master's.* There are three of these at a temperature of from 103° to 107°, but they vary. It is advisable to begin with the coolest, and get the heart tested by the resident doctor before attempting to play with them;

fifteen minutes is as long as one can bear to be in, sitting perfectly quiet the whole time, as in moving about one is inclined to disturb the gravel at the bottom, which simply allows fresh gases to rise to the surface.

Another tip is to get the wind at your back; the baths cannot be covered in, the fumes from the sulphuric acid being far too powerful.

The next bath of that description is the *Priest's Bath*, to which patients are usually sent before the "Post-Master."

It is useful in sciatica, rheumatism, etc., etc. The water, as in the other, is of a milky colour from the sulphur. There are two baths there, sufficient to hold a dozen people at a time; but there are also private rooms with baths, where the heat of the water can be regulated, etc.

Another far-famed bath is the *Madame Rachel*, so called because it is supposed to give you a new skin! Anyhow, the water, which can be regulated to any temperature, is about the most deliciously soft, oily liquid that it is possible to imagine, and of a beautiful blue colour. Needless to say, this luxurious bath is more used by ladies. But sometimes the properties of the "Post-Master's Bath" causes an irritation of the skin, and a "Rachel" or two will put it right in a very short time!

Then comes the *Blue Bath*, simply a swimming bath, kept warm, and in which one can have a good swim. There is also a vapour bath attached, which is enjoyable when followed by a plunge into the "Blue Bath." This bath, however, is not

recommended for any complaint, as it possesses no very important properties.

A very jolly time can be spent at Rotorua, either by patients or sightseers; it is a charming little place in every way.

The railway journey to Auckland is tedious, but can be broken at a place called "Okoroire," where there is a fair hotel, good baths, and very good trout fishing (which at Rotorua cannot be had, as although there are trout in the lake up to seven or eight pounds, they will not take a fly or any bait whatever, so are netted).

The train leaves at 8.30 in the morning, and the country, till you get near Huntly, is most uninteresting; then the rail runs parallel with the river, and the scenery in places is picturesque. The dust, however, is most annoying, as immediately a window is opened the whole compartment gets a coating of fine, white dust, and, given sufficient patience, one could no doubt in an hour or two get it up to your knees.

*Auckland* itself is a superior town with some good shops, and with the exception of the awful dust seems a clean and well-drained little place. The harbour, too, is exceedingly picturesque, and it is to the Aucklanders what Sydney harbour is to the Sydneyites, only of course on a very much smaller scale. The best way to get an idea of the place is to go up Mount Eden, where, on a clear day, one can see for miles as fine a panorama, in fact, of the sort as to be found anywhere in the Isles.

They have an exceedingly good public library, and the museum is certainly worth a visit if only to see all the Maori curios, their huge war canoe in particular.

A rather nice excursion from Auckland is to take a steamer to Rangitoko, where you arrive in half-an-hour, and drive or walk to an hotel in which there is a tower. On a fine day one can get a pretty view of the surrounding country and the sea; unfortunately there was rain and a lot of mist hanging about when we got there.

The service of local steamers between New Zealand and Australia is often overcrowded, and the sea always rough; anyhow, that was how we found things when we left Auckland. for Sydney.

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## AUSTRALIA.

AFTER an uncomfortable journey of four days, we got into Sydney harbour late at night, so could not see its beauties; although Hong-Kong harbour and Rio Janeiro are supposed to be larger, the harbour of Sydney holds certain attractions and conveniences which no other natural harbour in the world possess.

The town of Sydney has about 300,000 inhabitants, and from a stranger's point of view it can certainly lay no claim whatever to beauty. My first idea was that it reminded me a little of parts

of Birmingham. The streets, however, with the exception of one or two, are very narrow. On looking down them the view is spoilt by the utter absence of sky line or any uniformity. They have also running through them steam trams, or, more correctly speaking, trains, for they puff and blow and whistle as they rush madly along the roads, scattering



RUNDALL STREET, ADELAIDE, S. AUSTRALIA.

things right and left in the most brutal fashion. Added to the danger, which is great from the number of serious accidents continually occurring, the great clouds of smoke they throw into open windows is an item to the feelings of a stranger who has a room just over these infernal machines, which begin to puff and blow in their vulgar

consequential manner from about six in the morning till midnight.

There are no particularly fine buildings which strike one, and as a town Sydney does not impress the stranger; in fact, without its magnificent harbour, the town would be very ordinary.

Stockholm and Constantinople are very beautiful, but as a harbour not to be compared with Sydney. It is entered through a narrow channel of rock. There are a few islands scattered about, and innumerable charming little bays and river mouths, etc.

The coast hills all round are covered with thick green bush, and pretty villas and buildings dotted about here and there. The clear blue water on a fine day, with a cloudless blue sky, the gay little sailing boats scudding along, the many pleasure steamers making their journeys backwards and forwards is really a joyous sight. Then one passes a man-of-war, lying in a state of watchful repose, with a few gunboats scattered around. And as you approach the wharves you see huge liners lying alongside, coaling or what not, ready to start on some long journey, again to return amongst the ceaseless activity of one of the busiest spots in the world.

The excursions to be made in the harbour are innumerable. One pretty little place is Manley, a seaside resort with one or two hotels, some good shops, and a parade. On Sundays particularly it is most popular amongst the holiday-seeking Sydney-ites. The steamers run across in half-an-hour or so continually.

Another trip to be made is up the Paramatta River. The steamers leave every hour. Paramatta Town is worth seeing, containing about 8000 inhabitants, and one can return by rail. *Watson's Bay* and a trip up the *Hawkesbury River* are also both worth taking.

Sydney is the starting point for the trips to the South Sea Isles, one of the most interesting of its kind that could possibly be made; it was my full intention to have gone for a month or six weeks' trip, but having spent more time than I could spare at the hot lakes it was impracticable.

These Isles can of course be visited at any time of the year in the Union Company's boats, but in the best months, the end of May, June, and July, special trips are made, so that people can see all the best bits, and time is given for trips inland.

They start from Sydney, on to Raratonga, Pango-Pango, Apia, Vavan, Tongatabu, etc., etc. They are splendid little steamers, and I have heard that the cooking is very fair on board.

To return to Sydney. The races were just then on, also the Agricultural Show.

The racecourse at Randwick, a short drive from Sydney, the property of the Australian Jockey Club, is the finest, next to the Melbourne course.

The rings, paddock, etc., etc., are so spacious that there is never any crush, and from the stands one can get a perfect view of the whole course,

and the air is so clear one can distinguish a jockey's colours the whole time without the aid of glasses. This was what they called the Autumn Meeting, the Sydney Cup being, of course, the great attraction. There were some particularly good horses that I noticed that ought to have a good future before them. The mode of starting is so well known, that it is unnecessary to explain it.

There are several little things that are really most interesting to a stranger in connection with the different Australian styles and methods of racing, but perhaps better left out in these notes, not being worthy of the old saying that "comparisons are odious." One thing is striking, that all the horses lack the grooming, or, anyhow, the look of the well-groomed horse we are accustomed to see turned out at even the smallest meetings at home. If one were injudicious enough to remark on it, no doubt a Colonial would answer that "their horses don't run with their coats," like the old man who objected to a clever hunter on the score that it carried its head so low. "Well, sir," answered the dealer, "surely that ain't a great fault, for, after all, 'e 'as to carry it 'isself."

However, these lines are written with a view to give readers an idea of voyages, and not of horses and anecdotes, so we must jog along.

The Agricultural Show was held in a large inclosure at Randwick, not very far from the race-course, and was on for a week. The sheep trials

with collie dogs were particularly interesting; also the horse-jumping competitions.

There were shows of Shorthorns, Herefords, Jersey cattle, and so on, any amount of machinery, some rather good carts and carriages, and a small dog show.

The terriers were the most numerous of the breeds, but I could not help expressing surprise that there were such a shabby lot of dogs, considering what a sporting little place Sydney is, and one infers therefore that the best dogs were not sent on this occasion. The first prize Irish terrier, for example, was a dog which any English judge would not have given a second glance at.

A funny little incident occurred, which makes one think what a pity it is that we can't give these sport-loving people a chance of going in properly for good dogs and judicious breeding, like they do in South Africa. I happened to be walking round the fox terrier benches, and a very coarse-headed, common-looking dog, with very bad legs and feet, caught my attention, the more so as it had a card with either second or third prize on. I do not know whether I *looked* as if lost in admiration of the cur, but I *know* I was thinking what on earth I should see next, when a very horsey or doggy young fellow came up, with his eyes shining as brightly as the diamonds in his horseshoe pin, and with a broad smile, showing a row of ivories as large as shovels, asked me *what* I thought that dog was worth.

At first I thought he was a would-be purchaser, in which case I was going to say the truth: "Oh, about 5s.," but he wore such an anxious face that he had evidently bought it, so I thought I would split the difference and say about 10s. "Oh," said the fellow in a dejected way, "I have just given £5 for him." This man was evidently a flat. So much for appearances, as I took him to be a very well-to-do member of the Sydney sporting fraternity, but perhaps he knew more about a horse, or, on the other hand again, as Leech or some one said, it might have been a case of "the 'ossiest man on foot, and the footiest man on a hoss, I ever saw in my life."

That remark is often brought before me, particularly at Brighton, where you see some men so horsey that they affect to shy, half unconsciously, at a piece of paper or what not blowing across a road!

One can either return to Randwick by train or drive in hansom cabs, which are chiefly used.

One of the chief trips to be taken from Sydney is to visit the celebrated "Jenolan Caves" up in the Blue Mountains. A couple of hours in the train brings you to a small town named Mount Victoria; there is nothing to be done there, and no particular scenery, but the air there is simply magnificent, particularly after the oppressive and relaxing climate of Sydney. You then have a coach drive of thirty-six miles, stopping to lunch at a place called Hampton, and arriving at last at the hotel at about 5 o'clock. The coaches

are fairly comfortable but the horses and drivers are not to be compared with the New Zealand ones. The roads, however, are far better; the scenery in places is fine, but wherever you go those endless trees, bush as they call it, get very monotonous.

The caves are kept by the Government, the guides are Government servants, and the only fees are for the lights used in the caves, which come to 2s.

There are two shows, as it were, a day. The first visit begins at 10 o'clock a.m. to about 12.30, and you start again at 3 p.m. Orders can be got to go over the new caves, *i.e.,* caves which the public are not shown over, but it is not advisable, as the walking is very difficult, and by going over the ordinary ones you can get as good an idea of the stalactite or stalagmite growth as you require, and a good deal more unless you are well up in geology.

What they call the *Grand Arch*, the first thing to go through, is a natural tunnel, 60ft. high, 100ft. wide, and brings one through to *The Devil's Coach-house*, which is 270ft. high, and rather pretty.

Coming back again through the Grand Arch, steps are cut both on the right hand and on the left. The left-hand entrance to the caves is usually the first to be explored. All these caves have names, such as the *Imperial*, the *Cathedral*, and so on. One interesting thing is an underground river or stream which you have to

descend a wire ladder fifty yards long to see. It is shallow, and the guide said that a few small fish lived in it, probably blind, and that there were a good many spiders about, also blind. In another cave they show you a stalagmite growth, a pillar about 9ft. high, and about a foot in diameter, estimated to be 13,000,000 years old, which seemed to me rather a tall order.

One of the most popular places to stay at in the Blue Mountains is Katoomba, which, being high up and having two first-rate hotels, is very crowded in summer, when all the people want to get out of the heat of Sydney.

*Govett's Leap*, a short drive from there, is one of the grandest and most rugged sights it is possible to imagine.

The road takes you up almost to the edge of the precipice, which descends perpendicularly down nearly 1000ft. sheer rock.

At the bottom is seen a mass of trees as thick as grass on a lawn, the whole surrounded for miles by these huge perpendicular walls of rock. "Has anyone ever been down there?" is your first question, and your guide tells you in awesome tones: "If you throw a stone from where you stand into the valley it would take you three days' journey to get to the spot where it fell." It is, indeed, a wonderful and fascinating sight, and the longer you gaze down, and along the walls on either side, a mile apart, and into the distance where layer after layer of these Blue Mountains rise up till lost in the clouds, the more you are

dumbfounded. The name given to the place, *Govett's Leap,* is supposed to be after a celebrated bushranger of that name, who, being chased, and seeing escape impossible, leapt down into the valley.

Another pretty sight are the Wentworth Falls. Unluckily the day we were there the Falls themselves were not at their best, as there had been no rain. However, the superb views got from round about fully compensated for it. Nothing of the kind can to my mind be grander. One misses the variety of colouring one is used to in mountain scenery; but whilst gazing at this spectacle, which is different to anything else in the whole world, one feels perfectly awestruck with every detail of its serene rugged grandeur and the death-like silence around.

The air at Katoomba is very fine. The town is a pretty little place. The train leaves about 1.30, and arrives at Sydney about four o'clock.

On Sunday we left Sydney on board the *Terrian,* a Howard Smith boat of some 2500 tons, carrying sheep and cattle.

The weather, outside the harbour particularly, when running north is sometimes very bad; so it is better to go by rail from Sydney to Brisbane, the travelling being as luxurious as in Victoria and New South Wales. We arrived at Brisbane at 5.30 p.m. Tuesday.

As you come up the Brisbane River and see the palms, etc., the place begins to look slightly Eastern. Many pretty little villas are on the banks,

and at last a bend in the river brings the whole town into view. The principal streets are wide, with trams running backwards and forwards. There are some first-rate shops, and at the jewellers you can sometimes pick up good opals at very low prices. In fact, £20 laid out in judiciously selected opals ought, if sold in England or America, to bring in double that amount.

Large sums have been made by men who buy these stones from the mines in Queensland, and send them away to be sold; but I fancy it is beginning to get a bit overdone now.

The suburbs round Brisbane are charming, with some fine country places standing in English looking parks. A good view of the town and surrounding country can be got by climbing up *One Tree Hill.* It is a very pretty drive, well worth doing (the only wild kangaroos in Australia I saw here).

Government House is a charming residence, a cool, delightful looking house, in lovely gardens and park-land, just on the outskirts of the town in the highest part. A stone's throw off is the Club, crammed with these most hospitable Queenslanders, one of the most sociable and comfortable little Clubs to be found anywhere.

For people visiting Australia, a trip to Queensland from Sydney ought most certainly to be made, although there is not much to write about in the ordinary way; the whole life up there is free and easy, and much more fascinating for a short time than the usual humdrum life of an

ordinary Colonial town. We returned by rail to Sydney, which is preferable in every way to the sea trips.

On Monday, May 1st, we left Sydney for Melbourne by the express, leaving at 7.15 p.m. and arriving at 11 o'clock the next morning.

Railway travelling in Australian saloon cars is indeed luxurious. They are beautifully decorated. The beds are broad and soft, and the springs of the carriages are so good that one is unconsciously rocked to sleep. There is, I am glad to say, none of that pestering for tickets and so on which takes place so often on the Continent in certain wagon-lits trains. The conductors, too, are particularly polite, and the meals at the different stations are not at all bad considering the low prices charged. I may add, comparing the attendance to travelling in the "so cracked-up" trains in the States, it is Paradise.

The road lay through the usual endless bush, and on arriving at Melbourne Station, bowling along the wide, clean, beautiful, straight streets, with magnificent buildings on either side, one soon forgot the rather shabby suburbs.

There are two streets running parallel, called Collins Street and Bourke Street, separated by Little Collins Street.

At the end of these two streets, to form an oblong as it were, runs "The Block," a fashionable promenade, so different to the narrow little slums in Sydney.

Splendid electric trams glide along everywhere

without creating that infernal noise and dirt which the Sydney steam tram-cars, or street-trains (as they ought to be called) make.

*Government House* is a magnificent building with beautiful gardens, and situated sufficiently away from the centre of the town to be pleasant. *Parliament House* is a very fine building. The *National Museum* is also most interesting, having some very good paintings, both ancient and modern, and sculpture.

There are also a good many places of amusement, and Prince's Theatre has a movable roof. In fact, wherever one goes in Melbourne, strolling along the streets, the stranger cannot help admiring the splendid, solid looking buildings dotted about here, there, and everywhere, and first-rate shops.

Neither is Melbourne, as some suppose, without its country attractions. Charming little excursions can be made, and although the Victorians cannot boast of a harbour like Sydney, or Blue Mountains at their back, they certainly have made, and do make, the most of their surroundings. For instance, about ten miles off is Brighton Beach, where people run to and get sea air; a little further off is Sandringham, another delightful spot in summer. Twenty to twenty-five miles from Melbourne are Fern Tree Gully and Lilly Dale; moreover, all along the line are scores of pretty places for visitors to stop at, with hotels, such as Heidelburg, Upper Beaconsfield, Beaumorris, Mentone, etc., etc.

Closer in to what can be termed the suburbs of

Melbourne are Kew, Toorak, and Malvern, where there are some beautiful country houses standing in well laid out gardens and grounds, quite English looking, far surpassing in their style anything I saw about Sydney. Some of the finest are still empty owing to the "bank crisis" which ruined so many.

There are several good clubs in Melbourne, *The Melbourne Club* being, I should say, by far the best in the Colonies, and Menzies Hotel there, as good as any hotel in Europe.

With regard to the Melbourne racecourse, it is universally acknowledged to be the most up-to-date in every way in the world, which speaks for itself.

We left Melbourne by the 4.15 express, and rattled into Ballarat in time for dinner; cheerful fires were lighted everywhere, the cold being intense even after the bracing climate of Melbourne.

The town of Ballarat itself is not remarkable for fine buildings, but it is a well laid out town, with very broad streets, having small squares or gardens dotted about. The place looks beautifully clean.

Ballarat with its mines has had its rises and falls; but it is coming to the front again, and gold is now being got there. The mines are all some little distance from the town, with trams running every quarter of an hour. As you drive along you begin to see the different batteries on either side of the road. We had a couple of orders to visit the two principal mines, namely, *The South Star* and

*The Star of the East.* To an ordinary person one mine is very like another, but what seemed rather puzzling at first was the intense heat down these mines. Now, in South Africa, in very many instances, one feels actually cold in them, and in none that I visited did I feel the heat in the least oppressive. However, in these two mines, the passages, ceilings, and walls are propped up with wooden beams, and as there is a quantity of water (which has continually to be pumped up) the moisture and rotting wood make the place intensely hot. The lower you go the hotter it gets, and down at the bottom, 2000ft. in depth, you are wet through with perspiration, and we were uncommonly glad that we had fortunately taken the manager's advice and put on a complete change of clothes. We were at first inclined to pooh pooh it, and thought that these Ballaraters were inclined to exaggerate "heat," but for men like us, who had been sweating in South Africa and shivering in the Pacific, we wanted to show that variations of temperature were mere flea-bites! However, we soon changed our tone, and coming up into the cold air again was no joke. We ran across to the engine-room, which was comparatively warm. Unluckily there was no bath, but a bucket of warm water was useful. We caught the Adelaide express at 7.30, where we arrived at about mid-day on Saturday. The mine-trips had brought on an attack of fever, which I did not get rid of easily. I mention this little episode more as a warning not to go down mines

right and left, as if they were "staircases." Besides, in any mine, the mud, slush, smell, bad light and air are most unpleasant, and by no means repay you.

Adelaide is a town more of the large village type, and chock full of churches and some fine buildings. There is one principal street, Rundall Street, with fair shops and offices. There were no good hotels when we were there. The Club is a cosy little place, opposite Government House, a pretty-looking English building in well-kept grounds.

The two things worth coming to Adelaide to see are the Botanical and Zoological Gardens. The former are most beautifully laid out, and have every conceivable plant that will grow and flourish in this climate. The Zoo is the best in Australia; the parrots and lories are simply magnificent, and, until one has seen them, it is difficult to imagine that birds exist with such a number of colours as these beautiful little creatures possess. The Rosellas are very numerous, also the Blue Mountain Lory, Pennants and other Lories from New South Wales. Mr. M——n, the director, sent me some home in a ship in which he was sending some ostriches. I had a dozen, and seven survived; I have one at home now, and two I gave to our Zoo.

There is a fine collection of snakes and other reptiles of the usual sort, and very well everything looked.

Adelaide has a good racecourse, which, after all, every town of any size in Australia has, as that is

their chief sport, and any working man is in his tenth heaven, if by scraping and grinding he can manage to get hold of and keep a racer.

There are one or two pretty trips to be taken in the vicinity of the town, *Broken Hill* being the finest scenery for miles around.

Adelaide itself is built, as it were, in a sort of circle, surrounded by ground, outside of which the suburbs lie. So that all the suburbs, such as Malvern, etc., where many of the Adelaide people prefer to live, is a longish drive out, but trams run out in nearly every direction. The heat there in summer is supposed to be tremendous. On May 11th we caught the P. and O. steamer *Rome* to Albany, the first "bush town" I had seen, and for the first time stepping on celebrated West Australian soil.

Perth is the largest town in West Australia, and a place which grew very rapidly. There are some decent buildings and wide, straight streets, good offices and shops, but everything very expensive.

The trains in the West are not by any means as luxurious as in Victoria, etc., and the long journey to Coolgardie through uninteresting, wild, flat country, with a little scrub here and there, was most tedious.

Coolgardie was formerly the great mining centre, and is a town of about 20,000 inhabitants, but it has had to give way now to Kalgoorlie, a few miles off, where many went when gold was found. All the mining districts are more or less similar, also the style of life. A miscellaneous set of

people, a good many bars, and a great deal of good, bad, and indifferent liquor, everything very expensive, and everybody very independent. For men who wish to study their fellow creatures I say go to West Australia. Conversation in clubs, bars, hotels, and so on is exactly the same—the successful man contented, the unsuccessful man discontented. Everything in the world to tempt the former to fling about his money, and everything at the latter man's elbow to pull him down.

On the other hand, to speculators, mining experts and engineers, diggers, and so on, the life must have its enjoyments, with dreams of wealth, and what to do with it in the future. Surely no man in this world, when gold digging, ever gets rid of the idea that a stroke of luck must come his way some day? Or the inducement which brings thousands to one spot in a few weeks would not be sufficient for the terrible hardships they encounter. The man who pegs out his claim, and day after day digs up the soil and finds nothing but probably fever, has faith in suddenly coming across the biggest nugget in the diggings.

Returning, I caught one of the West Australian Steam Navigation Company's steamers that do a little coasting, and then go on to Singapore. They are comfortable boats, from 1500 to 3500 tons, well fitted up and supplied with electric light, libraries, good cooking and attendance. The first stop is made at Carnarvon, a small port town at the mouth of the Gascoyne River, from thence to Onslow and along the north coast to a little place

of the high-sounding name of *Buccaneer's Arch*. By this time the noise of the winch, working day and night (which is always the drawback to coasting), ceased, and the boat took a course almost due north on its way to Singapore, leaving the land "where the birds don't sing and the flowers don't smell" far behind.

# III.—JAVA.

To visit the East Indies is not an easy matter from West Australia. From Brisbane, in Queensland, a steamer leaves every month for Batavia, in Java; but had we taken that we must necessarily have sacrificed seeing the greater part of Western Australia. Moreover the "Ducal Line," which runs, and is connected with "The British India," only carried twelve passengers, there being no first-class accommodation whatever. But, if people do not object to roughing it on board a ship, the trip is said to be (when you once get amongst the isles) one of the most beautiful in the world.

From Singapore we caught a North German Lloyd steamer ready to start for Batavia—a smart vessel of some 1500 tons—where we arrived after a forty-eight hours' journey, having left Singapore on June 4th. The harbour, called Tanjong-Priok, used to be one of the most feverish places in the East Indies, but now that all the rotten vegetation has been cleared away, and a good dock made, a very fair sized ship can get alongside the wharves.

As you near the Isle it has the same appearance,

as have all the East Indian islands and coast of Malacca, in the distance, of a long line of low trees growing apparently out of the water. The railway station leads off the wharf, with frequent trains up to Batavia, which take about half-an-hour. The line runs along beside the canal, and in the evenings thick mists rise, and a regular miasma containing the foulest germs of malaria, and it seemed the hottest place on the face of the earth. I don't suppose the strength of the sun is like the Persian Gulf, but you feel it in the utter stillness of the air, barely a breeze of any sort until the evening, and that not to be depended on. There is really no cool season, and it is impossible to get out in the hot months. As it nears mid-day and gradually warms up, it even seems to make its effect felt on the birds, which cease to twitter, and insects stop their buzzing about and seek shady holes.

About four o'clock a slight breeze may spring up, animal life begins to awaken, and you see a Malay or Chinese venturing out. Then the streets fill up gradually, you have your bath, and are supposed to feel as if the day was beginning again. The way of taking the bath differs from that at home. There is a large tank of water and a tin pitcher; you simply undress, stand by the tank on the brick tiles, and pour the cold water over you; it is very refreshing, but would be infinitely more so if one could take a bath in the ordinary way, with a good douche, etc. But as one is frequently taking baths, I presume that the demand on the water supply



THE RIVER RUNNING THROUGH BATAVIA.

would be too great! In fact, everything here, and quite rightly too, is sacrificed to the one idea of fighting against the heat. The houses are built for it, trees utilised, and so on.

One can still see some of the houses of the earlier settlers, built in the old Dutch style, with oak staircases, etc., and which are now used as warehouses. No; the longer people live in the East Indies, the more evident it becomes that pranks cannot be played in the climate.

The beds are all very large and square, with mosquito curtains and no sheets whatever to cover you—only one to lie on. The inhabitants turn in fairly early, and are up very early also. They rest in the middle of the day. They have a popular custom here to prevent the heat alone from keeping you awake, similar to the methods at Jassy and Galatz, those flesh-pots of Europe.

The Dutch ladies adopt the Malay dress until the evening: a white linen chemisette or bodice, with long sleeves, reaching to the hips, and tied round the waist; descending to an inch or so above the ankles is the native "sarong," which is a thin coloured cotton or silk arrangement wound round the body; wooden or straw sabots, and bare feet.

The men wear the same dress, or have trousers instead of the sarong. It is delightfully cool, and free and easy. In the evening, however, people dress in the ordinary way. For tiffin, or luncheon, the chief dish is what they call the

"Rice Table." They first hand round the rice and sundry things to mix with it, such as curried fowl, veal, vegetables, fish, a pot of soup with herbs and pickles floating therein. Then on a round tray with at least a dozen little dishes, containing pickles, you make an assortment and mix up with the other things, and proceed to burn your tongue. Before dinner a decanter of gin with a small bottle of bitters is placed on the table. Breakfast at 8 o'clock usually consists of cold meats and poached or boiled eggs, and the dinner, at 8 or 8.30, is served in the ordinary way.

Batavia is a long, straggling town, with the canal running right through it, where you see the Malay men and women bathing and washing their clothes.

The streets are planted with trees on either side, and coolies with huge wooden barrels of water run about sprinkling it over the ground. Nearly all the buildings, even to the shops, are detached, and most in gardens, either large or small. The museum is worth visiting, as they have a collection of many Javanese things, but as there is no catalogue, and the attendants being useless, it is advisable to get some friend to go with you. They have a motley array of tortures nearly life size, painted wooden figures sitting on knives or being sawn in half (all of them with a broad grin; I suppose they are used to it!). One rather curious appliance was that of a man lying in a wooden case, or crate, made more

or less to his shape. This, again, was fastened by pivots fore and aft to wooden posts driven into the ground, the crate being raised about 2½ft. A small fire was kept alight, and the unfortunate being in the crate was turned slowly round by the executioner, until, I suppose, he was "done to a turn."

They also have a very fine collection of ancient musical instruments, in use not only in Java but also in Sumatra, Borneo, and New Guinea, and some fine wood carving, most elaborately painted —in the Hindoo or Cashmere style—in red, gold, white, etc. There are two Dutch clubs in Batavia, where most of the English are also members—"The Harmonia" and "The Concordia," and a small English Sports club. There are French and English billiard tables; but they do not serve any meals there. The suburbs of Batavia are pretty, and where most of the people live, round about Wetterderven, are full of very fine houses and gardens, with some magnificent trees.

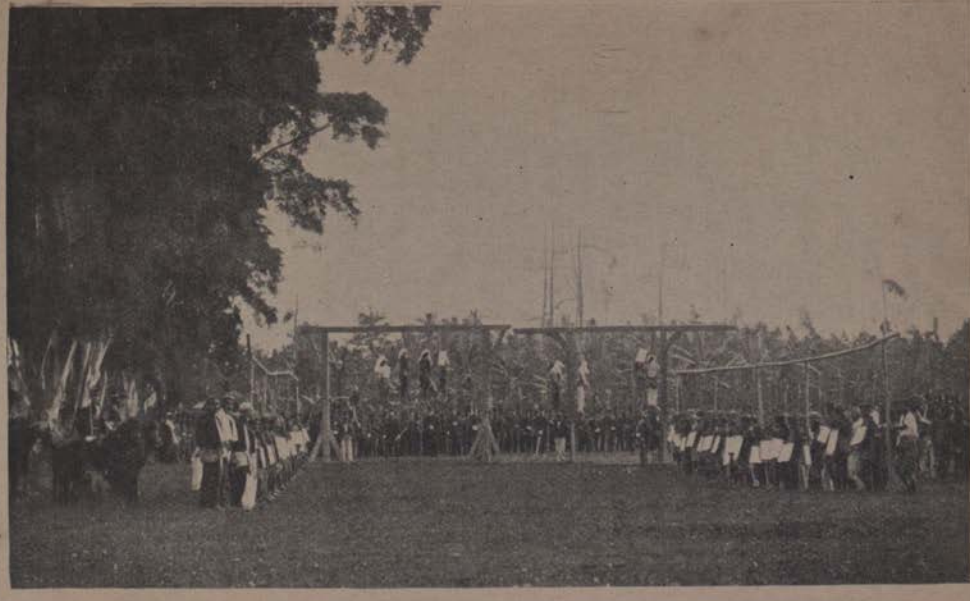
The Javanese are well-made men, but very short; not one that I saw stood over 5ft. 6in. The women are not so well made, being very square shouldered, and having quite the longest, flattest, broadest feet I ever saw. A good many of them chew "betel nut," which makes their mouths, tongues, and gums a hideous red colour, and they also file their front teeth down to a level with the gums when they are going to marry, which they

consider most artistic. In other parts, amongst the better class of natives, the dodge is to blacken their teeth, and polish them till they shine like ebony or African blackwood.

There is a great variety of fruit in Java, in fact, I don't suppose there is any other island in the world that grows so many different sorts, but although some Eastern fruits are very delicious, they cannot compare with the fruit at home. What, after all, can come up to a luscious pear or peach, the juicy grape, or a fresh fig, strawberries, and all the rest? Some of the plantains, or large bananas, are the largest I ever saw, in certain instances being quite a foot long. There is also the pineapple, custard apple, mangosteen, cocoanut, tamarind, prickly pear, mango, pumaloe, pomegranate, green orange, etc., etc.

Flowers of all sorts abound, and in the towns, jumping about the roofs of houses, can be seen the Java sparrow, with its pink bill and pretty plumage. The Java dove of slate-grey colour one sees nearly everywhere; but I never came across the pure white dove, sold as the Java dove in London. There are many other birds, and in the rice-fields some first-rate snipe shooting is to be had, also wildfowl.

After a few days spent in Batavia we took a train leaving about 7.30, arriving at Buitenzorg about 10.30. Owing to the heat and dust it is advisable to break the journey as often as one conveniently can. Here is the Governor-General's



EXECUTION OF RIOTERS, BATAVIA.

palace, and here also are what are considered to be the best laid-out and arranged, and most exhaustive, botanical gardens in the world. Unfortunately not understanding much about botany, one could not appreciate the apparently marvellous way in which all the different classes of ferns and other plants were carefully docketed according to their rarity and so forth. One sees all classes of the common English pansy up to the rarest orchid of New Guinea. There are two specimens of every plant, tree, shrub, etc., and one is labelled with name and full particulars. There is a herbarium, museum, and library in the grounds, also botanical, zoological, agricultural, chemical, and pharmacological laboratories, also the museum of the forest department, and photozincographical studio, and a very large laboratory, which strangers can use if they like. All the plants are arranged according to their natural systems, and everything is as complete as possible.

One sees hosts of native gardeners and overseers, and the Government spends a good deal in keeping it in order. They are also continually exchanging specimens with other gardens in different parts of the world.

Leaving Buitenzorg, we arrived at Sockaboemi, where we again broke the journey; a pretty little place and prettily situated. The word meaning "The Desire of the World."

The country around is pretty, but there is nothing of any great interest to see.

The next place worth stopping at is Bandong,

which lies in a plain enclosed by the mountain chains, and in July people flock from all round to see the races.

From there we started at 10 o'clock in the morning, and rode out to visit the waterfall *Penganten*, which is not worth seeing when you get there.

There are also some geysers to be seen in the district, but it is a long and tiresome journey to reach them.

Maos is where the express trains from Batavia and Serabaya stop for the night. An hotel there, which belongs to the railway company, is remarkably comfortable, with better attendance than any hotel I was in in Java; but unfortunately one arrives there at 7.15 p.m., and the train leaves again at 6.5 the next morning, so that, as a rule, people do not see much of the place, it being a case of "bath, dinner, and bed."

As we liked the look of the place, we decided to spend the next day there, and go on the following day to Serabaya.

The town of Maos itself is quite four miles from the station and hotel, along a splendid road and avenue of trees; on either side are "paddy" or rice-fields. Now and then one passes neat native houses built of bamboo with fences all round, little children, stark naked, rolling about in the compounds, and women either engaged in washing clothes or tidying up.

Anon, one passes through groves of banana and cocoanut trees, with picturesque palms, their huge

leaves swaying gently as a slight breeze flickers through them.

The town itself is in one of these oases among the rice-fields, and until one is almost in it you are not aware of its existence.

Like most of the typical Javanese towns, it consists of a long, straight street, with useful Chinese shops on either side, generally with a grand show of lamps, potted meats, bottles, cigarettes, cloths, and a whole host of miscellaneous articles spread before the eyes. The atap built huts of the natives, with bamboo fencing round their little compounds—or, rather, yards—are most picturesque; on the ground one often sees a cloth stretched out, with coffee beans left to dry in the sun, and the women hard at work combing their children's hair, manipulating rice, and so on. In that part of Java, as farther east, there are many Madœrans, people from an island off the N.E. coast. They are a finer looking lot of men than the Javanese by far, and usually carry long knives fixed in a strap round their waists at the back; but in the larger towns they are not allowed any longer to wear them, as they use them a bit too readily. Mr. S——r, of Serabaya, told me that on one occasion he saw from his window one man ripped up and killed in a very few seconds simply for throwing away a cigarette that his companion had tendered him to get a light from; he was hanged.

The next stop we made was at Solo, belonging to the Emperor of Solo, an independent state, but

nevertheless strictly watched by the Dutch. They are on first-rate terms with the Emperor, but he is never allowed out of his dominions, neither does he ever leave his palace for a drive without being accompanied by his own guard of soldiers, outriders, etc., not because he is in any way in danger, but simply because the Dutch are able in that manner to more easily watch and know all his movements, although they cunningly suggest to him that such steps are taken as befitting one so exalted in rank as His Royal Highness the Emperor of Solo. His carriages, palace, body-guard, and accessories are all worth seeing.

There is also another prince who is allowed to exist in the same so-called independence named Djokjokarta, who lives west of the River Bengaman, and once a year these two princes, with many Dutch officials and soldiers, meet each other on either side of the banks of the Bengaman, and salute each other across it.

But beyond that the Dutch are most careful never to let them meet, as no doubt they would jointly be capable of giving a lot of trouble. This latter prince lives in the Fort of Djokjokarta, a huge building surrounded by a wall about 10ft. high, enclosing a square filled with numerous buildings, streets, roads, ponds, canals, campongs, and gardens, and a retinue of 15,000 people.

From this district we made a visit to Boro-Boedor, the celebrated Hindu temple, built in the 8th century. The carvings and bas reliefs (of which there are 1500) are very fine; 988 are nearly

perfect. There are also 441 Buddha images, which may give an idea of this gigantic pile. On all the different terraces the carvings represent different stories. It is supposed to be one of the finest temples of its kind in the world, and for anyone who understands and is interested in these things, it is worth going to Java to see alone.

On Thursday we arrived at Serabaya. The principal station is the other side of the canal in the business part of the town, so it is best to alight at the station before, where 'dos-a-dos or carriages are usually waiting.

The English fraternity at Serabaya are an extremely lively lot, and seem to get on in first rate style with the Dutch. There is a very good club there, with first-rate billiard tables, both English and French. There are also two very good restaurants indeed, and if time is given as good a dinner can be got as required. There are also some good shops and English stores, but everything is very expensive.

Most of the town can be seen by taking a carriage from the top of it, where the best houses and hotels are ; and driving straight along the main street and through the Chinese quarter, and then along the banks of the river, with its Chinese junks and barges, sailing vessels, and coolies loading and unloading, past all the bungalows, chummeries, offices, and the Marine Club till you get to the sea.

The heat is great in Serabaya, and the mosquitoes are an awful nuisance ; but the nights are fairly cool,

and, taking it all round, it is a more desirable place to live in for an Englishman than Batavia.

The country around is very pretty. There are several good trips to be made, and the Dutch are excessively hospitable. A trip up the mountains to get away from the heat is a thing that we were advised to take, and to visit the celebrated crater, called the "Bromo," standing in a huge lake of sand.

Catching an early morning train we arrived about tiffin time at Pasœoran, where the line ends.

It is a seaport town, where the best fish are obtained. A drive along the quay to the "Boom" is rather interesting, seeing the fishermen at work and so on. After tiffin we took a carriage and drove to "Banjoe-Biroe," where there is a deep blue lake, surrounded by a grove of gigantic trees swarming with large grey, half-tame monkeys, that come down when you call and eat out of your hand. In the water, which is as clear as crystal, some huge fish, of which I do not know the name, were swimming. They looked like carp, but with very large scales, a dark purple blue colour, some quite 25lb. to 30lb. in weight. There are bathing-houses all round, and refreshments can be had. In the vicinity is a holy stone, to which on certain days pilgrims come to worship and offer sacrifice.

Early the next morning we started for the mountains, and drove as far as Pasœoran, a small Javanese village, where we got some ponies and a couple of coolies to carry the baggage, and arrived

at Poespo in time for tiffin at a small hotel kept by an old Swiss.

Continuing along until about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, we reached the mountain village of Tosari.

Immediately one gets on to the mountains the scenery is exactly the same, viz., all thick jungle, and therefore rather monotonous, and with the exception of monkeys jabbering in the trees, pairs of Java doves flying about in a very tame way, and an occasional view of other hills in the distance, there is nothing to see.

The little ponies are the same as you see all over Java, sure-footed, hardy little creatures; some of them perfect pictures, legs as clean as a deer, strong, and straight as rods of iron, beautiful little blood heads, arched necks, good shoulders, and strong rounded quarters; every colour, but chiefly bays and browns, all stallions and mares.

The colts which you sometimes meet running loose by the side of their mothers are about the size of a collie dog, and when full grown some of them, in different parts, and in the Straits, are not as large or heavy as some of our prize St. Bernards.

The hotel is a fairly comfortable building, rather reminding one of a small wooden Swiss hotel. The view that you get is very fine, extending to the sea, and with glasses you can clearly distinguish many of the seaport towns, and the flat country extending inland to the foot of the mountain ranges, interspersed with "paddy" fields, woods, sugar canes, roads, railways, and so on.

The next morning, starting on ponies hired from the hotel, with a good guide, carrying a cold tiffin with a whisky flask and soda-water, off we jogged to the celebrated crater.

You ascend and descend for hours among these mountain paths, through thick jungle, with now and then open gaps, presenting views of distant villages, cattle grazing, etc., until, at the end of a particularly steep ascent, where the path is bad (and it is wiser to get off), one is suddenly stopped by a high bank like a wall. On scrambling along a narrow footpath, you come to a gap in this natural wall, and, lo and behold, you see the craters, and sea-sand lying miles beneath you, backed by rocky mountain ranges, bobbing one behind the other as in terraces till lost to sight—a miraculous spectacle.

The sudden contrast is very striking, the monotonous ride through a green jungle, and then suddenly coming on this extraordinary sight lying at your feet, as you stand on the edge of a precipice—a smooth plane of yellowish-grey sand, in the middle of which stand three volcanoes—"Batak," "Bromo," "Widdodaren"—like gigantic pudding moulds. From the huge black mouth of the crater "Bromo" emerge vapourish light blue clouds of smoke, and sometimes enormous black ones, according to its activity. Getting on our ponies again, we began the descent down the mountain-side by a tortuous and rocky path, which gradually lands you on to the sloping shores of the *Sand Lake*, on which you can have a good gallop (the

sand being firm and springy, although composed of mud and lava from the craters) till you arrive at the bottom of the "mud puddings."

The "Bromo" is the easiest to ascend, and it is possible to ride half-way up—*i.e.*, to where there are some wooden palings, which help you up to the edge; the steps up were built by the Javanese, and are renovated every year, when they hold their religious ceremonies there in May. Thousands encamp on the "Sand Sea," their priests climb up to the edge of the crater, the people jumping about and singing, and casting things down into its mouth.

Arriving at the top, and standing on a narrow path about 2ft. wide, which runs round the whole crater, one can see down into its very mouth, where the bubbling of mud and water, the hissing of tremendous steam jets, the bright yellow sulphur walls, mixed with the bright red hematite clays, give it a look of Dante's Inferno, and reminded me a little bit of the Infernal Valley at Wairakei, in New Zealand.

By scrambling round the small path or ledge to the other side of the crater, you get a still better view of the boiling and fusing going on, the blue sulphurous fumes rising, ashes now and then being thrown up to a height of 50ft. or so, with fumaroles and solfatara boiling and foaming.

Having taken the saddles off the ponies we watched them roll whilst having tiffin, and then commenced the return journey.

The nights at Sozari are very cold, and blankets

are used, but there are unfortunately no fireplaces in the bedrooms.

The thermometer was standing below 60°, and as we had been used for some time to nothing under 80° we felt it.

The mountain air, however, is very bracing, and a rare fine thing for knocking any fever out of you.

The following morning we mounted our ponies again, and with a couple of coolies carrying our baggage, which they do by means of a stout bamboo, the ends resting on their shoulders, and the traps tied by cord in the middle ; they trot along up hill and down dale for miles, seemingly quite without fatigue.

Instead of returning to Serabaya *viâ* Passœrœan, viz., the same way as we came, one can trek right across country and join the railway either at Malang or Lawang, and go straight back by rail to Serabaya. This we decided to do, although it was a long ride, being in the saddle nine hours, with an hour's break for tiffin at Nankadjadjar; however, the journey is well worth making. The scenery in parts is very fine, and the gorges, ravines, waterfalls, huge trees, and small picturesque villages, and the natives you pass on the way, are very typical of pure Javanese life.

Numerous beautifully coloured butterflies were fluttering about thousands of bright coloured, sweet scented flowers and orchids. It all helps to take away from one the feeling of stiffness caused by the diabolical little saddles, with their wooden

arrangements sticking up in front and behind, and stiff leather cutting and bruising your legs. After a shower of rain the scent from the different flowers brought towards you on a puff of wind is simply overpowering. Now and then a large green snake wriggles across the path, and then a couple of monkeys swing from branch to branch, and sit gazing at you in derision as it were, as you sit on your little ponies almost melting with the heat.

About tiffin time we arrived at a small hotel at the village of Nankadjadjar, kept by a Swede. The man is a great sportsman, and as the vicinity abounds in all sorts of game, including tigers, wild boar, etc., and no licence being required, the little place is usually full of people, out all day with a few beaters.

It is only four and a half hours' ride from Lawang, through rich tropical scenery, and picturesque jungle villages, the huts built with the atap leaf, strengthened by a scaffolding made of the male bamboo.

Lawang is a small town of some 5000 inhabitants. It corresponds in a small way to our Bath or Cheltenham.

Pretty houses are dotted about, chiefly occupied by people retired on pensions. It is extremely pretty, and considered one of the most healthy places in Java.

Catching the 10 o'clock train the next day, we arrived at Serabaya, after a most delightful little trip.

On June 15th we left Serabaya for Samarang, a large seaport town in Mid-Java of 80,000 inhabitants, and catching the *Godavery*, a Messageries Maritime boat, we arrived back again at Singapore on the 18th.

As everyone in Europe who has travelled on the



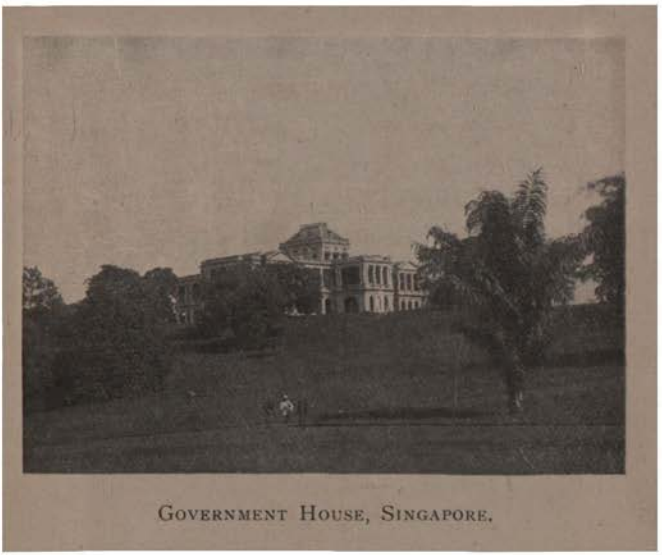

BATTERY ROAD, SINGAPORE.

Continent may have visited Rome or Paris, so has every traveller in the East at some time or other put in at Singapore.

The Tanjong-Pagar Docks are about a quarter of an hour's drive from the town. There is a very fair club, a museum stocked with curios of Malacca; they boast a botanical gardens, and there is also a

good cricket ground. But what strikes one particularly are the well turned out dog-carts you see, reminding one of the Indian tum-tums, and some very good-looking Australian Walers, which certainly looked in far better condition here than in India.

The ordinary way of getting about is in dilapidated



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, SINGAPORE.

garries, reminding one of our own London growlers without windows.

There are a few good shops in Singapore, but everything struck me as being ludicrously dear. The dollar there, a most inconveniently large and heavy coin, doesn't seem to go much further than a shilling. The climate is excessively oppressive,

and the dampness in the air seemed worse than the damp heat of Batavia.

An interesting trip to take is to Johore, to look over the palace, etc., of the Sultan, but as it is a drive of about four hours it is as well to get hold of something that does not crack every bone in your body at the end of the first half hour.

# IV.—SIAM.

LEAVING Singapore in the *Gorgon* on Sunday, June 26th, we were really due in Bangkok on Wednesday, but owing to the bar, which has to be crossed, outside the mouth of the river, and there not being enough water, we had to wait in the Gulf of Siam until 10.30 at night.

Even then there was only 12ft., and the ship drew 12½ft. How shall I ever forget those hours spent at the mouth of the river that night—spent in fighting the mosquitoes. These pests are celebrated in Siam; they are the biggest I have ever seen, the most tenacious, vicious, and poisonous. The brutes seem to be endowed with an almost human intelligence in the way they scent out their victims. When a ship has to anchor out in the Gulf and wait for the tide they spot her, and off they come in clouds, like pilots or anything else—"Who shall get there first" sort of game. They discover unseen rents in mosquito curtains, or wait for the opportunity of going into bed with you, and if unsuccessful, their dismal wailing or humming is as nauseous as the bites from the vampires themselves. I at last rose, went up on

deck, and for a moment the mosquitoes were unnoticed. The whole sea seemed one mass of pure liquid gold. It was simply grandiose, and as the steamer gently glided along, and tossed the little wavelets about on either side, the phosphorescence dancing about like will o' wisps was simply dazzling.

On many occasions one could feel the ship on the mud, but she glided over it all right, and we anchored inside, just at the mouth of the river, and at daylight on Thursday morning started again, going slowly up the river, where careful steering is necessary, as there are no river rules apparently; if there are, they certainly do not use them, as small and large craft, steamers, launches, and boats of all description crowd about—here, there, and everywhere—their crews shouting, swearing, and gesticulating.

On each side of the river as you approach the town the houses begin to thicken. They are built of wood, and some looked in a most awful tumbledown state, built on a platform, as it were, with the legs planted out in the river.

It was quite different to what I expected, and it reminded one of Srinagar, the capital of Cashmere, only there is double the life, and it is very much larger in every respect.

The steamer drew up at one of the innumerable small wooden wharves at about 8.15 on Thursday morning, June 30th.

The hotel, which is a little further up, facing the river (which sends its launch down to take off the

passengers and their effects), was very much more comfortable than one was led to expect, particularly from what people had told one in Singapore. The cooking was very fair, and for a short stay—particularly for anyone used to the East—it is all that is necessary.

The population of Bangkok is unknown, but the Siamese are second in number to the Chinese, whose census comes up to 60,000, and have each a tax of five tickalls a year, which seems rather odd, considering that the Siamese pay more.

At first we were disappointed with Bangkok, and that was attributable to two reasons—firstly, the dilapidated appearance of the wooden houses bordering the river; and secondly, that the hotel which we first went to was situated in that part of the town where the streets are muddy and narrow, and things look as incongruous as they can. But directly one has driven out a bit into the environs of the King's Palace, and round about the barracks and so on, things have a very different appearance.

The streets are broad, with good, substantial, regular buildings on either side, where Chinamen and others have their useful-looking wares neatly placed out for sale. An electric tram runs all over the town, and the whole place is lit throughout by electric light.

Rickshaws, as used in Singapore, are not used here by Europeans, the few here being most dilapidated, and only used by natives to carry parcels and things about in. On one occasion I saw a man who had just died of cholera being

wheeled along in one, nothing even thrown over him. They were trying to bring in the rickshaw, labelled first, second, and third class, and certain people, as in the Straits, will probably keep their private ones.

At present there are only carriages; the one-horse affairs are simply miserable, and the two-horse are good, but you cannot take them for less than an hour, and in consequence, one hailed to take you to some place five minutes off cost two tickalls, rather less than 2s.

In the old part of the town by the river stands the English Club, a very nice wood building in good grounds, with billiard tables, writing and reading rooms, but unfortunately no bedrooms; and, moreover, meals are not served there, so that it is really nothing beyond a meeting-place for the members. A patch of ground, however, is going to be bought higher up, and a new building erected there.

The British Legation is also quite close, and the two most important banks.

In time, no doubt, many of the narrow streets will be pulled down, and new broad ones, with pavements and good buildings, take their place.

Nearly everywhere in the town, when you go down side streets, there are innumerable streams which the backs and yards of the houses look into; at low water these are apt to sometimes smell rather badly, as all rubbish is thrown in them, but as the water rises and falls again it carries out

everything with it, leaving these channels of mud as clean as a new pin.

The water in the river is extremely muddy and dirty, which is, after all, not to be wondered at, as it carries the drainage of the whole place out to sea.

The telegraphic department is very good indeed, and so is the postal. The postmen, to my mind, being the smartest and most intelligent looking lot of people belonging to the Government.

Of course everything cannot be done in a day, but progress is being made in all directions, particularly now that the police are kept in order, for which purpose Mr. J——e has been lent from Burmah, and robberies, Chinese Secret Societies, and occasional murders and riots at night, which a year ago were frequent, are now very few and far between. There are also a good many Sikh police about, sent from India under Mr. J——e.

These men are often hired privately as guards by the Siamese or Chinese. On one occasion I met a Chinaman, who had won money at one of the numerous gambling places, being escorted home by a Sikh.

The heat, however, in Bangkok at this time of year is very great, the thermometer going up to close on 90°, which, for an excessively *damp* heat (more so, I should say, than even Singapore or Batavia), tends to make one feel it more than 100° of dry heat, or heat as they get it in some places in Australia, where the glass rises to 120° or more, and where it is nothing to probably 80° in India.

To my mind a glass is no more a criterion of the state of heat than a clothes-brush is. The mercury rises and falls with the atmospheric pressure and so on, and sometimes it gets cool, and one feels cool with the mercury at the same place as it was on a day which everyone was calling the hottest they could remember.

Moreover, living in a place, or moving about, one really does not care two straws what the glass says; your own feelings are very much more correct as to the state of the heat privately.

As I now write my glass stands at 86½°. It has been raining all day, off and on, the air is quite cool, now and then a gentle breeze, but still the same damp feeling everywhere.

Yesterday there was no rain at all, nor was it particularly cloudy, but the heat as one felt it was intense. It was impossible to move about without being wet through in five minutes, yet that brilliant glass registered exactly the same.

It reminded me of the story of the boy home from school, who precociously showed his father one of these thermometers which he had got as a prize, explaining that it was an instrument to tell you when it was hot and when it was cold.

After breaking it over his son's head, he straightway ordered him to spend the morning in digging up potatoes, and to report at the end of a couple of hours (without the aid of a glass) whether he felt hot or cold, adding, "That soon they would be inventing instruments for letting people know when it was night and when it was day."

The quarter all round the King's Palace is very well laid out, there being several patches of grass, well kept and rolled, surrounded by wooden railings painted white, where the *Golf Links* are, and it is hung all round by electric light for any evening shows, and the soldiers are very often drilled and reviewed there.

*The Barracks* are really splendid buildings; square, with a large yard in the middle.

The Museum is quite worth seeing, as well as an interesting collection of china, stuffed animals, reptiles, and butterflies and birds. There is the Siamese department, which a special order has to be got to see.

The work in silver and gold there is most valuable and beautiful. Amongst these things are two trees from the provinces of Chieng Mai; one in gold, the other in silver, about 8ft. high, the leaves and branches being wonderfully well done. They are presents made every three years to the King from conquered countries.

There is some wonderful carving in ivory; one elephant's tusks, beautiful china weapons, books, in fact, anything of interest which is ancient and of the country is to be found there.

The "Watts," or Temples in Siam, are as numerous as the pagodas of Burmah, or the Hindoo temples of India. They very rarely repair any old ones, but build another one by its side. They are built by the noblemen, princes, and rich men, and the richer the man the finer the Watt.

In the distance the red pagoda of Burmah,

particularly if amongst trees, is more picturesque than the Siamese Watts; but when you enter them, they are quite incomparable.

As sculptors and painters the Siamese, as far as I have seen, stand pre-eminent amongst the artists of the East.

In the grounds of the temples, the carvings of cows, monkeys, flowers and different figures are wonderfully fine and full of life; and inside the temples, particularly in *Watt Poh*, the walls are covered with paintings which appear to be a story or history, but the jumble of horses, men, women, chariots, wild animal hunting, bridges and deep sea fishing, make it quite impossible to follow the story out in any way.

Underneath each picture or fresco is a copper plate in Siamese writing, saying what is going on.

In this particular temple, Watt Poh, the shutters are kept closed unless there are people coming to look over it, or on days when the doors are thrown open for worship, and the heat inside is intense.

In another building or Watt across some yards, buildings, corridors and what not, where numerous Buddhas, bronze animals, and different things are passed, you see the temple where the sleeping Buddah lies.

He is lying full length on his side. The soles of his two feet are inlaid with mother-of-pearl, otherwise the whole figure is gilt; it must be over 100ft. long, and about 25ft. high.

Around on the walls are paintings illustrating their ancient fables, religion and history, reminding



SIAMESE WATT, BANGKOK.

one a little of the figure-painting done in Cashmere; but here there is not so much gold, and the harmony of colouring—the green of the trees, slate-grey of rocks and waterfalls, mixed with a lot of red and blue—makes it exceedingly pretty.

I hear that Watt Poh is going to be repaired by the King some time or other, and when that is done, I suppose, of its kind, it will be one of the most interesting temples to be seen in this part of Asia.

Another Watt is very fine on the other side of the river—*Watt Chang*.

Part of it is very old and has a tower which can be mounted part of the way, and from where a good view of the river and surrounding country can be got. Inside the temple is the big Buddha, sitting on the ground, gilt.

Men were hard at work building a new Watt for some prince in the same grounds as the old one, which will be very fine when finished. The gold and different coloured glass which they stick in in various shapes, the flowers of blue, red, violet, and yellow, clustered together in various shapes, made of porcelain and stuck in the cement, look wonderfully pretty in the sun.

However, the best place to go to get a view of the whole district is from *Watt Saket*. The foundation, as it were, on which the tower stands appears to be a pile of rocks, but, as a matter of fact, it is entirely artificial, being made of cement, slate, and so on, and grass and trees, etc., now cover it

all naturally. It is a fairly steep climb till one gets to the top, the steps being built round the outside tower, the rest being solid.

From the top the view as far as the eye can see consists of nothing but trees and paddy or rice-fields, the country being absolutely flat. In the plains there is some first-rate snipe shooting in the season, no licence or anything of the sort being necessary to enable anyone to pot away to his heart's content.

Looking down on Bangkok the sight is rather deceptive, insomuch that the town cannot be seen well, the trees in some places entirely burying the houses, small streets, and bye-ways; so that one simply catches views here and there of scattered parts of the town and, of course, any large buildings, which makes it look a small place, whereas, in reality, the town is a labyrinth of narrow streets and canals connecting everywhere with the principal thoroughfares.

Whilst my friend Mr. J——s was walking across to another side of the tower, a green snake, hitherto concealed in a hole high up in the wall, sprang towards him, but I saw it in time, and cut it in two with my stick in mid-air, no doubt to its surprise. Whether it was poisonous or not, I am happy to say we never found out. It could not have been more than three feet long.

The next Watt to see, in point of being in beautiful preservation (although to my taste almost too gaudy in its gold and tinsel) is the Royal—*Watt Phra Keo*—in the Palace grounds.

All round the roofs hang little gilt bells, about a foot apart, with heart-shaped strikers hanging from them, and the least breath of air makes them tinkle. The tones all being different it is rather strange, but one could quite imagine that to be shut up there on a windy day would be very irritating.

What people go there to see chiefly is the celebrated Emerald Buddha. It is carved beautifully out of Jade stone, about 1½ft. high, and was taken from the Burmese in their last war.

The body of the Crown Prince was then lying in state there waiting for cremation.

They had just finished building in the town, opposite Watt Saket, a Cremation Hall; it is excessively plain, whitewashed inside, with electric light, and open on all sides in the form of a square, with flights of stone steps leading up to the centre of the building.

At this time no one had yet been cremated there, the place being brand new, and what made it more interesting was that the ground where this place now stands in all its cleanliness was once used for one of the most loathsome purposes which could possibly exist; and, curiously enough, up to three months from this date, July 4th, 1898, the authorities did nothing to stop it, or seem to perceive anything barbarous in it.

All the poor people who died and were unclaimed, or whose people or friends could not afford to have them buried, were taken to this patch of ground and thrown on the grass, sometimes perhaps a

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dozen at a time; then men came (usually pauper prisoners), whose duty it was with knives to cut the head half off, make deep incisions in the arms and chest, rip open the stomach, disembowel, and make cuts about the legs. When this was done they whistled, and from the roofs of adjoining buildings and from the walls, there came down a crowd of vultures; and packs of pariah dogs, who began to gnaw, fight, devour, and quarrel over their meal; the bones were dried in the sun, and then burnt. A high wall surrounded this enclosure, and anyone could go in and look on; but from the photograph I saw and the graphic accounts, it cannot have been a very fascinating sight.

The Palace itself is absolutely forbidden to strangers, and an order can be got only to visit the Palace grounds; however, through the two large rooms leading into the courtyard, which are always open, a good idea of the style of building can be got. The actual grounds are not particularly interesting, being shut in everywhere by buildings, yards, corridors, patches of grass or small gardens, with rose beds and fountains.

A thing which ought not to be missed, however, are the stables where the Royal white elephants are kept. They are fastened to two huge posts, their fore-foot being attached to the front one, and a hind leg to the rear post. There were four altogether in wooden buildings alongside each other, with their keepers. Two were fierce old tuskers and very large. They are by no means white, being the same colour as all the so-called

white elephants are, *i.e.*, a sort of fleshy pink colour mixed with a dirty grey, and a bluish sort of tint the flesh takes on the back and neck. The eye is the only thing to my mind to be found in the white elephant which gives any reason whatever for their being distinguishable or worth distinguishing from the rest. It is usually a light amber colour, very bright, piercing, and uncommonly roguish looking; it reminded me of the gooseberry eyes you see sometimes in cross-bred black retrievers at home, which gives these dogs always the appearance of being untrustworthy, just as the soft, dark-eyed ones, beaming with intelligence, have the opposite appearance, and no doubt these big, spoilt, pampered Royal pets would play old Harry if they ever got the chance. They spend their time in eating trusses of fresh grass, which their keepers keep them supplied with, a couple usually squatting somewhere near, chewing betel nut and yarning.

Baby elephants are pretty little things, and on one occasion, whilst driving along a street, one of these little chaps was playing with some children, and was apparently as much at home and well behaved in pottering about the street as the oldest inhabitant there. It reminded me of the tame goat one used to see in Piccadilly.

The ponies in the same sort of way are tamed by the children. They are caught, brought in, led about the streets with old stagers, then taken out alone with a boy and a halter, and then turned loose to walk about from one house to another,

getting fondled by different people till fit to be made use of. But of course these things do not take place in the most important or most crowded thoroughfares, but all the same, in the heart of Bangkok you see it every day equally well as in the suburbs or small country towns.

Next to the Chinese, the Siamese are supposed to be the best actors and actresses among the Orientals, and at Bangkok there is a very good native theatre belonging to a native prince.

The plan of the stage is in the shape of a T, the seats ranged on either side of the bottom line of it, and boxes in rows facing the stage. Not understanding one word of Siamese, it is impossible to get in the least interested, and as any little action, such as a fairy walking along the stage, takes at least ten minutes, it is not surprising when you hear that some of their pieces last for two or three weeks.

The theatres usually begin about 7 o'clock in the evening, and go on until 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning. Some of their plays represent fights and kings' histories, and so on, which took place hundreds of years ago; but sometimes they introduce into them, by way of being a little up-to-date, English and French people with tall hats.

The clowns in the theatres are supposed to be rather witty, but unfortunately their wit was lost on us.

The fairies and ballet girls, and in some cases young and old chorus girls and old women and men, are squatting about the stage, talking,

chewing betel nut, whilst the band on one side suddenly bursts out, and keeps up a sort of monotonous thumping with bells, drums, and clattering wooden instruments. Then from the back a lot of painted grey clouds, with silver stars dotted about, slowly open, and the *prima donna* sails slowly out, hanging in the air at the end of a couple of pieces of stout wire through cracks in the roof.

Her dress, perhaps a little more gorgeous than the other actresses, consisting for the most of the panung or skirt put round the waist, the ends passing through between the legs, and tucked in at the back, is of different coloured silks richly embroidered. They also wear a very tightly fitting jacket of any bright colour, with rosettes and bows of different hues.

They put on wigs of long hair hanging flat down the back, with a head-dress usually consisting of either gold or silver pagoda-shaped helmets, or small close fitting skull caps made of silk.

The accomplishments of really good Siamese *prime donne* not only consist of clever dancing, which is, after all, only a way of slowly strutting about and wriggling gently the lower part of their bodies, but also the curious way in which they are able to move their arms backwards, and bending back the fingers and palms of their hands, so that they actually touch the forearm.

To see a few of these women gorgeously dressed, wriggling and strutting about, with outstretched arms and hands, to the slow,

monotonous music is rather fascinating for a short time, but the worst of all Oriental acting to Europeans is the way everything is so frightfully spun out. There are several theatres in Bangkok, and people hire them out for the evening sometimes, engaging the actors and actresses; sometimes, again, the servants of noblemen take part in the acting, and many of the actresses are simply the harem women.

The same sort of thing takes place in Burmah, but not half so good, nor do the plays last so long in any other country as they do here.

The ordinary dress of the Siamese gentleman as you see him in the street in daytime consists of an ordinary white drill jacket buttoned up to the neck like most people wear in the East, but instead of the trousers they wear the panung, the same as the ladies. The panung is a long strip of either linen, cotton, silk, or native grass of any colour, but usually prune or dark blue, about 8ft. long and 3ft. wide, placed round the waist, and the overlapping ends twisted round like a thick rope, then tucked between the legs, brought up behind the back, and tucked in again at the waist. This is exactly the same as the women, except instead of their wearing a jacket they have a long strip of cloth wound round underneath the arms over the breasts, and then thrown loosely over their shoulders is a silk sash, the ends hanging down on either side. They wear stockings up to the knees, as do the men, and all wear shoes. The women also have their hair cut short, and the men

wear straw or Tyrol hats. The poorer men simply wear the panung and sometimes a little linen jacket, but oftener than not nothing, and nothing on their heads.

The poor women wear the panung only; and in the houses or in shops, when they have babies, their bodies are bare. The old women never wear anything besides the panung, unless it is a sash thrown across the shoulders; but the young girls, before they are married, or before they have children, usually keep their breasts concealed.

Some of them would be pretty, but in every class, from the highest to the lowest, with the men and women, the habit of staining their teeth black spoils them. At a short distance off when they laugh and open their mouths they appear to have no teeth at all, which makes them look quite hideous. Added to that they continually chew the betel nut mixed with lime, which makes the inside of their mouths red. The Javanese and all East Indians do it, but not to the extent that they seem to here.

The Burmese chew also, but as they put in no lime it does not stain their mouths, nor have they the silly habit of blacking the teeth.

This betel nut, from which they derive so much pleasure, grows on the betel nut palm, a tall, slender palm, sometimes growing to a height of 40ft. or more, resembling very much the cocoa-nut and sugar palms, and known in England as the areca nut, used as a medicine for dogs. However, to return to the way these people make their

"sandwiches" up: they first take a green leaf, and with a small bit of wood, the size of a tooth-pick, smear a little of the lime, which is dyed red, on the inside of the leaf and roll it up, then bite it in half and commence to chew; in another minute the other half is put in also. They then take the betel nut, about the size of a walnut, and peel off the green skin and cut it in half; they then pick out the pink, fleshy-looking nut and cut a piece off, and put it into their mouths and begin to chew, intermittently, spitting and chewing all day long, except when they eat and sleep. They say it aids digestion and many other things; however, they all do it, from the royal princesses downwards.

They have two or three railways running over Siam, and rather an interesting trip can be made by taking the train up to Ayuthia, the old capital of Siam. The country you pass through is very flat, with the paddy fields and small woods, and I hear it is more or less the same all over Siam, except when you get amongst a range of hills called the Korat Range. The line goes up as far as the town—or, rather, large village—of Korat, but there is nothing whatever to be seen there.

Ayuthia is a rather curious place, and generally once a year (in May) they have their annual wild elephant drive. It is a great show as a rule, the King and Queen and all their suite being usually there, on a raised platform, like our grand stands, opposite the space where the elephants are driven in. This is a square large enough to hold two

hundred to three hundred elephants, and surrounded by huge stakes driven into the ground about 1½ft. apart, except in two places—viz., the entrance and the exit—where they are much wider.

For weeks before the hunters go out on their tame elephants, and beaters on foot, and surround a herd or more, and day by day push them on towards



MUSTERING FOR THE ELEPHANT DRIVE AT AYUTHIA.

their goal. At first the business is difficult and dangerous, some of the others breaking back, others following, some getting alarmed, others savage, so that it is as much as the mahouts can do to prevent any escaping. After a few days, however, they begin to settle down and accept the inevitable, and their march is continued in a more tranquil frame of mind. At last the celebrated day

arrives when they are close to the enclosure, and thousands of people from all round come to see it, and I am told that never one of these elephant hunts takes place without a number of lives being lost. Usually one or two manage to break loose, and some of the people on foot are not always able to clear out of their way in time.

An old tame elephant is then made to walk through the entrance into the enclosure, and begins to walk round in an unconcerned way. He is followed by a few more, and then comes on one of the wild ones. He stands for a moment outside hesitating, but before he has time to decide what to do he is pushed through from behind by the other wild ones behind him, who now pour in one by one, pushing and being pushed along, a veritable sea of black backs, gradually coming nearer and nearer until all the animals are inside.

One of the most curious sights to see is the marvellous way in which the mothers take care of their little ones, keeping them close to their sides, and sometimes walking with them almost underneath their stomachs. This is always the case when one of them comes with her young through the entrance, and none of them are ever hurt, or even scratched.

When they are all in, the work of picking them out takes place. The ones that are not wanted are allowed to return again into the jungle, and the others are gradually tamed—some of them in three weeks, others take longer.

They first begin by getting one of the animal's feet in a slip-knot, and tying him to a huge stake; he begins by rushing madly about, and then contents himself by occasional charges, and the native gradually gives a few more twists to the rope each time, till the animal finds himself hauled close up to the post, and then he subsides into the sulks.

From this period you may say that their training begins, and it now depends on the trainer whether the beast will turn out well or not. If his keeper loses patience, or is in anyway unkind or harsh, the animal's character will begin to form and to shape, and necessarily become intractable and vicious. On the other hand, the animals, with very few exceptions, are soon got round by a clever trainer. They begin by sitting in front of him first, for a short time only, until he gets quite used to the sight of a man. Then he talks to him and pats him, and lastly gets him used to the feeling of having him on his back, neck, and head; when the elephant no longer minds that he is allowed more liberty, and at last, with a tame elephant on either side of him, he goes for a walk, and so on until he is considered "finished."

There are very few Europeans in Ayuthia, except the Inspector-General of Police, Major S——n, a Dane. Ordering the launch before a certain time, we left Ayuthia about four o'clock in the afternoon, and got to "Bang-Pa-In" about seven o'clock. This is where the King's Summer Palace is, and is quite worth going over.

An order has to be obtained to permit you to go over the Palace, which you give up to an official who takes the place of agent.

For the most part it is furnished in European style, and the grounds are laid out in broad paths, lawns, with flower beds, large tanks or ponds, with plaster figures on pedestals, dotted about on sundry walls and bridges, representing the seasons and so on.

If you stay there the night you are usually given a room in a large outbuilding in the grounds, where the King's suite reside in summer, and although they look very comfortable with the clean sheets and mosquito curtains, and so on, I can conscientiously caution people from passing a night there.

Putting on one side that you are the sole inmate in a huge building, with several doors opening out of your room, which, when opened, reveal, with a candle, furniture, etc., all piled up and covered with dust cloths; dusky shadows flit about, and with the continual creaking and popping of the furniture, the noises made by hundreds of rats and mice playing about, numerous disgusting creatures called out of their cracks and holes to pay the newcomer a visit, attracted by the light, is not conducive to a good night.

This sort of thing happened when I was there, so after vainly struggling to go to sleep, about three o'clock I gave a yell as I jumped out of bed, through the mosquito curtains, like a clown through a hoop of tissue paper, as I felt the beastly fangs

of a tarantula on my foot. So what with rats, mice, bats, and those curious tokays, or big brown lizards, with their blue spots and yellow eyes, that run up and down the walls as safely as flies, I had had enough of it, and I went down to the river, and clearing the boys from the front of the launch, which was moored at the bottom of the steps outside the palace, spent the remainder of the night in perfect comfort; my friend, however, snored blissfully through the night.

The noise in particular made by the larger species of tokay, which are very common in Siam, is irritating, but it is easily driven away, and although it usually wakes you up, is not so bad as the insinuating hum of the mosquito when you find that the brute is within the mosquito curtains, and there is nothing to do but wait and consider how many tickals you will knock off your servant's pay.

They have any amount of tokays also in Java and Burmah running about the walls; but I have never seen such large ones as I saw in Siam, some of them quite 8in. long, with very broad flat heads; they can give a very nasty bite, and make a peculiar sound like the popping of sea-weed which grows on the rocks.

We arrived in Bangkok again in time for tiffin.

The river trip to the capital is very interesting. The river itself is very broad and muddy, and on each side one sees either the paddy fields or jungle growth reaching down to the banks.

On nearing Bangkok a view is caught of the high Watts rising above the trees, the floating houses

are passed, and one gets a peep of Chinamen lying asleep on the verandahs, Siamese women with their children bathing, all sorts of different craft, shops, wharves, and so on, until one glides up to the landing stage of the hotel.

A good bath, by the simple means of standing up and pouring cold water over yourself with a pitcher from a large earthenware pot, a change, and a good meal, a siesta, a drive about 4 o'clock, a visit to the club with a probable game of billiards, home to dress, and a dinner at one of the numerous hospitable houses ends the day.

On July 7th, about 2.30 in the afternoon, we left Bangkok in the *Phra-Cham-Rao* under Captain Fowler. A Siamese gentleman, a clerk in the Customs', his wife and child, and two servants were on board. They, however, were getting out at an island named Toh Sichang, where we arrived at about seven o'clock the next morning, and did not leave until the following day about five o'clock.

The Chinese coolies there are a very independent lot, and are not to be trusted, the captain saying that very little upsets them, in which case one had to look out for squalls. We bought a lot of turtle eggs there.

It is the biggest of a group of isles on the south-east coast, and was once very nearly falling into the hands of the French. The King has a Palace there, but never uses it. It might be made a very charming seaside resort, there being a perfect beach for bathing, very few sharks, if any, beautiful trees growing everywhere, affording shady spots

and walks, always a breeze, but unfortunately it is rather a feverish place.

After leaving one does not see any land until rounding Cambodia Point, where you run along by the coast of Cochin China or Anam. There are high mountains, covered with bush, and sandy shores; it is a great place for tigers. Very few people go there for shooting, and as deer abound there is nothing to prevent these animals doing as they please.

I fancy beaters, however, would be hard to get, and the climate is bad, but a party of sportsmen well equipped, and with leave from the French, might get a rare bag in a week's time.

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# V.—CHINA.

ON the morning of July 15th, after winding through myriads of little islands of all shapes and sizes dotted about all round, we at last saw Hong Kong. There appeared a long stretch of buildings lying along the shore, behind which rose up steep hills of grass and rock, with buildings on the summit; this was the celebrated "Peak." We dropped anchor about two hundred yards from shore, and getting into the hotel steam launch whizzed away to the landing stage, and walked over to the hotel, a stone's throw off.

Hong Kong is an island about ten miles from the mainland of China, the whole sea between being strewn with innumerable islets.

The population is about 261,000: 250,000 Chinese, 7000 British, 4000 Portuguese.

There are one or two rather nice buildings, and others being built on the side facing the sea. Queen Street is a long, straight street, like the High Street of any ordinary town, with verandahs on either side, and European shops both good and bad. This is the main and only good street, or street of any pretensions, the rest are Chinese, the

usual narrow places, with boot shops, grocers, butchers, stores, and everything under the sun. The mode of conveyance is either by rickshaw or chair—the chair is a machine which you sit in, having on either side long wooden poles, which fit over the men's shoulders, one walking in front and one behind—they are by no means comfortable, reminding one on a small scale of the disagreeable motion of the baggage camel. The rickshaw is a far more comfortable means of going about, but in order to go up the hill at the back of the town or "up the street," as it is sometimes called, where most of the residents live, it is necessary to have four men, particularly if you are going any distance.

One misses the "Gluck, gluck" of horse's feet, in fact, one would never hear any sound in the streets at all if it was not for the incessant cackling of the Chinese, and the silence at night reminds one of Venice.

At the top of the peak there are a couple of good hotels, and one ascends by the "Peak Tram," which goes every quarter of an hour, and takes about ten minutes to reach the top.

The view of the harbour from the top is sublime, not a ripple on the deep blue water, and all the different craft, large and small, lie motionless amidst the little green islets popping their heads out of the clear blue water in all directions—a never-to-be-forgotten sight. Far away you see the hills of the mainland of China, rising up in the distance range behind range till lost in a grey mist.

On the summit of the Peak are innumerable walks, with a tower and platform where one can get views from all round the island.

Personally I did not think that it was very much cooler up there than in the town itself, but they say that the nights are much more pleasant; however, the sun seemed more powerful. If one is only going to stay two or three days in Hong Kong (which is quite sufficient), it is better to remain down below, where you are in the midst of everything, and one trip up to the Peak by tram and down again by a chair to see the view, is ample.

In Hong Kong itself there is very little to be seen; the public gardens are certainly very pretty, and lounging about along the paths with all the ferns, etc., is cool and refreshing. Beautiful green ferns of every shape and size line the banks and the well-shaded paths, which intersect in every direction these hills. Some of the houses are most picturesquely situated, and lovely views of the harbour can be had from their terraces and verandahs. For a resident, the Peak is no doubt the place to live, the air being bracing.

On Wednesday, July 20th, we left Hong Kong for Canton. Steamers start from one of the wharves at 8 o'clock every morning. They are splendid boats, and the chou (as the food in the East is called) is excellent.

The journey takes about eight hours, and at the commencement the boat threads its way through the numerous islets until one gets to the mouth

of the Canton River, which is so broad that at first it is impossible to know you are in a river. The land on either side is flat, very green, fertile, and luxuriant-looking. You soon pass Bucca, a curious-looking old fort on the left bank, surrounded by the usual grey-looking Chinese walls, with their loop-holes and so on, like all the old Chinese fortified towns.

Nothing else of any great interest is passed until Canton is reached. The river there is simply crammed with Chinese junks of every sort and size. The steamer is hauled up alongside one of the wharves, and one can either alight there and get a chair and go to the hotel, or jump into the sampan (which is much the most preferable) and be rowed to the steps of the little island of "Shameen," on which all the Europeans live; a small wooden bridge joins it to the City of Canton, over the canal, and the huge gates on the Canton side are closed at night.

Canton is supposed to be one of the purest and most typical Chinese towns in the whole of China; it is surrounded by the usual wall, and in some places one can see remains of the old battlements in the shape of cannons half sunk in the ground, with the grass thick all round them.

For some time now the Chinese have discovered the futility of city walls, not only here, but in other places.

The streets are all very narrow, just wide enough to let two chairs pass—the only means of conveyance, unless one walks, in Canton.

The idea is to keep out the sun as much as possible, and by all huddling as close together as hey can, they find it easier to combat the cold n winter; this is what a Chinaman explained to me as the reason that the streets are so narrow.

Certain sorts of shows are all in certain different quarters; for instance, the ivory shops and carving are all next to each other; then may come a set of shoemakers, then a street where they all sell pipes, then the quarters in which the butchers are, and silk mercers, and so on.

There are also streets where live stock is kept, the Chinese being particularly fond of singing birds and small birds of gay plumage, such as Java sparrows, avadavats, waxbills, budgerigars, as much as $100 being paid sometimes by a Chinaman for a first-rate singing thrush, lark, or canary.

The little Chinese cages which they make for them are certainly the prettiest I have ever seen, made out of cane and bamboo, with little blue china pots for the bird's food, and ornamented sometimes at the top and sides in the shape of pagodas.

Some of the carving in ivory is simply wonderful, but as most of the things which are really worth having are more expensive than in London, it is advisable not to invest in them.

On the whole, the Chinese merchants are exceedingly honest, and in some cases have fixed prices; there is no fear of being robbed (as one is by the Indians) right and left in their shops. In fact, in the Far East, I have heard many English

say they prefer trading with a Chinaman than with any other nationality. They rarely break a contract, even if they find they are going to be heavy losers.

The silk shops are worth paying a visit to, as they keep in stock several dresses belonging to the different ranks of Chinamen, some being most beautifully embroidered. But perhaps, of all the different things that are visited, the most interesting is to watch the picture-book painting going on. You can get books of all sizes most beautifully painted, illustrating the lives of different emperors, actors' and actresses' costumes, Chinese history and stories, the different punishments and tortures, and so on. They are done on rice-paper, and the colouring is simply exquisite.

There are two or three temples which one can go into; in particular, that of the Five Hundred Genii. The carving over some of the doors is rather good, but on the whole they are very inferior to any Siamese Watts.

A good many people visit Canton to see a Chinese trial. The Court House is a large square room; at the end the judge sits at a desk, on one side stands an interpreter for the coolie dialect, and on the other a clerk, who makes occasional notes. There is no jury, counsel, or anything of that sort; the prisoner sits on the ground and pleads his own case, the judge talks and argues, and if he thinks the prisoner innocent, lets him go; on the other hand, if he is considered guilty and will make no confession, his hands and feet are tied with

ropes, and he is flogged with a thick rattan cane. Whilst all this sort of thing is going on, you see other prisoners undergoing tortures more or less severe, who are brought there every day, until they confess or something turns up to prove them innocent. On this occasion, besides the flogging (which by the yells must have been a very different business to what I can remember of a birching I once got when I was at Eton), there were two men who were kneeling down; they had a stick of bamboo tied tightly behind their knees, and a bit running through the arms behind the elbows—I suppose it partly stopped the circulation, and hurt in that way—one was a big, strong man sweating profusely, the other a small, delicate man, who looked very faint, poor chap. There are, sometimes, prisoners hanging up to the beams on the ceiling by their thumbs, whilst a case is being proceeded with, until they choose to confess.

The lichee seems to be the great torture for any notorious criminal. It consists of a man being tied to a post and little bits of his flesh, such as half of his nose, or a bit of a lip, and then an ear, being cut off at different times, until he gradually dies from starvation and loss of blood.

The execution yard is a little narrow place about 50ft. long and 18ft. broad. There is a wall on one side enclosing some large building and on the other side are shops and houses, in some of which the executioners live. They usually show people the sword that heads are cut off with, a long, flexible curved blade with a long handle. They




CHINESE PRISONERS.

are very good at striking the head off at one stroke. A gentleman I met said that he saw in one morning as many as nineteen men beheaded; nothing would have induced me to witness one.

The Chinese hate being beheaded, as they fear that when re-born there will be some difficulty about their heads again. It must be a most sickening sight, particularly when there are many prisoners and the executioner has to sharpen his sword two or three times during the business, before the poor creatures eyes, most probably.

Before leaving Canton, a visit to the Tower by the city walls repays you, as the view of all the country round can be had. On one side you see white stones dotted here and there—it is their cemetery spread over a vast tract of hilly country, with no pretensions to cultivation whatever. In some instances the rich people have regular little mausoleums of their own.

Some little distance from the Tower is what they call the "City of the Dead." Going through an archway you get into a lot of cloisters, with rooms opening out of them, where the mandarins and their wives, etc., rest in their coffins before being interred.

You see the coffin, and there is usually a table on which there is a cup of tea put there fresh every morning and left throughout the day, and sometimes images of the deceased and some personal things that they may have been specially attached to. Incense is always left burning, and the whole place is scrupulously clean and well kept. Only

the very richest people hire a room there, and sometimes a man's wife waits in the coffin until she is joined by her husband, and then they are both buried together. They charge so much the first year, and less for every year after, but no one remains for any great length of time.

Sampans are the great things for getting about the river and canals, just the same as at Hong Kong. They are long boats, a man sitting in the bows rowing with one long oar, and his wife usually steering and at the same time propelling the boat along; they usually carry their children with them. You sit in the middle, which is covered over on both sides and the top and back by a large hood of bamboo, which protects you from sun and rain. There is room for about a dozen people, but they go very slowly and are very stuffy.

In the evening in Canton it is amusing to take one and go down to what they call the "Flower Boats," a sort of floating town. It takes about half-an-hour in your sampan from the hotel, when you pull up at one of the rafts, and after crossing a numerous lot of sampans, junks, little wooden bridges and planks, you get to where all the singing girls are to be seen. These are young women ranging from about twelve years old to twenty-five; painted and powdered, and supposed to be strictly moral, at least, as far as their behaviour to Europeans are concerned.

There are tables dotted about in the saloons, and usually the places are crowded with opulent Chinamen talking, joking, smoking and drinking, playing

"Fantan," or listening to a girl singing. The girls are mostly dressed in the usual way, their black hair brushed straight back from the forehead and done up behind into a bun, with usually a bunch of artificial pink flowers put into the side, and a long silver pin or two stuck through it in the ordinary way. A baggy jacket of very shiny black calico sort of material, delightfully cool looking, reaching about four inches below the hips; very baggy sleeves, baggy trousers of the same stuff, reaching to about two inches from the ankles, and their tiny feet protruding through. One young Chinese lady I was introduced to, with tiny little feet, told me that "she thought she might be able to stand up for seven or eight minutes without holding on to anything, but not longer."

They have usually the most beautiful hands, and every movement and gesture is unconsciously full of grace.

The ordinary Chinaman shaves his hair off the front of the head, and is very particular about keeping the rest of it smooth and well looked after; in fact, a Chinese barber must make a good income, as the shops you pass are always full; and indeed they deserve to, as when a Chinaman goes to his barber it does not only include the manipulation of hair, but also they spend hours in getting any wrinkles that may be gathering effaced; their eyebrows shaved off in many cases, and they aim at being as smooth skinned as a babe; indeed, they are excessively conceited in those little ways. The rest of their hair is plaited into what they call a

queue, and in some instances almost reaches the ground. When it is not quite long enough for the owner's taste, then what is to stop him from having a false bit plaited neatly in. They have no variety of tints like we have. A Chinaman has very rarely any hair on his face at all, and must at least be a grandfather before a straggly moustache or beard appears on the surface in an untidy out-of-place sort of way.

They wear a short jacket of pure white linen or Japanese crape, edged with dark blue tape, and little made-up tape buttons, and baggy black trousers, white socks, and white cloth shoes with thick soles of the same material and no heels, the toe decorated with black or dark blue braid. Other men wear a jacket of shiny pearl grey silk stuff reaching to the thighs, trousers of the same material tied tight round the ankles, white socks, and ordinary shoes. Of course, all the dresses differ slightly, but these two, amongst ordinary Chinese citizens, are the most common, and they are great dandies.

It is not a great while that watches and clocks have been in use amongst the Chinese, as even now in a tower they have a clock which is worked by water, and at the different hours a signal is hoisted up to let the people below know the time. It is about five or six hundred years old, but it is not considered of much account by the people now.

There are a series of basins, with some sort of arrangement so that the water can be used again and again. At the bottom is a small, square tank,

and on the top a hole from which protrudes a brass bar, with figures on, showing the time. This rod bobs up and down, according to the time, and corresponds with the figures on the tank. I suppose it floats on some ball or something inside the tank, and rises as the water trickles in, but the guide spoke such very poor pidgin English that it was impossible to follow all he said.

After that we went to have a look at the prison. It is not at all what one expects. You pass through a little wooden door and into a small room where a couple of porters or jailers (they might have been anyone) were sitting smoking. They did not take the slightest notice when we entered, and after the guide explained that we wanted to have a look in, they simply pointed to a door which stood ajar and we walked in. There were about twenty convicts in the yard with irons on their legs; they walked towards us, and it was a case of their very much looking at us, not so much we seeing them. On certain occasions people have been rather sorry they went in there, and this occurred to me when my friend and I and the guide were having our sticks examined, our clothes felt between their fingers and so on; but a few cigarettes and some tobacco made scowling faces amiable at once, and we said "good-bye" the very best of friends.

The steamers usually leave Canton about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and arrive at Hong Kong 1 o'clock the next morning; but the cabins are first-rate, and passengers, if they choose, can

stay in their cabins until 8 o'clock or so, which we did, and got back to the hotel for breakfast.

Another trip which is most interesting, and repays one well is to go to the Portuguese town, Macao; it is a short trip, and as there is really so little to be seen or done in Hong Kong during the four or five days that one may stop there, it is preferable to go up to Canton and Macao and see all you can, using, as a *pied-à-terre*, Hong Kong.

Macao can be reached from Canton by steamer, so that one can return from there to Hong Kong which is the most convenient way of seeing the two places.

Macao is an old Portuguese town, built on a peninsula walled off from the mainland. It is most picturesque, and more like those half Moorish towns you see in the South of Spain than what you expect to see out in China.

It contains a sacred grotto where the celebrated Camoens is supposed to have written some verses celebrating Vasco da Gama and the opening up of the East.

For three hundred years it was a flourishing place, and carried on a large trade with Canton; but since Hong Kong has come so to the fore, Macao has gone down a little.

Many people go over there from Hong Kong from Saturday till Monday; in fact, it is quite a favourite excursion, the roads being very good for bicycling, and the country very pretty. You go about in rickshaws, but as the town itself is very hilly, you have two men—one to push, and the

other to pull. There is a lighthouse on top of one of the high hills, from which a good view can be got. The public gardens are very prettily laid out, cool and shady.

It is rather amusing in the evenings to go round to the gambling-rooms, where they play "Fan-tan," the great Chinese game. It can be played better here than elsewhere, as a room is reserved above entirely for Europeans, a large hole being cut in the floor, railed round, and you sit and watch the game going on in the room below, immediately beneath you. There is also the croupier for that room, who hands down your stakes in a basket on a string, and sings out what you wish it placed on. I asked a good many people who thoroughly know this game, and they assured me that it was as legitimate and straight a game as roulette, and is quite impossible for the banker or croupiers to cheat if they wanted to even; but I have my doubts. If, however, people do not care to gamble, or are too *blasé* to play fan-tan in China after roulette at Monte Carlo, they can wander into opium clubs, and either partake of the luxury themselves or look on. These places, from the luxurious style down to the foulest stinking underground dens, are to be found wherever there are Chinese. An *habitué* is usually an awful-looking person, and opium, after a time, consumes them to such an extent that nothing remains but a bag of bones. Women smoke, too, but, of course, not to the extent of the men. It must be fascinating and soothing, but it is a

great mistake for any one to think they may take a pipe, and at once fall asleep and have enchanting dreams, and so on. It takes some time for a person to get accustomed to opium smoking, and it will be quite a couple of weeks, whilst smoking at least from eight to ten pipes a day, before any effect whatever is produced. At first you feel a sensation of gentle warmth in the stomach, and this pleasant velvety feeling lasts all the time you are smoking. After fifteen or twenty pipes have been smoked your spirits feel lighter, any worry seems to vanish, and all physical pain. You then sink into a sort of restful idleness, your condition somewhat resembling a weak invalid basking in warm sunshine and fresh air; then varying thoughts come and crowd the brain, and any intellectual work, which might otherwise seem impossible, is performed with consummate ease.

On July 26th we left Hong Kong in the *Belgic* (the Occidental and Oriental Line, who charter their ships from the White Star Line in the same way as the Shaw, Saville, and Albion, running from Plymouth to Cape Town and New Zealand, etc.). The food on these ships is not to be surpassed, but the Empress Line of the Canadian Pacific, running between Hong Kong, Shanghai, and Vancouver, have some magnificent ships.

The day after we left, we called at Amoy, an island of about 700,000 inhabitants. The town viewed from the ship had a number of wooden buildings running down to the shore; high green

hills back it, and through the glass one could catch glimpses of the walls running along at the back of the town. It seemed much like any other Chinese town, but unfortunately they had the plague there, and no one was allowed to go on shore. Men surrounded the ship, offering for sale silks, ivory carvings, and so on, but the quartermaster had orders to throw hot water over any who attempted to come too near.

On July 29th we arrived at Shanghai—that is to say, at the mouth of the river.

A steam launch usually meets any large steamer which cannot come up, and in an hour and a half one gets to the town. It is about fourteen miles up, and the scenery on either side is uninteresting.

The heat of Shanghai is not so damp as that of Hong Kong, but it was fairly hot in the middle of the day. The town is apparently divided into three quarters—the English part, the French, and the Chinese. It is one of the most important treaty ports in China, and uncommonly pretty. There are splendid streets, first-rate shops of every description, and what is called "The Bund"—a broad, straight road, with trees on either side, separated from the river by lawns and gardens, which are lit up in the evening, with bands playing. On the other side of the street are the principal buildings, clubs, etc. There are some charming drives to be taken in the neighbourhood, a country club, where tennis, etc., goes on, a good racecourse, and polo ground. The

people are very sporting, and, amongst other things, go in for paper-chases on horseback. There are carriages and rickshaws as modes of conveyance, and amongst other things, which seem peculiar to Shanghai alone, are wheelbarrows as a means of getting about. Only the natives use these, and they seem indeed a most vile invention.



A Street in Shanghai.

It has a large wooden wheel in the centre, with planks of wood on either side forming seats. Two people can sit on each side. The man, in addition to holding the two handles in the ordinary wheelbarrow fashion, has a strap to them which passes over his shoulders, and to see these poor fellows, tottering and pushing along, dripping with

perspiration, one would think that every step would be their last.

I found Shanghai as amusing and gay a place as any in the Far East; the people there seem to enjoy life and make the most of everything. The Chinese quarter was superior to most places we had seen, the streets being broader and very clean, and the houses and shops looked well kept, but of course the real Chinese slums are as bad as anywhere else, or perhaps worse.

It is amusing to go up the river in houseboats, and on the Sunday we went off after luncheon for a trip up the river.

The houseboats are very comfortable, sailing when possible, carrying about eight men—your cook and servant, the captain and four or five men. You travel all night long, and (when not sailing) the boat is propelled by a man on either side with long poles and a huge oar behind, fixed on to the end of the boat by a rope to an iron ring, and two or three men stand by, pushing the oar backwards and forwards. This mode of propulsion is used more or less everywhere in China, the larger the oar the greater number of men, sometimes as many as a dozen men on huge junks, and there are small oars which can be used in the same way by one woman.

The men all remain in the after part of the boat; there on one side is the kitchen and pantry, and in the front of that come the cabin and saloon, in some cases furnished in very swagger fashion. Then one makes use of the bows for sitting out on and getting the air and looking at the view, but

unfortunately they are rather cramped with ropes and things, and the end of the boom swings about in such a manner as not to be always pleasant, my friend, however, having nothing worse than his hat once knocked off, which was not worth more than ten cents, but which an officious boatman jumped overboard to get, and was by no means gratefully rewarded with a dollar.

The country on either side is somewhat flat, but picturesque, and every moment one passes something of interest—junks of different sizes, people working in the field drawing water on the banks from the river in the same way as they did it probably a couple of thousand years ago.

It takes about thirty hours to get to the large town of Suchow, where one makes a stop. Suchow is surrounded by a wall, the river running outside; on the left is the European quarter, called so because some of the Chinese shops sell you a few European things. The Custom House people are English. Crossing over the river one can take rickshaws and go all over the town, which is very interesting indeed, being as thoroughly typical of this part of China as Canton is of the South. The streets are not so narrow as in Canton, and you see more colouring. The women are supposed to be the prettiest in China, and a good many of them are bought here and sent to other parts.

In China it is quite the thing for a woman, who may not happen to have children of her own, to buy a few girls and bring them up and sell them or hire them out, and thus make a provision for her old

age. Sons and daughters look after their parents, and keep them when they are too old to be any longer able to do anything for themselves. They are so extremely loyal in this way that it is no uncommon thing for a son to die, or be killed, in order to provide for his family, and that is what is called "Filial Piety"! It no doubt sounds very well, and is, if kept within proper bounds, but parents often take advantage of this law and abuse it to the uttermost, cases even being known where Chinese parents have commanded a son to sacrifice himself. On certain occasions, when a rich man is likely to be punished or even executed, he will pay a sum of money to a poor parent who will order his child to falsely confess to having been guilty of the said crime.

In order to be back in Shanghai to catch the Tientsin steamer, we hired a launch to tow us down, and arrived in time for tiffin the next day. It takes about three days from Shanghai to Tientsin; the sea was as calm as a lake, although at this season terrible typhoons take place, and woe betide small vessels caught in them.

The country on either side, as far as the eye can reach, consists of mud flats and canals. The houses are built of mud or clay, their yards or gardens surrounded by bamboo fences, and pigs were running about everywhere picking up offal. Nearing Tientsin reeds and bulrushes, etc., abound everywhere, and the flat aspect of the country reminded me very much of the Norfolk Broad district, odd as it may seem.

On Saturday, August 6th, we reached Taku. The ships berth at the mouth of the river, alongside the wharves, and a stone's throw off is the railway station, or rather a building where tickets are bought. It was curious being in a train once more, after being in such civilised places as Hong Kong and Shanghai, where such a thing is never even discussed. No extra charge is made for luggage, and the first-class compartments are comfortable, having caned-bottom seats holding eight, four on each side. The fare up to Tientsin is sixty cents, and to Pekin from Tientsin six dollars, about twelve shillings. There are four trains running up each day, at six o'clock, 9.30, and one in the afternoon and evening; and three from Tientsin to Pekin; one at six, another at 11.30, which is the best, and lands you at Pekin or thereabouts in time for dinner (as Pekin Station is five miles from the town). It is best to wire for carts to be waiting for you at the station to take you up to the town. The only hotel where a European could possibly go is most comfortable in every way, and all information of that description can be had from the manager of the Astor House Hotel in Tientsin, which is considered one of the best hotels in China.

We arrived at Tientsin about 12 o'clock. There are one or two good stores here, where nearly everything can be bought, some capital streets and some very fine buildings, with others in course of construction. The scaffolding in use, which is usually such an eyesore, is rendered less

offensive here by some Chinese having the unique idea of tying great branches of trees to the tops of all the tall, naked poles, which gives things a curious and pleasant aspect in the distance. In the French quarter the streets are very nice and well kept, with their offices and houses on either side. There is a very nice little club, and about five miles out in the country they have their country club, as at Shanghai, with the racecourse and polo grounds. You can get about either by carriage or rickshaw, or riding.

The Chinese part presents nothing of great interest; the streets are narrow, very muddy, and everywhere there is dirt and bad smells. One meets, as in other places, prisoners walking about, with boards about 2½ft. square round their necks.

In the country at this time of the year they manure the fields—or, rather, the patches of cultivated ground—and the stench in some places is simply appalling.

On Sunday we caught the 11.30 train, taking our tiffin with us. By paying a little extra one can go in a saloon car, which is far more comfortable in every way to the ordinary first class. The country is flat till one nears Pekin, or, rather, the station at the end of the line.

At 5 o'clock we came to the end of our railway journey, and on the platform were a crowd of Chinese and Tartars of every condition, and of both sexes, either waiting for friends or lolling about out of curiosity. There were also cart drivers,

donkey drivers, and baggage coolies (and pests they are too), the whole forming a motley crew.

You can either ride up to Pekin or go up in carts, and we decided on carts. These have no springs, and the jolting over the holes in the roads knocks one inside out. The carts are covered with a bamboo hood, and you crawl in over the driver's seat and sit behind him, leaning against the back of the cart and being knocked from side to side like a pea in a box, as occasion requires. You go at a walk the whole way, and, as there are a lot more people making citywards, your cart follows close in the rear of another, making one long line.

There are a good many beggars on the road, chiefly old women, who kneel down as the caravans pass, praying for alms, some of them having their feet bound up, which shows that once upon a time even these poor old creatures had been nice looking, had seen better days, and enjoyed some of the world's best pleasures.

At last one sees the walls of the "Celestial City" in the distance, and in a short time passes alongside of them. They seemed about 30ft. high, and in perfect preservation. Suddenly one dips to the right, passes through some water and mud over a foot deep, and, amidst the shouts of the mule drivers, the screaming and jabbering of children and old women, you suddenly find yourself under a huge archway, and in another moment you are through the outside walls of Pekin and in the Chinese quarter of this great city.

Pekin really consists of two parts—the Inner City, where the Tartars live, and the Outer City, where the Chinese live. The former city presents a square, its circumference amounting to fourteen and three-quarter miles.

The walls running round it are about 40ft. high, 50ft. thick at the base, and 36ft. thick at the top; they have stone foundations, are filled in with brick and mud, and are defended by massive buttresses placed along the walls about every 300 yards.

The Chinese or Outer City lies along the south of the Tartar City in the shape of an irregular square about ten miles in circumference, the whole being about twenty-one miles. The inner town has nine gates and the outer seven.

Then, again, in the centre of the Tartar City comes the Imperial City, where the Emperor lives, an irregular square, surrounded by a high wall about seven miles in length, exactly in the centre of which is the Royal Palace. This, again, is surrounded by a wall and broad moat, the water being covered with the lotus lily, their graceful pink heads towering up amongst the large green leaves. They are a very favourite flower in China.

Now, as far as actual sight-seeing goes in Pekin, it is most certainly disappointing. All the best things have been closed, such as the "Temple of Heaven" and so on, and what is left, to my mind, with the exception of the Observatory, is scarcely worth seeing. But it is Pekin itself which is interesting in its absolute uniqueness, in its still absolutely unstained Orientalism. Here you never

see a foreign advertisement on a wall to destroy a picturesque corner; it is, wherever you go, as purely Chinese and Tartar as it has ever been. Even the Legations are simply old mandarin's or prince's houses. The streets are rarely repaired, the money for that purpose going into the pockets of the mandarins. In all the by-streets, after heavy rain, they are quite six to eight inches in water, and the main streets have not only great pools of water which have to be circumvented, but the mud is so thick that at nearly every two yards a cart is sinking up to its axle in it, and you see the drivers shouting and pushing.

This is also the case in dry weather, with the exception that the water has a chance of draining off a little into the sewers which run underneath the sides of the road. About every twenty yards or so, a slab of stone covers a hole, and you can look down into the sewer underneath. In hot weather the police have instructions from a mandarin to lay open some of these slabs for ventilation. They usually begin by opening a slab in front of some opulent man's door; he objects to the smell, and pays to have it shut up. That is one form of "squeeze," and so they try the same game elsewhere.

With regard to the system of "squeezing," it is exactly the same thing that goes on in every country in the world, but in China more so, and it is, moreover, allowed. Everyone "squeezes," or tries to, from the highest to the lowest. Some people gain positions through squeezing, others

hold their positions by that method. Every head of every department does it—your own boy does it. If he sees you have bought something at a shop he goes there and demands his commission, which is given without a murmur (that is only parallel with guides and couriers on the Continent, after all), the mandarins do it, also generals, admirals, and everyone. But can they do it with impunity? No; they cannot, and very rarely attempt to. If they do, and people suffer under them, they are first petitioned, then warned, and then their house is burnt down, or some other little trick, to give publicity to what has been going on. When it has gone as far as that, if the "squeezer" is a mandarin, it generally gets into the inner circle at Pekin; and if the man is found to have too much money, his property is confiscated and he loses his position.

The mandarins are not, as many people think, a sect of men of superior caste and lineal descent. Any Chinaman can become a civil mandarin, and rise up to the top of the tree to Prime Minister, by beginning as a student, passing exams. and so on.

No officer, high or low, is chosen by the suffrages of his fellows; all are appointed by the Emperor, and they are then in the public service for life, and they are on no account allowed to engage in trade. Mandarins, civil and military, are divided into nine grades, distinguished by a round button stuck on the top of their conical shaped hats. The civil have usually embroidered on their long vestments birds, etc., in silk; the military usually dragons

and ferocious animals. The latter set, however, are considered inferior to the civil mandarins.

One great privilege is that they are exempt from torture, except in certain cases, when an order is issued stripping him of his cap. With that gone, he is the ordinary plebeian again. A mandarin must be a man of education, probably the pick of a thousand; he has to go through the prescribed curriculum, and by a clever essay gets a third degree, and is rewarded by being given the governorship of some small place in the country, to rise, no doubt, in time to be goodness knows what if honesty and tact, etc., are exercised. Here he is considered the father of his people. He is judge, he holds inquests, examines the schools, collects the taxes, directs the police, etc., etc. His pay is small, but they have means of squeezing; but if too hard, they must account for their money and might have to give it up. A merchant only is allowed complete control over his money.

They cannot walk or ride in the cities, so are usually carried in chairs wherever they go. This, however, does not mean anywhere near the Emperor's presence, where they all walk about in the usual way.

The young Emperor himself does not come out of the Imperial palace much. Several people who have seen him described him to me as a short, wiry, well put together young fellow, being a bit of an athlete, and possessing a good deal of strength, a very pale, clear, transparent skin,

unusually brilliant dark eyes and clear-cut Tartar features, a pleasant expression, but slightly dissipated looking, and weak.

However, to return to the city of Pekin, and take the reader round some of the sites, we may as well begin with the temples.

Close to each other are two of them—the "Temple of Heaven" and the "Temple of Agriculture." The latter stands in a large park, and a rather striking performance is gone through by the Emperor every Spring, on a special piece of ground set aside for the purpose, which His Majesty ploughs, thus setting an example of industry to his subjects. It reminds one a little of the German Royal family, who have to learn a trade — bookbinder, carpenter, or what not.

The Temple of Heaven cannot now be seen, which is a pity, as it is about the finest building Pekin possesses.

The Lama Temple is a fine building, but now, unfortunately, like so many others, closed to the eyes of the "foreign devils."

The most interesting thing to my mind in the eastern part of the city is the Observatory, built on the terrace abutting on the town wall. It is supposed to have originated when the old Persian astronomers were at Pekin in Kublai Khan's reign, the Mongol Emperor. Three large bronze instruments erected in the thirteenth century—an astrolabe and two planispheres—supported by the most exquisitely carved snakes

and dragons, and looking as well preserved as the day they were cast, and supposed to be the finest bronzes in Asia. Personally, I have seen nothing to equal them. These lay in a small courtyard. You give a man fifty cents or so, and through his house you go up the broad steps leading to the terrace, where instruments of a later date (being constructed in 1674) are to be seen. They are bronze, very large, but nothing like the elaborate workmanship to be seen on the old bronzes down below. They consist of a globe, quadrants, sextant, sundial, etc., and a large azimuth instrument presented by Louis XIV. to the Emperor Kanghi; these have since been removed.

Near there is the Examination Hall, where Chinese students go who wish to pass the second and third degree. You enter through a lot of tumble-down wooden buildings and dirty yards till you are on a broad, paved pathway, on each side of which are rows and rows of little brick cells, about five thousand I believe, and outside each stands a huge earthenware pot, reminding one of the pots that the Forty Thieves always get into in the pantomime of Ali Baba.

In these pots they put everything they require for a fortnight, as not for one instant, night or day, for that period may they leave their cells.

Those are really the only sights of any interest to be seen in Pekin, to my mind, which are open to the public. But it is the streets, the ordinary outdoor life — every moment something new

passing; a cart stuck in the mud in the middle of one of the principal streets, in consequence groups collect; a mandarin in his chair, with perhaps a dozen followers in front and behind; peeps into elaborate Chinese restaurants; or a lot of prisoners being marched along with large square boards round their necks, trying to look as unconcerned as a Zulu in a stuck-up collar and a knob-kerry.

In Pekin the curio shops are not up to much, some of them are full of old curios, for which they ask a fabulous price. They are really like small museums rather than shops in the ordinary way.

The cloisonné work is the most beautiful art in Pekin, and there are only a very few places they still carry it on in now; the Japanese do it now very cleverly, having copied it from Pekin, but I saw nothing in Japan to come up to some of the finer work in Pekin. So fascinated did I become with this beautiful work and the lovely colouring used, that I used to stroll round morning after morning and watch them at work. Amongst the threads of gold or silver stretched over the copper pots, bowls, trays, or what not, they drop a spot of colour, picked from different saucers on the end of a piece of wood, until the whole thing is covered with different coloured enamels of flowers, birds, or whatever shape the wire was designed to take, and not a speck of the copper underneath is then visible. It is then subjected to a great heat, and the enamel becomes as hard as iron.

In some cases, where the predominating colours are pink and green, with its irregular blobbs of enamel, it presents the appearance of some overgrown fungus marine object; but that is soon altered when the man with the big file holds it between his knees and gradually works it all smooth. After he has done as much as he can with his file it is put on a turning lathe and sand papered, and finally washed and polished, and put on the shelf for the old shopkeeper to consider how many different prices he shall ask for it.

In the Chinese quarter there are more things to be bought than in other places. However, it is not very safe to go there unless you have a good guide, as they are apt to be very cheeky.

There are some very fine embroideries there, also some funny work which they call the "Pekin Stitch." I do not know what the Pekin stitch is, it may be like the so-called Pekin sleeve dog, a dog that is so small that the mandarins place them up their sleeves to keep themselves warm in winter, and their blood in circulation when in their Sedan chairs, and so on. There are, however, some little dogs peculiar to Pekin, and very jolly little chaps they are. I brought some home with me, but they would not go up my sleeve or anybody elses'. They have a Royal breed, which are about four pounds in weight, and almost impossible to get.

One thing that struck me more than anything in this huge town were the thousands of common

English flies that you see everywhere; but I find, wherever you go in North China—town or country—at this time of the year these beastly flies are everywhere. They begin to annoy one at about 9 a.m., and go on buzzing around you, settling on you, and bothering you in that vulgar, tactless way peculiar to them till the sun sinks. Another insect which I noticed first in Shanghai, and which they have all over North China, is what they call the "scissor grinder." Thousands of these little insects are in trees, and all day long—particularly if there is a breeze, when they are worse—these pests make a noise like a waterfall in a rock cutting. It begins softly, and after you have counted ten, it gets into a roar, and then subsides again. This goes on usually with a few minutes interval, so after tiffin on a hot day, when you want a doze for half-an-hour, it is as well to sit near a window with two or three of these trees in full tune, blowing against each other.

The donkey in Pekin is not half the animal he is in Cairo or Jerusalem. They are awful weeds, and it is extraordinary how they can carry anyone at all. No Chinaman of any position whatever would be seen on a donkey in Pekin; it is considered most *infra dig.* But outside the walls (unless he is a mandarin) it does not matter. It is next to impossible to get a horse, unless a resident lends you one, and there is not much pleasure on a Chinese pony, after all; they are ill-shaped brutes, nearly all angles, with perfectly straight shoulders and straight pasterns,

and in consequence are stiff and jolting. However, nearly every large town in China, like Hong Kong, Shanghai, Hankow, Tientsin, etc., boasts of a racecourse, and polo is played on these self-same Chinese ponies; but why they cannot import some Indian ponies, and introduce a little new blood, I cannot say, particularly as on a small scale the residents are a very sporting lot in China.

There are some beautiful mules in Pekin, but they are never ridden, or very rarely, and then only by a few natives, and do not make at all pleasant mounts.

The chair in Pekin, carried by two or four men, as in Hong Kong, is used by mandarins; but the natives in Pekin do not like seeing the "foreign devils" using them; consequently they, again, are rather hard to get, the next thing to it being a mule litter, a covered up chair on two long poles, with a mule in front and behind, and ladies going great distances usually adopt this method of conveyance; but for the town itself, particularly in taking short cuts through the narrow streets, it would not answer. On a fine day, for pottering about the streets, if you happen to get hold of a good donkey and civil donkey boy, with stirrups properly adjusted, it is far the most independent, quickest, and best way of getting about, unless you care to walk. All the drivers of the mule carts in Pekin have curiously shaped white hats, coming into a point, with a horse-tail hanging therefrom dyed

bright red; they are rather pretty. The police use them also, and wear baggy blue coats and baggy trousers, and the usual thick, high Tartar boots, coming nearly up to the knee. They are a smart set of men.

With regard to the regular police it is extraordinary how very few you see about, but all night you hear them. In every town and village in China, from Canton to Pekin, from Shanghai to Suchow-Foo, at a certain hour you hear the watchmen beginning their rounds.

They begin by walking their beats with slow, measured tread, holding in one hand a small stick, and in the other a flat piece of wood, and every ten paces or so they give three taps on this rattle, which gives a penetrating sort of noise, quite sufficient to let any thief at work know exactly where the watchman is.

Then at stated intervals throughout the night (this only in the larger towns) they holloa out in a deep long-drawn wailing tone to each other; this is taken up by all the force in that quarter of the city, to show that they are thoroughly awake and on the alert; or (it may be) to awake those watchmen who are asleep, and to see that all the dogs are in proper barking order; and finally, to wake up as many of the peaceful inhabitants as they can.

Another rum lot of chaps you see in the streets of all towns and villages are hawkers. They carry their wares in two baskets dangling at the end of ropes suspended to the ends of a

bamboo stick about 6ft. long, balanced on their shoulder.

They either shout out their wares or hit two small blocks of wood together, or shake a small wooden box that has something inside it, like a rattle; but the commonest method of letting people know of their approach is by a piece of metal the shape of a hand-mirror, about 6in. long, attached to which, by a bit of string about 4in. long, is a ball, which they flick up and hit the other thing, making a noise like an old clock striking. All these little noises are quite sufficient to make any Chinaman or woman look round to see what there is to be bought. In the country, on a hot day, those sounds used to gladden one, as, parched with thirst, you came across men selling water melons; they cut them in slices, and juicy, luscious, and refreshing they were. The best are the dark yellow. Then there are the white, or light yellow ones, which are hard and sour, and therefore cheaper; and the red, which are not bad, but have very little juice. One slice costs about "four cash." This cash, or little copper coins with a hole through the middle, are joined together on string, and so many taken off when necessary. This is the Chinese money proper, and it is impossible to go anywhere in the country without it. Hong Kong and Shanghai paper money is useless, and silver dollars and small pieces are not always practical. Whenever I went into the country I took an extra Gladstone bag, which I kept entirely for keeping the

money in, as even $10 in Tientsin in cash is such a weight that the strongest person only with difficulty could lift the lot from the floor to a table.

They are dirty things, but steeped in acid and then silvered and gilt, they make first-rate card counters. About 1200 of these pieces equal a Chinese dollar, and a dollar equals 1s. 11d.

The ordinary ones are about the same size as a sixpence and about as thick.

Of other sights to be seen outside Pekin is the Royal Hunting-ground, the Temple of the Great Bell, and the Emperor's Summer Palace.

The Temple of the Great Bell was built in 1578, and in a tower at the back hangs one of the five bells that the Emperor Yung-Lu ordered to be made; it is about twelve feet high, and has inscriptions inside and out of extracts from Buddhistic works.

The Summer Palace now is nothing but a gigantic pile of ruins in a huge park, destroyed in 1860 by the allied troops.

There is a pretty lake, and on the banks a gigantic terrace made of square blocks of stone, with a magnificent staircase. All round are the *débris* of temples, large and small, glistening with many coloured polished tiles. There is also a high pagoda, with coloured tiles. In spite of the ruins, it is rather a picturesque sight, and I think repays a visit. Moreover, from the top of the hill a really very good view can be got of Pekin, with all its towers and prominent buildings, its streets all

stretching away in every direction till the eye reaches the western hills with their pointed peaks and deep ravines.

On the other side you get to what is called "Pagoda Bridge," in the middle of which is a pavilion, close to which lies a large junk made of stone.

From the land to a little island in the lake is rather a fine bridge with seventeen arches, and on the bank stands a large cow in bronze.

You can also catch a glimpse of "Wan-Shon-Shan," the Summer Palace of the old Dowager Empress, which is, of course, forbidden. Half a mile further is another summer palace, "Yuan-Ming-Yuan," it is a variety of palaces, temples, pavilions, avenues, groves and lakes, in a park four and a half miles in circumference.

In 1874, the Government gave orders for all the buildings which had been neglected to be repaired, and since then it has been strictly closed to the "foreign devils."

In the reign of Kien-Lung there were a lot of Jesuit missionaries in high favour about the Court, and the Emperor amused himself by having this summer palace built, everything being on the plans and style of the famous Rococo structures in Versailles. This can also easily be seen by exercising a certain amount of caution, and not exposing oneself unnecessarily to view (which is very easy among the labyrinths, pavilions, straight avenues, artificial waterworks, jets d'eau, and hundreds of things which pop up as behind

the scenes of a theatre). You can enter a small disused little wicket on the north side, where there is scarcely ever anyone about. It is quite useless to try to get admittance through any of the large gates.

The Emperor's hunting grounds, or the "Royal Preserves," are about three miles south of Pekin.

It is a flat grass plain with patches of woods, and a couple of brooks running through, fifty miles in circumference, the whole surrounded by a wall. On the north side is the Royal Pavilion, and also some barracks, and a few farms scattered about. The game consists of hares, antelopes, and a large variety of deer, amongst which is a very rare sort, supposed to be the only species in existence. It is like a reindeer, with the most gigantic horns. They are called Szu-pu-hsiank, or *Cervus elaphurus Davidianus.*

The Chinese language is very difficult to learn accurately; but from the great number of men I met who could speak two or three dialects with accuracy, and as all the missionaries pick it up quickly, it shows that what one hears at home about it taking a lifetime, and people going mad in trying to learn it, is perfect nonsense.

Where great difficulty, however, arises, is in the number of tones, not tones going up and down like a bell, but the pitch the speaker throws or gives to certain words, which changes their meaning entirely, and without which the whole sentence would become utter gibberish, however grammatically correct it might be.

Then there are, again, several dialects. The purest—and which is spoken by all officials all over China—is the mandarin dialect, or North China, as spoken in the province of Pechili, etc., which is based on the mandarin.

The Shanghai and Mid-China dialect is again very different; and the Cantonese dialect is absolutely different, and, I believe, is the most difficult. To take an ordinary word in the different provinces: in Canton a man is "Yan," in Shanghai "Nieng," in Pekin "Jin."

Then, again, the Chinese have no alphabet like we have; they use a lot of characters, each character meaning some word, or more than one word; and in other cases two or three more characters go to make up one word. There are, perhaps, fifty thousand characters or more, but it is not considered necessary to know more than five thousand; in fact, a Chinaman is considered a savant who knows that amount well, besides being quite enough for all ordinary purposes.

Another language which is most useful, and which anyone can pick up to speak in a sort of way with a little attention in two or three weeks, is "Pidgin English," but to speak it well, as some of the traders and captains of boats around Hong Kong and Canton do, wants as much studying as French or German. It originated in Canton, where little manuals were written by the natives on our language, teaching it in the same sort of way in which their own goes.

It is curious sometimes to hear a couple of boys,

one from Pekin and another from Hong Kong, not understanding each other in their own dialects, jabbering away in this style of English.

There were two Amahs (native nurses) travelling with some European children in a vessel I was on. They soon made friends, but not understanding each other in Chinese, were incessantly talking to each other in pidgin English, which they both spoke fluently.

It is much easier to understand than to speak. For instance, if you wanted to tell people not to make so much noise, it is no good saying "Would you mind speaking a little lower, if you please," but you require to say something which would appeal to them rather more, "What for makee too muchee bobbery (noise), makee die, no can go topside (heaven)." They would then probably speak in a whisper for a few minutes.

It has often struck me as a very peculiar thing how the Chinese, when once asleep, seem perfectly oblivious to sounds round about them. All Orientals, more or less, if they make up their minds to go to sleep, can do so; but for all that, they may toss about, and noises, particularly those that they may not be used to, wake them up. But the Chinaman takes his little wooden pillow, about the size of two bricks, which he places under his head, with his body on a hard brick floor or on the wooden deck of a ship, and is sound asleep in a few minutes, and twenty dogs barking and fighting around him and over him, and an equal number of donkeys braying at one and the same

time (as I have watched and seen many a time in Chinese village inns), will have no more effect on him than on the man in the moon. This want of nerves is, I believe, the same in all classes of society, and, by Jove! what a fine thing it is to possess—surely a spoke in their wheel? Compare it with the highly nervous organisation of Western people, and the high state of nervous tension and unrest we live in! Surely it must tell on future generations, and then, if it is a case of the "survival of the fittest," where does China come in? Then will be the time for her to open out and sell her mighty riches, at her own price, to the would-be interfering "foreign devils" that she so cunningly keeps at bay, setting them to fight and quarrel amongst themselves. Do they ever think of these things? Yes, they think of everything—past, present, and future—what has been, what is, and what is likely to be—and probably know as much or more about us than we do about them. But this is looking at them from an advantageous point of view. Later on we will look at them from another point.

One of the most interesting trips to be taken from Pekin is to the Great Wall. It can naturally be seen from any number of points of vantage, but owing to the discomforts of travelling about in China, in the way in which things still exist—viz., smelling Chinese inns and the bother of having to carry all provisions with you—it is best to choose a point as near Pekin as possible. At Nankow, a day's journey only from Pekin, through the Nankow

Pass and out amongst the high emerald green hills all round you—the finest scenery of its kind in the world—you can get the best view of the Great Wall, and can return the next day to Pekin.

Leaving Pekin early in the morning, with two boys as butler-valet and cook, a donkey apiece for ourselves and a mule cart for our bedding, etc., the provisions and soda-water, and other necessary belongings, we started for the Great Wall. It is one of the most interesting trips that I ever took, but unfortunately, being taken at a wrong—and, moreover, the worst—time of the year, we had to put up with all the accompanying disagreeables, such as mosquitoes at night, flies in the daytime, and the intense heat of an August sun beating down on you all day long—104° in the shade, and very damp.

Although it is considered by far the best to travel in the East from November till March, as far as climate is concerned, it is true, but I should advise people to choose the hot months, as all the different microbes that exist and scatter their frightful diseases are not so formidable then, the heat seeming to bake everything up. The worst month of all is April, or during the rains.

It took an hour and a half to ride from the hotel before we reached the northern gate of the city, and were then in a very short time in the country, ferreting our way along countless narrowing tracts in the clayey and sandy soils, with the towering graceful Indian corn, which you see wherever you go in the plains, and gives evidence of the

unfailing industry of the people, who are never idle for one moment—morning, noon, or night. Nankow is about thirty miles off, and we arrived there about 5 o'clock, and for the first time had a look at a Chinese inn. You pass in through an arch, which has doors (closed at night), and get into a large, square yard, on both sides of which are usually wooden racks and poles, to which the lodgers tie their mules, donkeys, and horses for the night. Three or four dogs are always seen either walking about or curled up somewhere in the shade, black or black and white, and rather like a badly-bred smooth-coated Highland collie. These with the donkeys form part of the orchestra through the night. The side on which you enter is generally a sort of verandah, or covered up place with a brick floor, where the landlord has his little room, and the servants and *habitués* lounge about, talk, and spit incessantly, where the charcoal fire is fanned into flame, and where your boy does his cooking. The fourth side of the square, immediately facing the landlord's quarters, are the bedrooms. In the ordinary course of events, a good many Chinese muster together in one of these rooms, unless the man is a mandarin or rich merchant, when he gets the whole room, which in any case ought not to cost more than fifty cents, about one shilling. The floor is brick, there is sometimes a rickety wooden table and chair; the other half of the room is raised two feet from the ground and laid out on it is the usual Chinese mat, and that is all! The window frames are made of scraps of wood in different



THE NANKOW PASS, CHINA.

designs, covered with Chinese paper, which is an excellent idea for keeping out neither heat nor cold, nor sun, nor rain, nor wind, nor the prying eyes of loafing coolies, as the paper is usually full of holes.

On the raised part of the floor, on the mat, your bedding is laid, and there, as you lie looking up at the dark naked rafters covered with dirt and spiders' webs, or turn round to meet on one side the cold gaze of the white-washed dirty wall, with holes and gaps in it, and Chinese rhymes and figures badly scribbled over it, or the rickety old wooden doors and windows, you hear the restless movements of the mules outside, or the barking of the dogs. All Chinese inns are more or less the same, and compared with those in Manchuria and Mongolia are better (which does not say much after all), but in the latter countries a room to yourself is quite out of the question and unheard of, whatever you pay. In fact, the ordinary Chinese even do not understand why we want a room all to ourselves to sleep in.

It is quite foreign to a Chinaman's nature to like privacy. They are as utterly callous about fifty people staring hard and making remarks about them, as an elephant would be tickled by a ladybird. In fact, they like it, and think there is something odd in anyone who seems to resent it.

Nothing would give them greater pleasure than to see people dress and undress; to examine a pair of braces with all their pulleys and elastics, like the

gear of a ship; to finger the "funny" little bit of coloured stuff we fashion into different shapes to cover our necks. "Why do we want to cover our necks?" "Oh, our necks are not very strong, it serves as a bandage," and "They wear iron bands painted white round their necks to keep their heads properly posed!"

Putting all the existing facts together, the trip to the Great Wall, or any other trip where Chinese inns are used, is not a trip for ladies unless they are accustomed to roughing it, and are constitutionally strong. I met many ladies in China who have taken the trip and thoroughly enjoyed it all, and other ladies who think no more of staying in a Chinese inn than they would of a London hotel.

But I maintain that in addition to the dirt and many inconveniences, there are chances of catching plague, small-pox, and typhoid fever, a disease which, although extremely rare amongst the Chinese, is common enough with us.

Nankow is a small town with the usual wall round it, and used to be fortified as being at the entrance of the pass and near the frontier. Leaving the next morning, we jogged on amongst the hills, which towered up on either side, till we got right into the pass, where the scenery is really very fine, reminding me in places, in the enormous wealth of rich green grass which coated these hills, of Cashmere. Further on again, you get amongst jagged rocks and precipices, gaping, yawning, grinning, and scowling at you with as

many faces in their edges and hollows as you can see in the clouds. At last one gets a peep of the Inner Wall; it is built of light, yellowish brick, about twelve feet wide and fifteen or eighteen feet high. Further on you pass through its small arch or gateway, and from either side the walls rise up along the hills to the summits, like a giant yellow serpent.

At last one comes in sight of the next wall, and magnificent it is as, for miles and miles, you see this long thin unbroken line of yellowish bricks, with its look-out towers, turrets, and buttresses resting on the summits of these high green hills, rounding corners, climbing up an almost perpendicular hill, or standing on some seemingly impossible incline, as firmly as a rock. This spot, where one sees the wall so well, is called Pa-ta-Lin, and takes about four hours from Nankow.

About one and a half miles further on one gets to a town called Chatao, where another wall joins the principal one we had just left, and which is a good place to stay the night. Chatao is interesting, being on the high road to Kalgan, and a large town and important Mongolian trade centre; so one gets a glimpse of Mongolian life, also the camel caravans, which are very picturesque, carrying their wares from Mongolia into Pekin just as they did probably a thousand years ago. Kalgan is about 250 miles north-west, the wall there being more or less in ruins.

This wall, which runs along the north of China, and marks her boundary, is 1556 miles long, took

ten years to build, and was built by command of the Emperor Chin-shi about 200 B.C. Personally, it appealed to me as a far more impressive sight than the Pyramids of Egypt. The wall on the outer side, looking down from the top, must be quite 30ft. wide; on the inside it is not as much as that, and is about 18ft. broad. Where it runs up a steep hill, there are small steps, and every eighty yards is an outlet with steps running down to the ground, as a means of getting on or off the wall from the inside; on the outer side of the walls there are, of course, no openings whatsoever. The parapets each side top the walking space within by about 4ft., with holes everywhere for arrows, etc.

There are at intervals watch towers, and wherever the wall passes over a high point a tower is fixed up there also. They say about a million men were employed along the frontier as guards and masons, in order to secure repose to China for the rest of her days, as they thought.

At that time the land under the sway of the Chinese Emperors only extended south as far as the Yang-tse-Kiang River, the country below, now the Cantonese provinces, etc., being separately populated and considered quite a savage, outlandish district, which was not worth noticing.

Thus, on the south China had nothing to fear, on the east there was the sea, and on the west were the Mountains of Thibet, but on the north it was a very different matter, as for years they had always been pestered by the Mongolians,



THE GREAT WALL, CHINA.

Manchurians or Tartars, so the wall was built and guards posted along it, and thus they kept their enemies out.

Early the next morning we left Chatao to visit the Ming Tombs, and from there sent our carts and servants on to Tan-shan to get dinner and beds ready, etc., saying that we should be there about seven p.m. So off we trotted with our donkey-boys, leaving the cart to tilt about and ramble over a rather less unbeaten track than the course we intended to pursue. At one o'clock the heat got unbearable, so we tried to find some shady spot where we could take our tiffin; but shady spots are not easy to find when the sun is straight on top of you, in a flat country with nothing but Indian corn. At last, however, we came across a suitable place, under an old stone bridge in a river bed, where the water had all dried up. Here it was comparatively cool; anyhow, one was protected from that frightfully scorching sun, which seemed to me, coupled with the utter absence of a single breath of air, to be hotter than anything I ever experienced before. We started again at four o'clock, and in half an hour's time came in sight of a colossal arch, the entrance to the Ming Tombs, which were at least three miles from here. There used to be a splendid road where processions took place and so on, but now quite uncared for and overgrown with grass.

This Marble Arch or Gateway dates from 1541. Going straight along over the grass, you come to a large pavilion, inside of which is an enormous

tortoise, carved most beautifully in stone, holding on his back a pillar with some writing, with which apparently he is supporting the roof. Four more stone pillars, with griffins on the top, surround the building; the tortoise is about 10ft. high and 15ft. long.

Further on one comes to a sight which really repays you—viz., the celebrated avenue of animals. At a distance of about forty yards from each other, along both sides of what has once been a paved road, but now overgrown with grass, stand huge beasts, etc., carved out of the greyish sandstone of the district. First came two huge lions, calmly looking across at each other, sitting quietly on the grass; in fact, the grass being allowed to grow about, and the loneliness of the place, there being absolutely no habitation, and the mountains in the background, and a sea of Indian corn all round, made these figures most realistic. A little further on came two lionesses. At this junction my donkey would not be persuaded to go any further, and as I had an umbrella under one arm, my hand camera, field glass, reins, and a whip as well, I had at last to get off and shoot my photos from the ground, in spite of my dislike to using my own legs when I can get any one else's. I noticed my friend's donkey was also in a fright at the huge, crude white creatures, who, no doubt, he thought might at any moment get up and tear him to pieces.

Passing a pair of unicorns, we came up with a couple of horses really very well carved indeed;

then there were a pair of camels, and lastly a pair of elephants, the largest of the lot. Then came six statues of men, about 15ft. high, three on either side, I suppose of some great civil and military officials.

These two rows of huge white figures, as straight and equidistant as telegraph poles, were well worth seeing, and in my opinion are the only things of interest with regard to the Ming Tombs. My advice is, after this return to Tan-shan, and not on any account go three miles further on to see the tombs of Yung-lo or any one else.

To begin with, the natives who open the door for you are a grasping, ill-conditioned lot; and secondly, there is nothing striking when you are inside. Therefore, to be brief, on ascending a few marble steps, one enters a large room, as bare and uninteresting as an empty granary at home. Through that is another open space, with a plain stone sarcophagus, then another building is entered through a tunnel, which throws back an echo, and a couple of flights of steps lead to a tumble-down terrace above. There are thirteen tombs altogether, dotted about in different parts of this valley, all equally badly preserved and uninteresting, and a pillar with the Emperor's name on.

Instead of going back through the avenue of animals, and thus obtaining a better road to Tan-shan *viâ* Chang-ping-chou, one of the donkey-boys said he knew of a short cut, which would get us to the inn—or, rather, Llama Temple, where

the priests let out rooms—in good time for dinner whereas, by going round by Chang-ping-chou, we should not reach Tan-shan till about 9 o'clock.

Personally, I never believe in short cuts, unless you know them well yourself, and even then, not at night; however, my friend was keen on going, otherwise I should not have been induced to accept what a donkey-boy said whose home was in Pekin. However, to make a long story short, we humbugged about in the country, passing through endless villages wrapped in slumber, welcomed only by barking dogs, and picking up a guide here and there, till 1 o'clock in the morning. As it then got very cloudy and a strong wind sprang up, and an occasional drop of rain fell, which at any moment might turn into a downpour, added to which I was getting tired of my friend's donkey-boy always repeating that Tan-shan was the next village, I made an oath that I would not go a foot further that night after we gained the next village, whether it were Tan-shan or not, and that my friend and his donkey-boy might go anywhere. Luckily, we soon came across another village, the whole district thereabouts being seemingly peppered with them.

With the exception of a few dogs that began to bark, they had all turned in, as they have a great horror of wind and rain, particularly the latter; otherwise on hot summer nights they usually have their bamboo mats spread out on the ground in front of their houses and sleep there stark naked.

I knocked at three houses and tried to get in, and to explain that I wanted shelter for the night, but they could not, or they would not, understand, in spite of a liberal promise of "kumshaw." At last I spied a light in the distance, which I made for and found was a joss house, or Chinese Temple, and a lamp—or, rather, a piece of wick about six inches long in an old saucer of oil—was burning to keep the gods company. It was a small wooden building with doors and windows, a brick floor, and ranged along the three walls were huge, hideous painted idols, made more grotesque by the light of the flickering lamp. Ordering the boy to clean out a corner as best he could, and to unsaddle the donkey, and make the saddle into a pillow and mattress, and to go and find some suitable place for the donkey and himself, I prepared to go to sleep. No sooner, however, had my head touched the pillow—or, rather, the saddle—than the storm I had dreaded broke out. The wind blew and whistled through all the cracks and crevices, now and then blowing a shutter open, and banging it back again with a frightful slam. One could hear the rain pouring down with the noise of a waterfall, and flash after flash of lightning, each streak lighting up the joss house like electricity, revealing the ghastly faces of these gods, who seemed to be moving, imbued by the electricity from the elements raging without, the next moment plunging us all into inky darkness, with the noise of thunder hovering about the hills, as if murmuring in terms of reproach and

moody rage at being brought out into play at that time. I awoke at daybreak with the sun pouring into the room through some chinks in the door. A little bird was singing outside, and there was that delightful, pure, fresh smell which grass and plants give off after nature has been refreshed. The gods, which had looked rather imposing in their gold and paint by the little lamp and the lightning, now looked most poverty stricken. One figure there, that looked about as big as a boy of eight, could not stand straight, and was leaning on another figure, who, by her expression, did not like it, and if the other gods had not been looking, she would no doubt have given him a push.

Next to that was a figure kneeling down, holding out his hands in a supplicating way —no doubt for "kumshaw"—to a big figure that pretended not to see him, and looked stolidly to the front, trying to throw that utter want of expression into his face so highly prized by the Chinese (this confirmed my suspicions of "kumshaw")! The next two figures were quite different, of a most respectable Oriental Darby and Joan type. I suppose they were man and woman, and only wanted a new coat of paint each, when they might have been anybody. They seemed to be talking to each other; in fact, I thought I caught the words, "Terrible storm," and "Never remember the like before." But I fell asleep again, and did not wake till 10 o'clock, and then trudged on to Tan-shan once more. One consolation, we had been

coming in the right direction the whole time, but had so often shot wide of the mark, owing to the pitch darkness, and so on, that no wonder we took so long. But no more short cuts for me!

My companion ploughed about for an hour, and when the storm broke he wanted to give it up and come back to the village and join me, but could not find the way, so, drenched and tired out, they eventually reached Tan-shan at four o'clock in the morning.

To give the reader an idea of how well we arranged things, from the Ming Tombs to Tan-shan is exactly nine miles as the crow flies, and we took eighteen hours to get there. Tan-shan is an exceedingly pretty spot.

In olden times there were a few palatial buildings where Royalty came to take the baths, but with the exception of a few small buildings and temples dotted about and gardens, now all neglected, nothing remains to tell the tale.

There is not very much to be seen, but certain Chinamen even now go there and rent one of the old buildings, and take a course of baths, in fact there was a mandarin from Chingho taking the cure when I was there. The water comes bubbling up very hot, and there is an attendant whom you pay as you go in.

The baths are interesting, there being in an enclosure two large basins with sulphur water springs, which are supposed to be good for certain complaints. There are also two or three small baths, with hot water coming in also.

The big basins are uncovered, but as lots of weeds lay about, it is best to sample the little covered up square bath, the water being soft and pleasant (particularly after the trying journey, as in the inns one has to be contented with a sponge down out of a bucket of water!) We left after tiffin for Pekin *viâ* Chingho, but arrived too late, and found the gates of the city closed. They open at intervals during the night, but as they are in charge of a mandarin a tip will not get you in, as it will in the other towns.

We turned back, as we did not care to wait for hours outside in the middle of the night, and put up at a suburban inn; and by the way the fat old landlord behaved, I should think it was the first time he had ever had a foreigner there. We left it early the next morning, and got back to Pekin in time for tiffin.

The next day we took train *viâ* Tientsin and Taku for Shanghai-Kwan to see where the Great Wall ends, as it runs into the sea. The railway from Taku runs nearly parallel with the sea, and at Shanghai-Kwan the line runs right through the wall to a place called King-Choo. It is a tedious journey from Tientsin, being nearly eight or nine hours.

The accommodation at Shanghai-Kwan is good, being kept by the English station-master, rooms with good beds and clean. He supplies food if you wire to him in time, but you have to take your bedding with you, as elsewhere.

The drive down in a mule cart to the sea-shore

is five miles, a beautiful flat, sandy beach, and delightful bathing.

The inner wall goes right into the sea, but is now only a mass of broken stones, mud, and cracked cement; but the outer wall ends in a huge buttress, quite perfect, with two walls running right and left from it to a couple of modern Chinese forts, with guns overlooking the sea, and filled with soldiers. From the further or right-hand fort the Great Wall runs round the outside, and parallel with the old town wall of Shanghai-Kwan, which is a small fortified town that has seen better days. The wall then reaches some undulating grass land which lies at the foot of steep hills which screen the town on the west. And from there, either standing on the old town walls, or on the Great Wall itself, or, better still, by going a little way up the hill, you see this wonderful piece of work stretching away in one continuous unbroken line over the green hills till lost to view.

By the first train the next morning we went to Pei-tei-ho, about an hour from Shanghai-Kwan by train. This is a pretty seaside place, where all the people from Tientsin, Pekin, etc., go in the summer. There are some bungalows scattered about the sea-shore, and the air is very bracing and good. It is funny to see European children building in the sand, people playing lawn tennis, and missionaries with their families enjoying themselves amongst soldiers, sailors, and Legation people.

An hotel, I believe, is now in course of construction. After a good rest we left Pei-tei-ho,

back to Taku, to catch my steamer *en route* for Chefoo and Wei-hai-wei. This journey happened to be an interesting one, as the General commanding the district of Shanghai-Kwan was travelling down with his staff on a tour of inspection, to a place near Taku, Tung-shan, a large military station. At every station we stopped at, a captain with about a dozen soldiers lined the platform, and as the train steamed in, one saw three miniature cannons about a foot high standing on the ground, with their muzzles pointing skywards. As the General's carriage passed, a soldier put a match to the top, and three little pops were heard like a cracker; this was the salute. It looked a very childish and shoddy business. Then along the platform were about a dozen soldiers, presenting arms; their rifles were of the oldest pattern, and looked very rusty. They had dark blue round caps on, and dark blue coats trimmed with red braid about two inches wide, baggy trousers and high boots. Their captain was standing at one end in his long black gown, reaching below the knees, on the back a silk embroidery of dragons, etc., about a foot square, and high boots, a short stick in his hand, and a white conical shaped hat with dyed horsehair hanging from it.

As the train stopped he came forward to the General's carriage. They did not appear to salute in any way, but shook hands in the ordinary Chinese fashion—by rubbing their knuckles together and bowing and grinning, standing about 3ft. apart.

The Tartars shake hands more as we do. This

done, he mounted the carriage, and on every occasion the General asked them the same questions, and said the same things—viz., "How many soldiers have you got under you here?" "Have you any complaints to make?" "Be careful that your soldiers protect all the farmers from robbers and thieves."

As the train moved on, the soldiers knelt down on the ground, the captain ran back to his place and did likewise. Three more pops were heard from the little toy cannons, and the men shouted out something three times at the top of their voices, and the General sat down and commenced eating apples again, and chaffing with his officers.

This, however, was only at the smaller stations, and the soldiers were by no means the pick, being equivalent to volunteers, but when we arrived at Tung-shan things were on a very different scale.

As the train neared the place we passed a lot of cavalry, the horses being picketed along in a line close to the rail, apparently not caring a jot for the train, the saddles and bridles in good condition, and the men standing in front in one long line, presenting arms; then came two regiments of infantry, also formed up two deep along the line. They were all turned out well and looked well drilled, both officers and men, and, with the innumerable flags and banners about, the sight was a very pretty one.

As we pulled up at the station six buglers, with bright brass bugles about 2½ft. long with red tassels, blew a blast, the General alighted amidst a

whole lot of military officials and baggage, and the train moved on.

Another hour or two through flat country of mud, reeds, and floods, which take place at this time of the year, and we arrived at Taku and walked down to the steamer, and on Monday morning, August 22nd, at about 12.30, arrived at Chefoo. Chefoo is a flourishing little seaside place, crammed in summer with Shanghai people. There are several hotels, a nice little club, and they have a small racecourse. The country round is very pretty, and although it is not so bracing as Pei-tei-ho, up north, it is much more get-at-able, the latter place being about five miles from the station and a woefully bad road.

From Chefoo we took steamer to Wei-hai-wei, about six hours off.

It is a nice harbour with a large island, protecting it, from the outside sea. There is a small village on the island, and scattered about are some substantial Chinese buildings, which were being made into a hospital, club, and so on, but which were sadly battered about by the Japanese when they came.

I was told they might make the island into a large sanatorium, and it was proposed to build a breakwater from one side on to the northern shore, thus having only one opening.

Behind the island there are a couple of places where it wanted dredging. On the mainland is the town of Wei-hai-wei, a fishing village, with hundreds of sampans scattered along the shores,

with narrow streets and miserable wooden houses; on the other side of the harbour were the marines, quartered under canvas.

Our ships looked exceedingly fine lying quietly in the harbour, in stately and watchful repose, ready at a moment's call. From the terrace of the building where Commander G——t of the island had his quarters, the view at sunset was one I shall never forget—the jagged outline of the mountains gradually turning a deeper and deeper purple-blue as darkness set in, backed by the fiery red glow of sunset. Imperceptibly a few stars began to peep out here and there, and the myriads of lights from the ships sparkled like so many glow-worms. The *Centurion*, the *Grafton*, the *Undaunted*, the *Narcissus*, and four destroyers lay there, and a mighty fine lot they were.

I got carried back to Chefoo in the *Fame*, a destroyer, which ploughed its way through the water in grand style, caught a steamer there for Shanghai, where we arrived on Tuesday, August 30th, and bid good-bye to China, one of the most interesting countries in the world, and on September 1st arrived by the P. and O. boat *Manilla* at Nagasaki, Japan.

# VI.—JAPAN.

NAGASAKI is a pretty little harbour surrounded by high green hills. On arrival all hands, even to the stewardess, were mustered on deck, and medical officers inspected them at six a.m.

Really, it seems a farce; they seem to overdo the whole thing, these Japs, in their over-zealousness of trying to be so thoroughly up-to-date.

We took in a lot of coal here, and the ship was surrounded by small craft of all kinds full of coal. Men and women work alike, putting the coal into small round baskets and handing it on to be thrown down the bunkers; it takes a long time, and a lot of it gets spilt.

After they finish coaling, you see some of the fishermen dredging to pick up the lost bits, in some instances going away with half a dozen baskets full.

We left about seven o'clock in the evening, and early the next morning got into the celebrated Inland Sea.

There are innumerable pretty passes, small islets dotted about, velvety green, with delightful silvery beaches; ideal nooks for bathing, snug little

villages, here and there a lighthouse, and picturesque junks floating about.

We arrived at Kobe September 5th, the Japanese doctors coming into all the cabins at six a.m. to see if all the passengers are well; it seems too ridiculous that they cannot take the captain's and doctor's word, like other nations.

It was my intention at first to train from Kobe to Yokohama *viâ* Kyoto and Negoya, and thus get a glimpse of the country, instead of going on by a boat. Trains are always preferable to running along a shore by boat, as one gets no more idea or insight into a place that way than one does of a country by simply loafing about in its ports.

Unfortunately, we could not do this, as owing to heavy storms and floods, the line had broken down in three places, and traffic was consequently suspended.

We therefore made Kobe our headquarters, and took trips to Kyoto, etc., from there.

Kobe was a small fishing town on the outskirts of Hiogo, but has now grown into an important town and treaty port, and rather left Hiogo in the lurch. There are some fine buildings about, the neighbourhood round is pretty, and there are nice excursions to be made. But, as a Japanese town, there are no sights to be seen, such as temples, etc., of any consequence. From Kobe we ran over to Osaka for the day. It is a large town with a lot of big buildings and business houses. The peculiarity of the place is that the whole town is intersected by rivers, or very broad canals running

parallel; streets run each side, level, clean, and broad, with trees planted along at irregular intervals, giving it in places rather the appearance of a small provincial French town.

A good many soldiers are quartered at Osaka, and in what they call an old castle (for which an order has to be obtained to see, but which is by no



A Street in Osaka.

means worth seeing) are some first-rate barracks, drill grounds, and so on.

The Mint, which is open to the public till three o'clock, was very interesting; we saw them making some of the new coinage. Their machinery is all of the very latest pattern, and in seeing all these sort of things one cannot but admire the wonderful

imitative powers, ambitions, and zeal of these plucky people.

A lot has been said about the coolie classes in Kobe, Nagasaki, Osaka, and other places in the south of Japan, but from my own experience and observation, coupled with what I heard from Legation people, merchants, and others who have been in touch for the last ten years or so with every class of Jap, it seems greatly over-rated.

The rickshaw class is one which comes in for a good deal of abuse by tourists, etc., but as they are all under the police, and there is a proper tariff, it is quite impossible for them to cheat.

On the other hand, it ought to be remembered that their tariff is one written by the Japs and for the Japs. Now, we Europeans are a very much heavier people than the ordinary Japs, and therefore an extra penny or twopence, which we should surely give to an equivalent at home, without thinking twice, seems only reasonable and just.

The total coolie element in Japan is a very strong force. These young Japanese coolies all know how to read and write, and devour the newspapers with the greatest avidity whenever they get a chance.

I have on several occasions been positively astounded to find sometimes a guide, rickshaw man, hotel boy, or person of that class, who happened to know a few words of English, expound their ideas about their country and its politics, ask questions, and be quite prepared to argue, which only shows that these men rather resent the

ignorant stranger innocently docketing him with the ordinary clod-hopper class, and treating him with that sort of disdainful contempt and ridicule which gets a certain class of Englishmen—generally out of England for the first time—so detested (particularly, and unfortunately, on the Continent also). One constantly hears of cases of violence against foreigners, however, from this class of people, and occasionally against ladies. But, considering that forty or fifty years is rather a short time to change a nation's characteristics, it is hardly to be wondered at.

On the following day, after our excursion to Osaka, we caught the 10.40 train to Kyoto, a run of about two hours. There are not many first-class compartments in these Japanese trains—usually only one. The Japanese do not use them as a rule, excepting the rich, so there is never a very great rush. On most lines they have the long saloon-carriage with seats down each side, but not partitioned off in any way, so that ladies have to put up with smoking, etc.

The postal and telegraph system is very complete in Japan, and the Chinese might take a lesson from them with regard to their preposterous charges for telegrams, which, moreover, are not always to be depended upon.

Kyoto is considered one of the most interesting cities of Japan. It is the old Capital, and the palace of the Mikado can still be visited by getting an order from the Minister of Tokio; it is surrounded by a wall, wooden gates, broad paths and trees.

The interior is just like an ordinary Japanese house on a larger scale, with the exception of the two thrones, which were simply an inlaid wooden chair placed on a cane mat, with four wooden posts holding up a white canopy with crimson and black braid, which is looped up when the Emperor uses it for any audience. For the rest, we saw a series of passages and several suites of rooms opening from one another by screens, which slid backwards and forwards. These were all decorated with the usual storks, cranes, geese, and different trees in blossom, and everywhere the floor was covered with those thick cane mats which give Japanese houses a deliciously cool and clean appearance (but not quite so agreeable in winter with winds blowing straight from Siberia!). Upon entering a Japanese house or temple, or anywhere with the matting down, it is customary to take off your shoes; but as foreigners (particularly those with holes in their socks) dislike so doing, they now in many places keep cloth slippers, which are slipped on over the boots.

The castle is well worth seeing. It is not our idea of a castle, except that it is surrounded by a strong wall and moat, inside of which are buildings on a similar scale to the palace, but longer and finer, and in addition to the pretty paintings on the screens and walls and decorative ceilings, there are some beautifully painted wooden carvings over all the doorways and partitions, but no furniture whatever is visible in the way of couches, chairs, or large tables.

In the Mikado's palace at Tokio, the present Capital, things are to a certain extent more or less in European style, but that of course is closed to the public.

A visit we paid in the afternoon to the chief temple repaid us. A service was being held, and a lot of people, chiefly from the country, were all squatting down in a large space before the altars on mats. The altars, etc., with all the gilt pillars, tables, draperies, painting, lacquer work, and wood carving, and the priests in their long dark blue robes, made an interesting sight.

The temple is approached over a huge paved yard, with patches of gardens and a flight of stone steps up to the terrace. On the terrace were a crowd of people, talking and walking or sitting in groups, either waiting for their friends to come out or go in.

Along the terrace were two or three boxes about the size of refrigerators, where people threw in their coins. I wondered if buttons, etc., ever went in also!

Further on one comes to some gardens, and a pretty pond swarming with gold and blue fish of the carp species, some I should say up to seven pounds in weight, which came to the surface when the old priest clapped his hands. On a little island you are shown the house where the artist lived who decorated this temple.

They said he was a great warrior, and in after years lived here, and devoted his whole life to painting and decorating it, and in a certain

spot in the grounds you are shown a small pillar of stone, which is the place where he buried all his pencils, brushes, and tools, so that no one else should use them. He had in his house a sort of steam bath, a large wooden box arrangement not unlike the ordinary vapour bath at home.

There is rather a pretty lake near Kioto, which at Midsummer is covered with the lotus lily (the favourite flower in China).

In the river are the celebrated rapids, which we were very keen on seeing, but owing to there being no water in the river-bed at this season, it was impracticable. However, after the dry season, sitting in a canoe, going at a tremendous rate, wriggling between countless rocks jutting out of the water, entirely resting on the skill of your boatman to manœuvre you safely between them all, one bump or unwise turn upsetting the whole show and you into the bargain, must be exhilarating.

A man can spend four or six days in Kyoto, doing nothing but visit temples; but after seeing one or two, we contented ourselves with riding round the streets in the rickshaws and visiting the curio shops, for which Kyoto is justly celebrated.

Although it is a typical Japanese town, as typical as any in Japan, large or small, I cannot say that the actual towns anywhere in Japan are particularly interesting or pretty. Where well-known sights are to be seen, the visitor comes away usually with satisfied and pleasant recollections; but when those have been seen, or when a place is visited where none particularly exist, a

drive round all the different streets—which is the best way I know of seeing a Japanese place—by no means repays you. One street is exactly like another, one shop or house, with its wooden windows, screens or shutters, are much like another. There exists no variety of colour, rarely anything of an exciting nature is passed—the same dull monotony, street after street.

The rickshaws in Japan, of all the "ricks" I have ever been in, including those of Colombo, Durban, Shanghai, are the most uncomfortable—bad springs and no room for your legs. This is odd, considering that they were invented in Japan, or supposed to be, by a missionary as a means of taking his wife about.

Although comparisons are odious, I cannot help thinking how different it is to drive round an ordinary Chinese town, compared to a trip round a Japanese one. Look at the variety of colour that meets the eye at every turn, the gilt placards, coloured signs and advertisements gaudily got up hanging outside the meanest looking shops, vying with one another in their attractiveness, the birdcages hanging about everywhere, their inmates piping away for all they are worth, the Chinese doing everything they have to do within full sight of the passer-by, every step bringing something of interest (except on certain occasions, when one can look the other way). Ah, no, John Chinaman, with all thy faults, I like ye. To me they compare as a thoroughbred to a sturdy, useful cob with a spice of the devil in it.

On no account ought the museum to be missed; they have a lot of things there they got from the Chinese in the war, also curios and paintings, etc. It is a very fine building, and as you walk about looking into the well-arranged cases, so scrupulously clean, and the smart officials in uniform strolling about, you can imagine yourself in some museum in Europe.

The next morning we took the train to Nara, supposed to be the prettiest place in Japan, and although it seems a tall order, certain spots in it can be picked out which would be hard to beat in all Asia. Nara possesses the oldest temple in Japan, and for a small fee one can see a lot of curios which are kept there. There is another temple on the hill in a sort of park, where a huge image of Buddha in bronze is worth looking at. Further on one comes to a gateway, the entrance to a most beautiful park, with broad, well-kept paths, terraces, temples, little shops, and stalls scattered about all over it The principal path up to the great temple, from which a fine view can be had, is studded with hundreds of stone lamps, packed so closely together that it is scarcely possible in places to see between them. They are about 4ft. high, the top being carved in the shape of a square box, with holes at the sides and on top.

When these are lighted—on rare occasions—the holes are pasted up with the ordinary Japanese paper, and the effect must be lovely. Near the temple, where pilgrims come to worship from

all parts, is a huge bronze bell, which they ring by means of a beam suspended by ropes and worked as a battering-ram. It is covered with writing.

The trees in the park are magnificent, and the greatest care is taken of them. In some cases, where very old trees show holes and gaps, they were plastered or cemented neatly up, really a most unique idea, and worthy of being copied at home on some of our historical trees. Deer simply abound in the park, but instead of being scattered about in groups, to rush away at the approach of the stranger, wherever the people are thickest, as near the temples and stalls, there the deer are. You see them lying about under the trees, even on the paths outside the shops, playing with the children.

At some of the stalls they sell you a plateful of bread, and many of the deer will eat out of your hand.

To see the fine avenues of beautiful trees, the rich green grass dotted with deer, the well-kept paths, the brightly dressed children playing about, the fine sculpture, the pretty little booths and stalls, in fact, the perfect blending of the natural and artificial under a blue sky, is really a sight for the gods. One could spend days and days there, and always see something new.

The air is exquisite, and there is a first-class Japanese inn, most scrupulously clean, with European cooking. The snow-white linen, the jolly little tables, the funny little paper dinner napkins placed in the tumblers, all contribute to an appetite, to say nothing of the dainty little

waitresses. You can have a whole suite of rooms to yourself—bedroom, sitting-room, and bath-room. They also supply a thick, soft cane mattress, etc., but your sheets you must bring, as they are not used in Japan. The rooms are screened off in the usual way by sliding panels, prettily painted. When once in the hotel your boots must come off, or you slip on slippers over them, otherwise your heel would mark the cane matting which covers all the floors everywhere in Japan.

Japanese women are always in attendance in country hotels, and obliging little creatures most of them are. Here there was a charming garden at the back, with lawns, fountains, and shady trees, and views of the country all round, which is hilly and fertile, the railway journey there from Kioto being a particularly pretty one.

As time slipped by we had at last to make a move, and reluctantly leave this lovely spot to return to Kobe to catch the P. and O. boat *Rosetta* on her way to Yokohama.

I was on her on my way home from India in '92; she was nick-named the "Rolling Rosy," and in a beam sea I should pity a bad sailor on her. However, as P. and O. boats go, she was fairly comfortable.

On September 24th (Saturday) we reached Yokohama. It is about sixteen hours by rail from Kobe, and by boat about double—sometimes very rough, particularly in the typhoon season.

Ships go right alongside the wharf, or wooden pier, which is very convenient.

Anyone landing in Yokohama, if they have seen nothing else of Japan, must be either greatly astonished at seeing a well-built European-looking town, or thoroughly disappointed in finding nothing whatever Japanese to greet the eye, unless, indeed, it be the rickshaws, with their runners in large, white round hats, blue coats, and very tight blue trousers down to their ankles.

Japanese rickshaws are painted black, the body of the cart being somewhat the shape of our buggy in miniature. A good one, like some of the private ones in Singapore, is very comfortable. They have rubber tyres, good springs, and are built with a view to giving you plenty of room in front for your legs, which the Jap rickshaw does not.

The most powerful jinrickshaw-men are the Zulus in Durban, South Africa, and the weakest are those you see in Colombo.

The Japs are neither very powerful nor are they weak, but they are exceedingly wiry, with great staying powers. They have brought the pulling of rickshaws into a regular science; they know exactly what they can carry, and how quick and how far they can go, and they take good care not to exceed it; and quite right, too, if it is true that continually drawing these carts takes about ten years off a man's life; that is, I am told, the case in Ceylon.

The Japs go along at an even, slow, regular swinging trot. Sometimes up a hill they get a man to push, and when the roads are muddy and heavy, or the distance great, as in Tokio, the "town

of magnificent distances," one man fastens a cord to the end of the shafts, and tandem fashion they trot along in fine style.

Their legs are very muscular, some of them having calves that would look well in a hunting boot. They are long in the body, in comparison,



SHINTO TEMPLE, NIKKO.

by reason perhaps of continually squatting on the ground, monkey like, from childhood, and not giving their legs a chance to develop properly. However, they are very active, muscular little men, and I have often thought what good football players some would make if well trained. Their great sport is wrestling, as they have it in Burmah.

Wrestling matches take place at certain times of the year at different places, and are very popular; but I never saw one. I was shown a few prize wrestlers. They were biggish men for Japs, and enormously fat, sleek, lazy, and good-tempered looking, but then we ought to have seen them in action!

On our arrival at Yokohama we went off direct to the railway station and caught a train to Tokio—they go every forty minutes, and it takes about an hour.

After a long drive through drizzling rain and ill-lighted narrow streets, twisting and turning about seemingly for hours, we emerged into a rather better part, with some broad, fine streets, and large buildings, scattered about on either side, looming out of the darkness, grim and solid, in strong contrast to the little wooden Japanese houses we had been passing hitherto.

Over a few more bridges, and a few more turns, and up we come with a swish to the hotel. Slowly and stiffly we dragged ourselves out of the rick-shaws, with their hoods and waterproof aprons, as crabs might crawl out of their shells.

Tokio, the capital of Japan, and where the Emperor lives, is a town of 1,323,295 inhabitants, and is called "The place of magnificent distances," which to a foreigner is not exactly a title or description likely to convey much to his mind. Suffice it to say that one can go for hours passing through street after street, seemingly without end.

The main street is a broad thoroughfare, with trams running up and down. They are nearly as crowded and objectionable for foreigners to ride in as the electric trams at Bangkok.

The palace where the Emperor lives is surrounded by a moat with high, slanting walls, built in the usual Japanese style—huge stones of different shapes, made to fit in, apparently, without any mortar. There is a bridge, guarded by sentries, which, of course, no one is allowed to cross. Gardens and broad paths, nicely gravelled and well kept, are scattered about outside, giving the surroundings and buildings themselves a presence, which is not the case in some of the palaces of Eastern potentates, which are hemmed in by numerous small streets of every description.

There are lovely gardens inside, and part of the palace is in European style. That is about all one learns, and, except on certain state occasions, or when an audience or private interview takes place, no European goes there.

The Emperor's guards are a separate body of men from the ordinary soldiers, being a picked lot and very smart. There are usually in Tokio about 5000 soldiers.

I saw some very good horses, but as a whole they were weedy, with neither bone nor substance. The Japs seemed very good riders, and the officers looked smart in their uniforms.

The policemen in Japan are a very smart lot, and the detective department, particularly in Tokio, is

well up in its duties, and as well organised as any in Europe. A walk might be taken through one of the large prisons, where you see all the convicts at work on all sorts of things — wood carving, cloisonné work, and so on; particularly screen-painting, the stork, geese, cherry trees in blossom, and figures of women waddling along in their clogs, the same thing as one sees in the shop windows in London, and which one gets heartily sick of—not much detail, not much originality; drawn as if by machinery, you cannot do more than glance at them after a while without being impressed, just as you would a pretty view at home that you are used to.

This is only as Japanese painting appeared to me, but no doubt the people who understand it, and make a study of it, look at it in a different light; or as a person who shows you a dirty brown-stained faded piece of chipped, cracked, riveted, old china, and considers you a fool if you tell him you would not have it as a gift.

There are some good curio shops in Tokio, and I fancy things can be bought cheaper than at Yokohama, but of course there is not the variety to be found there, Kobe and Osaka being, I found, about the best and cheapest places of all. The cloisonné work, which is very beautiful, is, to my mind, not a patch on what they make in Pekin; they originally copied it from China with all their other earlier accomplishments, such as their writing, the characters being, of course, the same as Chinese characters. It seems a pity that they do not do

away with this slow process and have an ordinary alphabet. It takes years to learn the characters, and children thus waste valuable time, which they might employ learning other things. All curios now are very expensive, and can be got cheaper in London, and no doubt other places, exactly the same, excepting very old genuine articles, which certain old curio dealers keep like a miser does his money, and only unwrap and show to you as a compliment; and as to being able to barter with them, it is useless to try.

The only thing is that one comes across so many pretty things in Japan, that one does not think of buying at home, and the consequence is, before you know where you are you have bought a number of things that you could get at Liberty's or elsewhere for half the money. I believe a fortune could be made by buying Japanese wares in America and Europe and selling them again in Japan, duty and carriage included.

The museum is a fine building. They have, inside, a few rooms devoted to the spoils which they collected during the Chinese war—a lot of projectiles, rifles, swords, flags, and so on. Then there are all the curios, paintings, and different departments, as in every museum. It is situated in the Uyeno Park, where lots of the chief sights are, such as the Zoological Gardens. The animals themselves are not very much to look at, and amongst them they have donkeys and goats, which are scarcely associated with a Zoo.

There were some Chinese mules, and beautiful

animals they are; they had also been brought over from China after the war. However, the gardens round about are very pretty and the Japanese are very fond of going there, and it was amusing to see some country bumpkins with their wives and children, all dressed up in their smartest clothes, the men standing open-mouthed in front of the cages, the women grinning all over their faces, chattering to their children or to anybody in their usual good-tempered, cheerful way.

Scattered about on the grass are little benches about 18in. high with fruit and candies for sale, and cane mats spread on the ground all round, with the little women chattering to each other and flirting with any stray loungers.

The gay colours amongst the trees, and the rich green grass with the little children rolling about like bunches of flowers is very pretty. The people use it as Kensington Gardens is used, or as the Viennese use a part of the Prata.

If one has had enough of animals and buns, Japanese nurses and their appendages, a very short walk brings you to a temple where you can rest a bit. The temple in the Uyeno Gardens is as fine as any in Tokio, and although not worth looking at after the temples at Nikko, it is not at all a bad example of the Shinto temples of that period. Moreover, the gardens round it are very pretty; there is a tomb of someone there, I forget who, with some rather fine bronze work, with writing on it. There are plenty of trees about, and it is a curious thing how green everything looks in Japan

—leaves, grass, and everything presented the greenest and richest appearance I ever saw. Coming from a country like South Africa, where trees and grass are not over plentiful, it would be simply dazzling, but even after the rich green hills of China, the green struck one most forcibly. It may be something in the soil, perhaps, due to the continual upheavals; it is very noticeable at Nara.

There are many earthquakes here. I had my first and last experience of one of these one night in the hotel at Tokio. I woke up hearing my washing-stand rattling, the jugs and basins and tumblers all dancing together. The first thought, being half asleep, was of a burglar stumbling about in the dark, and coming into collision with that article of furniture; however, that was quickly dispelled by a most disagreeable feeling of having your bed violently shaken under you. Then all was quiet whilst you could count five or six, and then came another tremble and noise of tipsy washstands, and one felt the whole hotel tremble and sway backwards and forwards. It then ceased altogether, and one could turn over and go to sleep again. This particular one was rather a bad one of its sort. They are of constant occurrence in Japan, and sometimes they do a lot of damage. That is why, perhaps, the Japs build such flimsy houses, and one cannot help thinking what a pity it would be if anything happened to some of the fine buildings they have lately set up.

The Japs used to think that some evil spirit had been thrown into the sea, and buried under Japan,

and when he awoke or yawned, or stretched himself, etc., he shook the earth, and when he was specially angry he flapped his tail about and created the tidal wave (this may not be quite the right version, but it will do). The tidal wave here, by the way, is an awful thing, sweeping everything before it and destroying whole villages. The awful damage and sacrifice of life which took place at Sendai, killing 20,000 people, in 1896, shows how much the Japs have to suffer at the hands of nature —this is by no means an exceptional occurrence. Take, again, the terrible volcanic disaster at Bandaisan, in July, 1888, a sort of Pompeii business in a small way, except that boiling mud and lava took the place of ashes to a great extent.

All these sort of things are very dreadful and unpleasant, and one can only be grateful to Providence that one's lot is not cast to live on the edge of a volcano or crest of a tidal wave. However, the "law of compensation" is perhaps bound to assert itself, as it does distinctly and forcibly in every kind and sort of case, in all grades of society, and amongst all nationalities and living things.

The theatres in Tokio are very popular, and when the best actors are there during the season, seats range very high, and are hard to get. The best Japanese theatre in Tokio is not a bad building. Where our dress circle and balcony are, their private boxes are situated, but they are not enclosed —simply squares about 6ft. by 6ft., with matting. Down below, where our stalls usually are, are a lot

more squares, with partitions about 1ft. high, so that people at the back can see the stage, being all on a level. As the Japanese never use chairs, you see a whole family—husband, wife, sisters, mother, and probably a young child—in one of these squares.

They usually bring some tea with them, and sweetmeats, and so on, as if they were picnicing; they are dressed in their best, and the sight is quaint.

On the Japanese stage men and women rarely act together; men dressing and taking women's parts, and very well they do it. On this particular occasion it was very surprising to see the effect produced on the crude audience by a clever actor. All the women were in tears, and a good many of the men also. This shows that these Japanese women are impressionable in their own way. But judging from their expressions and manners one gets an idea that they are very shallow—that one thing to them is as good as another. If they cannot get this, they are equally happy with that, and so on. Is it that they are sublime little humbugs, or that, after all, a little wee heart does go pit-a-pat?

The story was of the Adelphi drama style, how two gamblers had got hold of another man's wife, how the husband, who is blind, calls, carrying a baby. The gamblers and the wife ignore him.

No. 1 gambler hires No. 2 gambler to murder him. Scene changes to a small temple and grounds. Husband comes along carrying baby, blind, with a

long staff, and pours out his woes to the temple. No. 2 gambler, ready with a knife in his hand, is so overcome by the blind man's miseries, that he cannot strike the fatal blow. No. 1 gambler, who is anxious to see how things go, appears on the stage, and seeing the blind husband kneeling at the temple door, the baby in his arms, pouring out with sobs, his sorrows, and the hired assassin standing with bowed head and tears in his eyes, and his hanging useless hand, he (No. 1 gambler) rushes forward to stab the man himself. No. 2, looking up suddenly, wakes from his sorrowful trance and stabs No. 1 instead, who kicks and dies, and the wife, who has been listening the whole time round the corner, touched at her husband's sorrows and pleading voice, added to seeing her lover murdered, puts an end to her own life also, so that it all ended as it should, and everybody was quite satisfied.

The theatres here are not open in the evening, as at Siam and Burmah, etc.; they finish usually at 6.30 or 7 o'clock.

We then went to a Japanese restaurant close by and ordered dinner. The first time one goes into one of these places it is rather strange. When you first enter you take off your boots and are shown to your room, the wall being of the usual thin, flimsy panels of painted wood, and one side leading out into a small garden, separated by a hedge or some rockwork from the one portioned off to the next room, the Japs being very fond of having little toy gardens.

You may hear singing and music going on from other rooms.

Dainty little maids come in, place square stuffed silk mats on the floor, or rather matting, on which we squat, trying to look as if we had done it all our lives, which makes the little girls laugh, and made us indignant, which made them laugh still more, and then we all laughed, and so the fun began.

First, tea was brought, and a small kettle. Into the pot they pour the hot water, in which there is some green tea, and, without letting it stand a second, they fill your cups. No sugar or milk is used. This is how they always drink tea in Japan, and wherever you go this is what you can obtain, or what is always offered.

Another thing which hospitality demands on entering a place is the "hibachi." It is a small, square, wooden box, inside of which is a china bowl full of cinders, with two or three bits of burning charcoal on top, smouldering away like rubies in a dustbin (if you can imagine them there). These are for lighting your cigars, etc., and by its side stands a little bamboo box with a little water to put your ashes in.

There are a variety of dishes in Japan, nearly as many as there are in China. At first it used to be rather fun trying some curious dainty; but as I found the effects afterwards were not so funny as the anticipations, I dropped the habit, and found it best to stick to more ordinary things—such as seaweed soup or raw fish. This latter is not bad

cut up in slices, with little saucers filled with different sauces, which you dip different things in, to flavour them, on the end of your two chop sticks. These are wooden little sticks as thick as pen-holders, which you hold in your hand, pecking at all the different things as you fancy them—a piece of "darkon" or pickled radish, salmis of small birds, game cut up, vegetables in ginger, puréé of chestnuts, and so on.

All these things are brought in on little trays or tables of lacquer, six inches high and about sixteen inches square, a separate one for each person, with their portions, like children. The food is placed in pretty little china or lacquer bowls; but often swagger dishes are decorated with parsley or some green stuff, and stand on a plate made of little glass sticks tied together, like a gridiron, placed on the top of a little bowl. But, unlike China, no bread is ever eaten in Japan, and that is what one misses in excursions in the country. You can get along well with Jap food, but bread you miss.

Then sakè, the wine of the country, like inferior sherry, but more fiery, is served hot, poured from a porcelain or silver bottle into tiny little cups that do not hold more than a tablespoonful; but the girls that are around see that your cup is always full, it not being etiquette to fill it yourself. That is one of their duties.

If you have arranged beforehand to dine at a Jap restaurant, in all probability you will go in and order them to produce a few Geisha girls, or

dancing girls, as if you leave it to the last the best will be engaged, as there is always a run on the most popular ones.

This is a great feature in Jap life, and some of these Geisha girls become as popular in a certain circle as various actresses at home. They begin as youngsters of fourteen or fifteen, and are hired out for a certain period—about three years—to some man or woman, who has them trained to dance and sing, and when they are properly broken in they go and perform before anyone who wants them at the tea houses, etc. They are usually very well dressed and amusing little things; in fact, it is their duty to try and amuse you, and be witty, as well as to dance and sing. Their voices, however, are rather squeaky, their dancing is neither elegant nor seductive, and the sort of banjo they play on—well, I liked it best when they were tuning up.

However, some of them pass the time by doing a lot of funny tricks, roar with laughter at any stupid joke you make, which makes you think for the moment that you are really a very witty person, and, for a change, the evening passes very pleasantly; but I can quite imagine anyone getting heartily sick of these dressed-up little dolls buzzing around like flies when you want to eat—it impairs the digestion!

At 12 o'clock the cafés close and out you go, the little ladies making the usual salutation as when they enter—*i.e.*, flopping down on their knees, putting their wee, pink little hands on the

floor, and touching (or pretending to touch) the ground with their foreheads, one bump for each person. This is the woman's salute all over Japan. The men salute you by bending down and putting their hands on their knees and bowing to you in a quick, jerky way. If they want to be extra polite, and try to show in what tremendous high esteem they hold you, and what a fine fellow you are, they stop every few moments in their oration, and draw in their breath quickly between their closed teeth, producing a noise like a snake—a hissing noise—or like a woman would make if she pricked her finger sewing, or a man might make getting out of bed and treading on a nail.

For instance, if you met a man who has something to gain by being polite to you—as in the ordinary way they do not hiss at a European, reserving such a show of *empressement* to their own countrymen—he will throw in a few judicious hisses in his ridiculously polite conversation, which you both know to be the greatest humbug. For instance, you might say: "How is that sweet little child of yours that I saw you with, when I had the audacity to place my unworthy body in your magnificent house?"

"I am very much obliged for your kind condescension in thinking about the snivelling little cur (hiss). It is I who must apologise for having asked you (hiss) to place your august body in my little hovel (hiss)!!!"

"Not at all, but as I have to catch a train,

I must be so impolite as to take my unworthy self off."

"Nay (hiss) it is my ignoble self who can no longer try (hiss) your benign eyes."

No man, however short his stay in Tokio, ought to miss going to see that portion of the town where all the demi-monde live. There is not another place like it in the world, and although you see the same thing in Yokohama, etc., the capital is the place where you see them best.

It takes about half an hour in a rickshaw to get there, and at night the whole "quarter" is lit up by electric light. You go over a little bridge and through a large gate, and there you are in a small town, unlike any other town one has been in before. This is called the "Yoshiwara." It used to be, in years gone by, the part of the city where the palaces, etc., were; but as they thought it best to have a spot where the demi-monde could reside *en masse* instead of having them scattered about all over the place, they chose this outskirt. And now, there is no other capital in the world, where you could stroll about at night and never see a sign of anything of the sort parading the streets or leaning out of the windows.

On strolling down any of the numerous streets you see on either side large houses, the ground floor being, however, quite open, and instead of windows, there are wooden bars, behind which a row of women are squatting on the ground. Each house has its women dressed in certain showy costumes.

In the first house they have a picturesque gown of the usual Japanese cut, in red picked out or trimmed with other colours; the next, probably in blue, and so on. They are all very much powdered and painted up. With their black hair done up in the usual style of great thick coils, in high contrast to their painted faces, looking straight in front of them in a stolid way, they remind one of waxworks in a show. People stroll along leaning against these cages, eyeing them like wild beasts, or goods in a shop, or whispering through the bars to some favourite, and, as time passes on, the cages get emptier.

Each house seems to try and vie with each other in having their room more brightly lighted, and with more gilt and carving, etc., than their neighbours.

The first flood of light is quite bewildering, and as one passes row after row of these pale faced little things, one cannot help thinking that, good as the system is in its way, what a barbarous idea it is to place these poor women behind bars like prisoners or wild beasts in cages, to be stared at by all nationalities.

How they must loathe it, not allowed to move for a minute away. The cruellest part is when, later on in the evening, perhaps only two remain out of twenty behind their bars, of course, the oldest and ugliest, to be quizzed, may be, by a passer by who has been imbibing too much sakè; and then at last only one remains. What must be her feelings? Do they get used to it? No; I do



Scene in Yoshiwara, Tokio.

not believe it. They reach a stage when the head of the house finds they are no longer of any use, the girl at that stage is sure to be in debt to her, and she is probably kept as a servant and slut of all work, to wait on her former companions.

However, these are for the most part the lower sort of houses, which are taken *en passant* in your rickshaw.

But what one is startled by are the few fine buildings scattered about, which at first look like houses of rich merchants. At the end of the principal street is an imposing building, with a large clock tower and a fine verandah, and large, vaulted entrance, staircase of polished wood, with carved pillars leading to the floor above; they have beautiful gardens with shady trees, and at night are lighted with Japanese lanterns. There are many houses like these which have cost hundreds of thousands of yens to build. The tax on each of these houses is three yens a month, and from one to three yens per month for each inmate. In some there are about fifty girls, ranging from sixteen years upwards. Every girl has her own servant and, of course, her own room; some of the favourites having them beautifully decorated with paintings, screens, ivory ornaments, beautiful china, lacquer work, and silver treasures, given to them by rich *habitués*.

In these houses there would be nothing, if situated in another locality, to give evidence of what took place inside, no gaudy signs, and totally

different from the neighbouring cages, vulgarised and brutal as a butcher's shop.

These girls are usually sold by their parents, or rather let out for about three years, for a certain sum, no doubt with the idea of coming out again; but it is rather like the fable of the fox looking into the entrance of a lion's cave and seeing the footprints of animals all going in, but none ever coming out! Some of the girls marry, a few are bought out, the rest remain.

They seem just as happy, however, as the freer Geisha girls in their own way, and no doubt they are, even if their merry pearls of laughter occasionally have a slightly forced strain. They are never allowed "outside bounds," as it were, but if occasion arises, which is very rare, they are accompanied by a chaperone, and sometimes also a male attendant.

Six hours by rail from Tokio is Nikko, where the finest temple in Japan exists, and therefore Nikko has become a popular place with tourists.

One has to change at a place called Utsonomiya, and an hour from there brings you to Nikko.

There is really no town of Nikko, Nikko being a district; but there is a large village, with a long, straight street with shops on either side, with cheap lacquer ornaments, furs, and a lot of miscellaneous articles, but certainly nothing much worth buying. The place reminded us of a Swiss village, with all the little wooden houses, and so on.

The country round is pretty, a little like Java, with the high green hills and thick jungle growth. The peasant women dress very like the men, the

loose dark blue jacket with the baggy sleeves, the front cut very low and very open, reaching to the hips, their legs encased in very tight blue trousers. When they are working in the fields they tuck these up, or, if in the rice plantations knee deep in water, they are taken off altogether. In wet weather they protect themselves by throwing over their shoulders a cloak made of straw, the ends plaited together like an ordinary stable plait, and arranged in tiers to cover them, and a large round straw hat is usually worn. They then present a funny appearance, like beehives walking about.

The system of taking baths in Japan differs from our own way.

In every town and village there are public baths, which the coolies—men and women—use together, the cost being about one cent, and even less. There are no people who appear to love bathing so much as the Japanese, from the poorest coolie upwards.

They go in for very hot baths, sometimes up to 115°; at that stage they do not stay in long. I tried that once, and stayed in as long as a man usually stays on a bicycle the first time he gets up. In Japanese inns in the country, often three or four men and women are waiting in the same room for their turn, and it was only polite to keep them as short a time as possible!

However, a bath of this heat is only meant to open the pores, a good rub down and a rinse of cold water being had afterwards. In some hot baths, if the room is not required, a Jap will remain in a

bath an hour or more. They say that in taking a bath in very hot water and coming out into the cold air afterwards, one is not half as likely to catch a chill as bathing in warm water, no doubt a case of extremes?

In staying in a Japanese inn, it is best, if you can manage it, to take your evening bath early, as the water is then unused; fresh water is not put in for each person, as with us, and as no one is supposed to wash in it, but only just to dip and allow enough time for the pores to open, it is considered unnecessary. If you happen to get the room to yourself you can do what you like, and so much the better. In private houses it is just the same. Everyone more or less baths at the same time.

The stove pipe runs up inside the bath and is filled with red hot charcoal, and directly the water gets to the required heat, in you pop in order of precedence. The husband first, the wife next, the sons and daughters, and lastly the servants, waiting one behind the other, or squatting about till their turn comes, ready to jump in at a moment's notice. If you happen to be there as a guest, you go in first, which one, after all, does not quite relish, and would rather wait a bit longer, squatting down amongst the rest of the family, watching the others going in white and coming out pink.

There are, of course, quantities of natural baths and hot springs, sulphur baths, and so on, in different parts of Japan.

A very popular place to run up to from

Yokohama is Miyanoshta, where there are hot springs close by.

It is up in the hills, with pretty scenery, and a comfortable hotel.

Down south there are some delightful ones—not too hot and not too cold—where you can remain in all day if you like. They are used for rheumatism and sciatica, etc.; but a good many people use them for nothing. Men and women of all sorts, sizes, and ages go in with coverings of brown skins, white skins, pink and white skins, and even *café-au-lait* coloured skins, and you can play and swim about all day long almost, and it does not seem to do you any harm.

You can have your tiffin on little floating tables, and one can have little picnics. Or you can play draughts and other games, the boards placed on the little floating tables; in fact, one gets so used to it that it does not seem like ordinary bathing, this living, as it were, in the water. Had it rained, one's thoughts, most probably, would have unconsciously flown to mackintoshes.

A Japanese inn, and the customs pertaining thereto, are very odd at first.

These inns must not be judged by the Cecil in London or the Waldorf, in New York, as that would give only a slight idea, the whole buildings and gardens would go into either of their dining-rooms with the greatest ease. To begin with, houses over here are never more than two storeyed, and the outsides are generally very plain. On entering, you take off your shoes and mount a step or platform

covered with spotlessly clean matting. This is a sort of entrance hall; sometimes screen doors on the right and left, and in front of you, slide open and reveal other rooms, so that, if every sliding door is slid back, the inside has the appearance of one large room.

This would be a useful contrivance when balls are being given; but then balls are not given out here, girls being paid to dance for you. No great energy needed on your side—a very good thing, anyhow, in this climate.

There is absolutely no furniture in the rooms —no chairs, no tables, no nothing. When you want to sit down, you flop anywhere on the floor, or, rather, on the spotless straw matting, which in every house, hotel, shop, or human habitation covers the floor. Personally, I have never seen this matting taken up, so whether underneath it is clean I could not tell, but should say decidedly not, Keating's "works" being as useful a thing to have by you here as they are in every other country in the world.

In going about in the country it is really unnecessary to take a lot of tinned things with you, as in China.

If it is impossible to live on Japanese food, minus bread and butter, you can get nearly everywhere eggs, chickens, ducks, rice, and so on.

On entering these inns it is usually the custom to give a small present to the proprietor. Of course, the bigger it is the more polite they are, and the more anxious to please.

You might take it to be a deposit, as when you leave they usually give you a small souvenir, such as a fan, etc. In some places, however, they are as grasping as the Norwegians.

If you have no bedding with you, they sometimes supply an oblong, fairly soft mattress, made of straw like the matting, over which you throw a thick quilt or "futon," and there you are.

However, as one rickshaw extra can carry everything that is wanted, including a few provisions, it is really better to have it with you, together with a few things you are accustomed to, than to rough it.

There are always times, sooner or later, when a traveller in the East has to rough it more or less severely, particularly if he moves far away from beaten tracks, and it is a useless trick to play in a civilised country like Japan, with telegraph poles and railway lines nearly everywhere.

It is advisable to have the water that one drinks boiled, and just as well to see where your room faces, although there are no windows in Japanese buildings, like ours, with glass. They use little paper panes, about two or three inches square, pasted on a framework of wood, which forms a whole window. They are precisely the same as one sees in China, and are always in holes in the poorer houses, the paper being thin and easily torn by the slightest pressure or when a finger is stuck through it. In the Emperor's Palace at Kyoto, and the castle also, the paper windows are just the same, and in rich men's houses, who are accustomed to

foreigners, and often have part of their houses fitted up in European style, they have not, as yet, all gone in for glass windows. But I suppose it will soon be used everywhere. To show how unused to it the Japs are—in the railway carriages all the glass windows have a white line painted across the middle of them, like a bar, to prevent them from getting up and banging their heads right through the window, a thing which, I was told, used to occur nearly every day.

The cold at night in the country north of Tokio, after the middle of September, was frightful, sometimes going down to zero, and one used to chaff them and tell them what a lovely month September was at home, which they could not grasp at all—such is the reputation of our climate.

I do not suppose it is always as cold as that, and no doubt a spell of warm weather comes again, but if one has been in hot climates like China and Java, etc., to my mind September is quite late enough to stay in Japan.

The winter must be awful there; these flimsy houses, with the howling wind whistling round and poking its nose in at every crevice and crack (things which a Jap house is well supplied with), fresh and icy from Siberia—only the "hibachi" to warm themselves by, no fires or stoves. The European dwellings are, of course, better off; at the same time . . . !

In the spring, when the trees are full of blossoms, the flowers coming out, that is, I understand, when one sees Japan at her best, clothed in a cloak of

flowers. In some parts the people, gaily dressed, troop out to see the pink cherry blossom (to admire and worship nature is part of the Jap religion), the men appreciating these things as much as the women. It must be a pretty sight, the women, all dressed in their pretty robes, trotting out with their children, all gaping at nature. The women are not really pretty—at least, not from our standpoint—it is their dress which I suppose is attractive, the way they do their hair, and their charming manners and very sweet tempers. They are, no doubt, born little humbugs many of them, but what does that matter?

When they go out in the streets they wear wooden clogs. In summer and nice dry weather they wear lacquered ones. These clogs are wooden things about two or three inches thick, which they walk out on and keep on their feet by placing their big toe through a little loop, another loop going over the four little toes; in wet weather they often wear clogs, which are made of a thin strip of wood, with two supports underneath, at the toe and heel, sometimes three or four inches high, kept on in the same way. It is difficult to walk in these things, and at first one wonders how they can do it, and the noise a lot of them together would make on pavement, etc., can be very well imagined. The men wear the same sort of thing, but the coolei class and country men and women wear simply soles of straw, which they keep on with the loops over the toes. On going into a house, of course all these things are kicked off at the door, and it is very funny to see sometimes half-a-dozen pair of

clogs of different shapes, woods, and sizes lying outside, waiting patiently for their owners to come out. When trains were first used, the polite little people kicked off their clogs before entering the carriages, and were somewhat surprised later on at the result! The women in the house usually wear white cotton socks, reaching to the ankles, the big toe lying in a separate stall; they are laced up behind.

Their dress is a complicated one. Underneath everything is a sort of chemise fastened round the waist of red cotton or flannel. After that comes another one, usually of coloured silk; then comes the "kimono," a long pretty garment of some sort of dark blue, black, or pearl-grey spotted silk, etc., with the wide, loose collar, cut very low, and open in front; sometimes they wear a sort of chemisette of lace, which peeps out in front, protecting the chest and giving a slightly more finished look.

The sleeves are very baggy, with pockets in them, in which they usually keep a host of miscellaneous, and often quite useless little articles.

The garment reaches down to the ankles, and sometimes lower.. Then round the waist comes the celebrated "obi," which they think a great deal of, and is used also often to stuff things in, and one can never please them more than by making them a present of one. Some of the best "obis," costing up to five hundred yens, they think as much of as some women think of jewellery. It is a silk or brocade sash, sometimes of very handsome colours and braids, about 12ft. long.

This they wind round the waist two or three times, and fasten behind in a complicated sort of bow, which they are very particular and fussy about, and which it is impossible for them to do by themselves. Some of them have a small sort of pad at the back, which the ends of the obi are somehow tucked round, which makes it look larger. In winter, under the kimono they wear another of the same shape, only shorter, and of thick coloured cotton, etc. When they are sometimes entertaining their friends or going out, they slip over all this another sort of kimono, called a "haori," made of black silk, and reaching down only to the hips. This is worn also by the men. On both arms and on the back are little round pieces of black silk, about the size of a half dollar, with a thin white edge, in the middle of which is their crest. This is their only little mark of distinction, as all dress, if they can afford it, the same.

It is considered a mark of beauty to have a long neck; but considering what piles of hair they have, it makes their heads appear bigger than they really are, a long, thin neck looking gawky and out of proportion! Their jet black hair is brushed back from the forehead, made into a large coil at the back of the ears, then coiled up on top and in two rolls at the back with combs and pretty pins, generally rather freely oiled to look smooth and glossy. Widows, wives, daughters, and children, all wear their hair in a different way, and if they have servants, etc., they take it down after the bath. Their little eyebrows are perched up like two

balloons, and their eyes are all sorts of shapes and expressions. Little bits of noses, sometimes rather pretty, which you cannot help feeling are simply mistakes, pretty little pouting smiling lips, with a touch of rouge, sprinkled over with powder, and serve up—*voilá!* the Jap woman, as you see her in Japan, or painted on screens and fans in Europe or anywhere else, tottering along on her clogs, bending forward as if she would topple over, holding up her paper sunshade, or trying to play gracefully with a fan (which you cannot help comparing to the seductive movements of a Spanish lady doing the same thing). But in spite of this waddling inelegant little lady tottering along, your eye is nevertheless attracted by her, and you do not know why. What it is I cannot explain, a nameless something—but not a fascination by any means.

But if some of the women do have expressionless babyish faces, some of the others have the most hideous countenances that I have ever seen in my life. I shall never forget the shock I received when I first set eyes on some of the coolie women, who surrounded the ship on our first arrival from China at Nagasaki. Their dwarf, fat, stubby bodies, bow legs, their coarse, large hands and feet (so different to the lowest type of Chinese coolie or sampan man), little slits of eyes like buttonholes, that you wonder how they can see out of them, almost buried in fat, shapeless cheeks, out of which comes a nose, a shapeless piece of putty, with no bridge, and a large shapeless mouth.

This description applies to the men also, except

that instead of being fat they are mostly wizened and thin.

This type is by no means peculiar to Nagasaki, but is seen all over Japan in much greater numbers than one sees pretty faces.

Talking about Nagasaki, if one lands there, or at Kobe, one naturally goes to Kyoto, and after one has seen a few of the temples there, unless one is an enthusiast, it is not worth while to visit a single other one during the whole stay in Japan, in my opinion, unless, of course, you are a great enthusiast.

If, however, the boat lands you at Yokohama, one probably goes from Tokio to Nikko, and most certainly, after having seen the temple there (which is far the best in all Japan), the others need not be specially visited. However, if one does not care to see temples at all, Nikko is, in my opinion, not worth going to. It rains a good deal there. The lake and waterfall are overrated, and far prettier country excursions can be taken in other parts.

Returning to Yokohama is like returning to some busy European town. There are fairly good shops, the curio shops being crammed with expensive and very taking things. Photographs are splendid, very cheap, and cleverly coloured with paint and oil, like some that you buy in Italy, a very pretty effect.

There is very little of Japanese in Yokohama, except in the native quarter. There are crowds of Chinese. Down by the sea is the "Bund," the

same as at Shanghai—what we might call at home the Marine Parade, with buildings along it; behind are the hills, with houses dotted about, called the "Bluff." There is a good harbour, and lots of business is done.

As the Occidental and Oriental steamship *Doric* carried us away at noon on October 1st for the Sandwich Isles, we were very sorry to leave, but had been by no means so enchanted as people are supposed to be; and, of the many passengers on board, none appeared enraptured with the place.

The fact of the matter is, the country has been over-written and greatly overrated by a few people who allow their own impressions to carry them away, and therefore lead one to expect a great deal too much. In my humble opinion a month is ample for ordinary tourists to spend in Japan to see everything, from the Temple at Nikko down to the Yonkeni dance!

# VII.—THE SANDWICH ISLES.

WE arrived at Honolulu on October 10th, a run of ten days. It got much warmer as we went further south, with a very calm sea the whole way, and Honolulu felt quite hot after the somewhat chilly weather we had in Japan.

As seen from afar the Sandwich or Hawaiian Isles as they are called here, looked like molehills rising out of the sea, with a curious haze around them.

There are several islands in the group, the most important being Oahu, with Honolulu the capital. Hawaii, the largest and most southern, with the celebrated volcano, Kilauea; Mauai, with the largest extinct crater in the world, on Mount Haleakala, 10,000ft. high; Molokai, the island where the lepers are kept; Kauai, the most northern, and a lot of small ones besides. The population is about 110,000—about 30,000 natives, 10,000 half-castes, about 25,000 Americans and Europeans, 40,000 Japanese and Chinese. The total area of land of the Sandwich Isles is between four and five million acres, both arable and pasture. The climate is supposed to be very equable all the

year round, December, January, and February being the coldest months, but entirely without snow or ice, except on the mountain tops; June, July, and August being the warmest.

As I now write these lines (the date being October 18th, 1898), my thermometer stands at 81° in the shade, so that I should be inclined to think that between the rains the Hawaiian isles experience uncommonly hot weather in the summer. From meteorological observations in Honolulu, however, they tell you that the thermometer never goes above 90°, and not often to that, and never goes below 54°, and very rarely as low as that. One would, therefore, think that with such an equable climate it would be one of the healthiest places in the world to live in. Anyhow, it can claim to be the most expensive; no one can possibly deny that.

Honolulu, as you approach on the steamer, is entirely shut out by the hosts of masts, like a wood in winter, rising from craft of all sizes lying alongside the different dirty wharves.

Only when one is quite near are you able to distinguish the houses and buildings lying almost on the sea level, and your first impression of the place is decidedly an unfavourable one. Hosts of Hawaiians, half-castes, and Americans are seen, bedecked with rings of flowers round their hats and necks—the fashion here—waiting for friends and relations, reminding one of May Day at home. This, by the way, is a great feature; whenever friends go away their companions deck them with

flowers. For women, these garlands, which are called "lei" (pronounced "lays"), are very nice, but when you see a hard-faced, long-legged Yankee decked with a garland of flowers round his large brimmed straw hat and a long ring round his neck, it looks absurd. The women string these flowers together on cotton, and some of the garlands they make are really very pretty, the flowers from the Plumaria tree being great favourites.

Hawaii is certainly a land of flowers all the year round. They grow in great abundance, and often wild—roses, dahlias, carnations, chrysanthemums, violets, pansies, tulips, fuchsias, and many others.

There are more ferns here than I have ever seen in any country in the world, the bird's-nest fern being a pretty one, also creepers of every description. The tall waving cocoa-nut palms are seen everywhere, also the date, banana trees, bread fruit, and prickly pears. Of our own fruit, there are a good many strawberries, cherries, raspberries, mulberries, and peaches in great variety and perfection.

All these things, more or less, have been introduced from California, where they found a ready soil. This, I think, does the early American missionaries and settlers great credit. In places which were quite barren beautiful shady groves and avenues are now seen.

Coming as we did from Japan, which, with the exception of the beautiful emerald green grass you see everywhere, had no flowers to speak of at that

time of year, the wealth of flowers of all shapes, sizes, and colours in the gardens of the different bungalows around Honolulu was very striking. It showed what tasteful gardening is capable of, and reminded me very much of the drive out to Wynburg on landing at Cape Town, with the charming bungalows and gardens you see there.

There are also some fine places in the country, notably in the island of Hawaii, the most southern, and also in Kauai; but in no place is there such a mass of pretty bungalows in such beautiful gardens as in and around Honolulu. A thick hedge with flowers of every colour of the rainbow usually blocks out the road; a large, beautifully-kept lawn in English style surrounds the house, with magnificent palm trees, etc., dotted about, looking deliciously cool and breezy. The bungalows are built of wood, usually painted, with verandahs, two storeys high. Every one of them is different, and there is nothing suburban about them to offend the eye. In the larger ones are some really magnificent avenues or carriage drives, winding their way through lawns and flower-beds most beautifully kept and well laid out, but just sufficiently neglected to show the true rural character without that starchy, prim look one sees so often in gardens at home of a similar sort.

The land in and around Honolulu is valuable, their great suburb being Waikiki, lying along the shore, about fifteen minutes' drive. Here, again, are a lot of the most charming bungalows. Out of the verandahs of many you can almost jump into

the sea. A perfect beach of soft sand, the clear blue water moving backwards and forwards in soft, tiny ripples, in a persistent, monotonous rolling way, which gradually lulls you to sleep, as you sit in your bathing suit in a long chair basking in the sun, watching the native boys surf-riding on their narrow boards, at which they are very skilful.

It is really a delightful life, and a great rest after months spent in the East—in fact, these isles might well be called the "rest house," or "half-way house" (as the inns are termed out here when coaching) of the Pacific.

There is on a high hill an extinct crater, overlooking the town and its land-locked harbour, etc., called Punch Bowl Hill. It takes about an hour to drive up and half an hour to come down, and gives one a splendid view of Honolulu and its surroundings. There are, of course, lots of pretty drives and excursions to be made around the town, amongst which is one to the "Pali," from where you get the most magnificent views, whilst in the midst of wild and grand scenery.

Honolulu has a population of about 25,000 inhabitants, and has some fine buildings, but is as incongruous looking as any quickly built town, little wooden shanties being stuck up beside high stone buildings, making the streets look as irregular as those of a mining town.

There are some shops, but as the price of everything is five or six times as dear as any human being is accustomed to pay anywhere else, it is as

well to leave the things alone. Moreover, there are no curios, as in Japan, to buy, except a few bits of rubbishy coral and native trash, which is not even worth packing.

One species of curio here are the matches they use. If you ask anyone for matches, they don't hand you a box, but apparently a small wooden comb, with about ten teeth; you break a tooth or match off as you require it, and you are supposed to keep them in your pocket loose. They are like the ordinary wood and sulphur matches.

There is a fairly comfortable club, with all the papers; also a good hotel, but the food is poor everywhere. The principal roads are all good, and first-rate for bicycling. It is a cosmopolitan sort of place; there are about 5000 Chinese, who have, as is usually the case, their own quarter, but the remaining people live all over the city.

It is curious to see what a horsey fellow John Chinaman is in these Islands. They drive cabs, and you see them riding about doing errands, and in the country galloping along. They have no seats whatever, but they have any amount of nerve. I wonder what some of their people in China would say to see these reckless cowboys galloping about on their steeds, with a lasso maybe, a pair of leather boots and spurs, a rakish hat, and their pigtail well coiled up and hidden underneath it.

There are tramways running about the town and suburbs, usually crowded, hot, and dusty. They are drawn by horses or mules.

The fire brigade station is the most model thing of its kind I have ever seen; horses, machines, etc., are all kept together in one huge room. Everything seemed the very essence of cleanliness and efficiency. At night, electric light is turned on, sparkling brightly on all the brass and machines, etc.

The harness is held up in the air by loops, over the shafts, so that at a moment's notice the horses can be led out of the stalls, and the harness clapped on in a couple of seconds, whilst the men, who are ready and waiting for the fatal bell, scramble up and are off. There were a couple of ripping little fox terriers playing about on the straw. The horses were blacks and greys, and some attention was evidently paid to their grooming. As there was no fire whilst we were at Honolulu, it was impossible to say whether efficiency was equal to neatness.

The prison is a very clean place, but rather old-fashioned looking. Work is not done to any extent in the prisons, the convicts working outside on the roads, and so on. The most interesting part was the hounds, which they used in case of an escape.

There were four couples of bloodhounds: seven were pure bred, the eighth was half pointer, with a good nose, but said to be savage. One bitch was a real beauty, fit to show and win at home, which they had got cheap, as she was useless for breeding purposes. They were black and tans, and as a lot were smaller than one sees at home.

All these hounds are expert trackers, thoroughly trained in America before being sent over. The very moment a man is found missing the hounds are brought out and put on his trail.

It seems that as escapes are few and far between, keeping eight hounds was rather an extravagant undertaking, and that a staunch couple would serve the purpose equally well! The last escape they had was a man who got over the wall by climbing on the top of a water spout, and scrambling over. This was discovered first thing in the morning and the hounds found him easily. This happened about three weeks before my visit to the prison, and it was with surprise that I heard that these splendid animals were still of great use, as I thought that with the exception of a scratch run after a poacher at home, or a few private trials by owners and breeders, that real business had been extinct since the time of slavery. A little further on, on the outskirts of the town, passing through the Chinese quarter, one comes to the lunatic asylum. The gardens surrounding the building are beautifully laid out and well kept, with fine shady trees. There was one English woman, the rest were natives, half castes, Chinese, and Japanese, the latter being the most plentiful, altogether I should say about 300 inmates. The idea there, which seems a good one, is to allow the lunatics perfect freedom, so that one saw these men and women lying about on the grass, walking up and down, in fact, doing just as they pleased, but the men and women kept separate. Curiously enough, none

were speaking; there were four who were called dangerous, and they were placed in comfortable chairs with a slab of wood hinged on to one side, and laid down across their thighs, without hurting or inconveniencing them in the least; they were nevertheless unable to get out without the keeper's assistance. There was a half caste who had travelled all over Europe. He had been private secretary to the late king, and gone mad on theosophy.

Further on is the museum, a splendid building in large grounds. Unluckily this is only open on Fridays and Saturdays, but it is a most interesting place to visit, being full of things pertaining to this group of islands, with curios from the South Seas and New Guinea in fact, and bits from all the Polynesian world.

Professor A——r, who was kind enough to show us over, pointed out, amongst other things, a large wooden bowl in which human flesh was cooked, and when they first got it the wood was actually so saturated with grease that, on placing it in the sun, a pool, an inch deep, formed, and on being examined under a microscope, it proved to be fat from the human being. That, however, is nothing to a belt which a native wore, with a tooth from every victim he had eaten. Hanging thereto were thirty-four teeth.

This cannibalism, by the way, does not pertain to these islanders, but to the New Guinea people and the Solomon Group.

In the evenings there is very little amusement

going on outside the usual routine of society; a few good cafés and open air amusements would be singularly suitable in this climate. It is, however, one of the very worst lighted towns I have ever been in. The pavements and the paths are so constructed that at night you are very nearly on your nose every fifty paces, and the mosquitoes (next to the famous Siamese ones) are worse than in any place I remember.

When I wrote a few pages back that I found Honolulu the most expensive place I had ever been in, I thoroughly meant it.

There are many excessively expensive sort of places on the Continent, particularly those that are open only for a few months in the year, and which have to make hay while the sun shines.

Ostend was a place I used to think one of the most expensive I had ever been to, far more so than Monte Carlo or Homburg, etc. That, however, ranked an easy second after a visit to Johannesburg in South Africa, but neither of these places in any shape or form compare to the exorbitant prices paid for everything in Honolulu and other towns in these islands, in return for which everything is of a second-rate kind.

Now, if one analyses this for a moment, one finds that first and foremost many important things are imported from America, but by no means everything, and curiously some of the most expensive things are native produce. A common native straw hat, which one could buy in London for a shilling, cannot be got here under $1 75c., or 7s. The

washing here, which is done by Chinamen, they charge $1 per dozen for, so that a pocket handkerchief costs 4d., the usual cost in China being three cents a piece.

That I think shows that the excuse usually made by shopkeepers, etc., that everything is sold as low as possible, is absurd. People here who have got a footing simply coin money; in some cases certain shops selling similar articles form cliques, as it were, and charge whatever they choose.

Not only does the stranger get robbed, but the resident too. What does it matter if a frugal housekeeper blows up the butcher or baker for his prices and third-rate supplies and threatens to leave? She won't get served better anywhere else, everything being equally poor. It is a disgusting state of things, and makes the people of that class exceedingly independent, off-hand, and impertinent. During the time that I was in Honolulu there was nothing whatever in the shops that I should have cared to have as a gift, much less buy. But certain little things that cropped up, such as the mending of a watch and a few other necessities, I had executed entirely at the Japanese shops or in the Chinese quarter, where they are ready for a bargain and are always civil, and in many ways a good deal better and more thorough than in other parts. Many Australians I met, who were passing through on their way to Japan or Australia, were equally flabbergasted at the atrociously high prices everywhere, and we were not looking forward with

pleasurable feelings to our coming trip through the States with the same coinage. It might not be amiss here to say a few words about the coinage of countries. A man, when he travels, if he knows the value of money, usually, when going into a new country, compares its common coin (by that I mean the ordinary coin most in daily use, like our shilling, the French franc, or the German mark) with his own. Thus taking our English standpoint when the common coin of a country is more than our shilling, like the rouble in Russia or the gulden in Austria, etc., one feels it considerably.

For instance, we reckon hotels at home at so many shillings a day, in France we say so many francs, in the far East so many dollars, and so on.

Thus, for a room you might pay eight francs for in Switzerland or France, you would pay, in Sweden or Holland, for the equivalent, six guldens, which in English money makes almost a difference of one-half, the gulden being nearly two shillings.

This is more or less the basis of the whole system of money all over the world, judged from a general footing. With regard to our coinage (bewildering and complicated as it is) one may add that where in another country the common coin is double ours, an English ten-pound note therefore will go very little further than a fiver at home. This may sound extraordinary, but it is nevertheless the case, and observant people find it out, however much they may fancy they know the ropes.

Thus, when one comes to a country like the Hawaiian Isles of the United States, where the dollar, which is 4s. of our money (usually called the golden dollar, and not to be confounded with the dollar of the far East, worth about 2s. of our money), it will be found that it goes very little further, and in many cases not nearly so far as a shilling at home.

In changing a fiver you get virtually a fourth—viz., $25, *i.e.*, the equivalent to 25s.; in fact, one might go on to say that one's income gets halved and quartered according to the country one lives in, without the interference of anyone. In the same way, it is cheaper in a country where one gets twenty-five common coins of the country for a sovereign, such as the lira of Italy, the peseta of Spain, Greek and French and Swiss money, than in a country where you get about ten of the coins most in use.

I am simply jotting down my own experiences and those of other travellers who have to change their own money into the coinage of the country they may be passing through, and its effect. To the people of the country it naturally makes no difference whatever. They get their pay, wages, or dividends in the coinage of their country, and they can naturally afford the equal exchange.

Figuratively speaking, the native spends an apple and buys an apple; the foreigner spends the apple and gets back a few pips, and sometimes —as in these Isles and the States—only the skin. When travelling in Russia I never found that the

rouble went further than our 1s., although it is worth more. When travelling in Holland I found that their common coin did not go quite so far as our shilling, therefore one may assume that they are expensive countries to travel in. The same may be said of others. On the other hand, when travelling about in Switzerland the franc went further than our shilling, although it is worth only 10d. The same may be said of the peseta in Spain and other countries. One may therefore deduce that these countries are proportionately cheap to travel in.

An analysis of countries from the ordinary traveller's experiences could go on *ad infinitum*, but that is not my intention in notes like these. There are other things more interesting, after all, than the almighty dollar.

Before, however, leaving the subject quite alone I must say a few words about the cabs in Honolulu and their prices and drivers. The best horses come from California, and you see some very fine ones indeed, but there are quite a number of weeds. The carriages are built for two or four, usually the former, and the people who own them simply make money hand over fist. The flymen hire them out by the day or week, and make to the stranger their own prices, which are simply infamous.

By the hour it is $1, or 4s., and, if you have a man for one hour and ten minutes, he will try and make you pay for two hours, viz., 8s. As this is the only means of getting about except tram cars, which

are not always convenient, it is an exceedingly expensive business.

Residents seem to think nothing of it, and the cabs are in use all day and night (for which they charge double).

Certain trips, or country drives, cost about as much as the whole turn-out is worth. Moreover, the majority of the cab-drivers are an impertinent and independent lot. For example, I will relate an incident which happened whilst walking along a street, looking into shop-windows, etc., when suddenly a patronising hand was laid on my shoulder, and an airified voice asked me if I would like to take a nice drive.

Now, if this had happened in England, one would have been too staggered to know what to do; but, as it happened in the Hawaiian Islands, the staggering was done by the cab-driver, in spite of his being absolutely sober. They call them hacks here. A few years ago, and even now, money was made very quickly and spent readily, small costs being unnoticed comparatively.

We were glad to get out of Honolulu; it is very relaxing and unhealthy, as the drainage was not perfect. They now have a railway running along the coast as far as Waikia, but unfortunately there are no country hotels in this island; but with a few introductions to the sugar and coffee planters, who are most hospitable, a very jolly time can be had.

We left Honolulu on Saturday by the 9.15 train, arriving at Waikia about two o'clock, skirting the

sea-shore all the time with the high hills on your right, it is very picturesque and novel. We drove on to Waimea, as far as the road was practicable, and there got some horses and rode on to Kehuku, on the N.E. corner of the island, and stayed on a large sugar plantation. The country is barren, rocky, and mountainous, nothing of interest is seen. One can ride along the sand the whole way, and the air is fine. We spent our time in bathing and taking photos, and on Monday morning caught the coach which starts at six o'clock.

The journey first takes you along the sea-shore, with the hills towering up on your right, and as one branches inland and gradually ascends the mountains, the scenery is very fine.

About 1.30 we reached the "Pali." The scenery here is grand, looking down you see the fine panorama gradually unfolding beneath you; as you rise objects get smaller and smaller, and the tops of the hills get closer and closer until you reach the brow, and immediately again begin the descent. One passes a lot of pretty bungalows, and in half an hour's time you drop into Honolulu again, having made the trip of the Isle. If one only remains in Honolulu as long as your ship, usually about twenty-four hours, a trip in a trap up to the "Pali" and back certainly repays one, in spite of the outrageous charges.

Early on Tuesday morning we left Honolulu again in one of the coasting steamers (all equally bad and uncomfortable) for Hawaii.

After stopping at several pretty little places,

taking in and putting out cargo, we arrived at Hilo on Wednesday evening after a rough passage, which is always the case around these isles. Hilo is an uncommonly pretty little place, famous for coffee and sugar plantations. There are pretty bungalows, a post-office, a few shops, one or two streets, a great many Chinese, and a very comfortable hotel. There are some waterfalls near, and one can see over a few plantations. A day spent here is well spent, and the air is very refreshing after Honolulu.

We started on the coach for the celebrated volcano at eight o'clock in the morning; at first one goes through thick forest scenery, reminding one very much of New Zealand bush; here, however, the undergrowth is thicker and more luxuriant, but the trees are not so large or tall; then through endless coffee and sugar plantations, stopping at a rest-house half-way to change horses and have luncheon, and about four o'clock drove up to the Volcano House Hotel. It was misty and a drizzling rain was falling and very cold, so nothing could be done till the next morning.

There are two volcanoes up here—Killauea and Killauea-iki, "iki" meaning in the Hawaiian language "little." The former was the largest active volcano in the world, and of course one of the grandest sights that could be imagined; but during the last three or four years it has ceased to be active, although from the smoking holes, etc., and the great heat and so on, everywhere people were saying that it showed signs of becoming active

once more (but that, I believe, is an old story to travellers).

The next day was bright and sunny. and the view from the bedroom window was a very striking one.

The hotel is built on one of the sides of the hills, overlooking the volcano, and a twisting road is cut down on to this mass or sea of hard lava two or three hundred feet below, resembling frozen mud, in all shapes and forms. This was once a surging mass of liquid boiling lava waves. The basin, surrounded on all sides by hills and rocks, is covered in places with a little grass and shrubbery and hardy ferns; it is three miles long and about the same breadth, and a path over the hard lava leads up to the mouth of the crater. This is a deep hole about 500ft. deep, which in times of activity is full of molten liquid lava, etc., which is thrown up from the bowels of the earth and flowing all over its huge basin.

It was interesting to hear the account of different people who had witnessed it, and we all felt we could almost give our heads to see it active again; but that was useless, as it was not a "penny-in-the-slot machine." At night, they say, the sight was wonderful, looking down into the pit, with waves of lava rolling round in circlets of flame—a veritable Hades.

If one likes to risk it, one can go on half a mile or so over the lava to a large pit, by which you can see the structural formations underneath. Unfortunately there is no path, and in some



Liquid Lava Flow on Lake Dana.

places the lava gave way and one fell through about a foot. It is a dangerous business, as the dry crust of lava is in many places exceedingly thin. However, we were in search of a goddess's hair, and "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

Pélè was a goddess which the ancient Hawaiians worshipped, and in that volcano there is found a substance thrown off by the molten lava and blown along in the wind, which clings to the crevices and rocks in fibre-like threads of a flaxen colour, exactly like human hair, and they call this Pélè's hair. We collected enough to make two or three wigs, and returned on our perilous journey without any mishaps; I, for one, feeling very glad to have *terra firma* under me once more, and not to feel that at any moment one might fall through into some pit or hot steaming sulphur hole and be killed on the spot.

We had our tiffin on the edge of the crater, and the water for our coffee was quickly boiled by letting down our kettle into a gap in the earth, about 4ft. deep, on the end of a wire.

The next day we made a trip to Killauea-iki. The two volcanoes are connected in some way underground; but this one has never been seen active by any one living. It is a very pretty walk there, particularly for a botanist, as the ferns, etc., are luxuriant. There were larger spiders there than I have ever seen before—quite 3in. long, with green and yellow bodies, and their web as thick as

a trout line. Killauea-iki is a basin about one mile in circumference, 1000ft. deep, and the sides almost perpendicular.

Near the hotel are some sulphur banks, formed by sulphur streams coming up through cracks in the ground and making pretty yellow crystals, which in the distance, with the green all round, is unique in its way.

It is much the best plan to return by stage to Hilo, the same way as one came, and catch a boat from there, as the drive to Punaluu from the volcano is a most uninteresting and tiring one. However, we had to do it.

At Pahala, where there is a large sugar plantation, you leave the coach and get on to an apology for a train—a lot of trucks, used for carrying the sugar down to the ships. This goes five miles, and lands you on the wharves.

The steamer usually leaves at some unearthly time in the morning, so that one has to get up and be rowed in a boat through the surf while it is still dark; at least, that is what happened in our case, making a miserable ending to an otherwise charming trip. We returned in a fairly comfortable steamer, and witnessed some interesting sights as well as fine scenery. On the west coast of the island, on a spot of land in Kealakeakna Bay, is a large square column of concrete put up in 1894, in memory of the celebrated Captain Cook, the discoverer of these islands, who was killed there by the natives in 1779. There is an inscription on it which runs :

"In memory of the great circumnavigator, Captain James Cook, R.N., who discovered these islands on the 18th of January, A.D. 1778, and fell near this spot on the 14th of February, A.D. 1779, this monument was erected by some of his fellow countrymen."

A few paces off is a large flat slab of rock, where he was supposed to have been stabbed from behind, as he was getting into his boat to board his ship, by the Kanakas.

The whole place is a desolate looking spot, the cliffs rising out of the water to a tremendous height. Curious holes are seen in them about 2ft. wide, inside of which are small caves. Bones of chiefs were many years ago buried there, and wooden bars are still in front of some of them in order to prevent their enemies getting their bones out and insulting them by making them into fish hooks, etc.—a little dodge of theirs.

On the other side of the bay is a bit of a village, and here we saw, I believe, a sight which takes place in no other part of the world, and which was most interesting to watch.

There were thirty bullocks to be taken on board, and our steamer was anchored about a quarter of a mile from shore, and two boats were lowered and pulled towards the land till they got within fifty yards of it. Near the place where we were standing was a sort of large pound where the cattle were. They had been brought down evidently from the hills in the morning, and were in a pretty wild state. About five natives on well-trained horses

were kept hard at work the whole time, three of them guarding the entrance to prevent the bewildered brutes from charging out. Then one man went in a little way, twirled his lasso round and round four or five times, holding it up above his head, and then let it fly over their horns. When the animal felt this round him he began to prance about, and buck and pull for all he was worth. After he was once pulled out of the "pound," the man put his horse to the gallop and simply hauled the bullock, still prancing and bucking, down to the water. When there, a man from behind progged the bullock to make him go in, and in a few moments horse, rider, and bullock were steadily swimming towards the boat. The man then threw the lasso to one of the boatmen, who caught it, and hauled the animal in to the side of the boat, he then pinioned the bullock with his own rope, tieing its horns to the side of the boat, and threw the lasso back to the rider, who returned to fetch another one. There were two boats, having about seven animals on each side, so great care had to be taken to prevent any of them drowning or hurting one another in their struggles, as only their heads remained above water. Directly a bullock was alongside the boat a rope was quickly put round his neck, under the jaw, and round the horns.

In this manner he was hauled up tight, and tied, with his legs sticking outwards and his head bent well back to the side of the boat. They might then kick as much as they liked without any

harm, and their heads being in such a position they could not possibly drown, although they certainly looked half strangled. The boat was then hauled in very slowly to the steamer by a connecting rope, and when alongside the process of getting them aboard was gone through. An arrangement like a huge girth, made of ropes with three wooden bars, to go underneath the animal's barrel, was slipped round one of them, and the chain from the crane was hooked on to its back, the first ropes slipped like lightning off his head, and he found himself kicking in the air, and the next moment was on the deck, and fastened up in a row with the others, so astonished and frightened that he forgot how savage he could be if he wanted.

We stopped at one more small village on this island. There were a few stores kept by Chinamen—as usual, thrifty fellows. The natives walk about, watching loading and unloading as carefully as if they had never in their lives seen it before. To be a wharf *habitué* seems as fashionable up here as it does in Norway. Some of the Hawaiian women are not ugly, but they are very coarse looking and have bad skins, and do not give one the idea of being particularly clean. They are very like the Maories, but with finer figures; they have not such handsome faces, having thicker lips and broader noses. They all wear the same kind of clothes—what the Americans call the "Mother Hubbard" gown, and what the Hawaiians call "Hooloku." It is more like a long nightgown than

anything else, with wide or puff sleeves and a frilled collar made of different coloured cotton.

Underneath they wear a chemise, and sometimes a petticoat. The men are dressed like the Americans, and nowhere in the island are there any natives left who are not dressed in this way. Most of them speak English, and every child in the islands has to go to school, whether they be Chinese, Japanese, full-blooded natives, or half-castes. There are no end of half-castes; Americans, etc., of all ranks, having married native women, the children of many having been carefully educated, and some even sent to the States, and so on. There will, in a short time, be but very few pure natives left, that is evident. The women are exceedingly amorous. Such a thing as ordinary marriage amongst themselves was, until recently, quite unknown. A couple used to pair off; if they agreed, well and good; if not, they would separate. Children were allowed to follow their own inclinations, but it seems in no way to have interfered with the people's physique, as the men are strong, fine fellows, and the women are the most muscular looking I have ever seen. They are, as a whole, a very good-tempered, easy going race, excessively fond of amusement of all kinds, and utterly without any idea of the value of money when they have any.

The Americans took the island under their complete control on August 12th, 1898, just eight weeks before we landed. It must have been a very interesting sight. The natives, however, do not

like annexation at all, but they are too Americanised now and settled to rebel; their Queen being imprisoned was always a sore point with them.

The Americans are lucky in now having two important places in the Pacific Ocean, and it is, I understand, on the cards to make Pearl Harbour on Oaku Island into a naval station.

Missionaries were sent over, and began the work of civilisation in 1835, and, judging from the result, they have achieved wonders. Naturally, where civilisation goes it is attended with all the usual vices, and in this case there is no exception to the rule.

It is delightful to see how well the Americans and Hawaiians rub along in the ordinary way. No race feeling is shown even if felt, and I admire the Americans for it, and their utter want of snobbery and humbug in that particular way, which is an example to certain countries I could mention, who bully their conquered people and treat them as dirt, a practice based on vanity and ignorance and a badly organised and equipped consular service.

Of course there are many things that take place in these islands which do not meet the eye, but no one supposes that different systems in cases of this description could alter matters materially.

On the other hand, the natives are inclined to be cheeky, and the poorest native feels himself on an equality with the highest American official, which is not a good thing, and probably, with people who had more spirit and determination than these pleasure-loving Hawaiians, the Americans would

find it a harder task to keep things always as smooth as they are just at present.

Our next trip to the volcano was a very interesting one, and when it was active people used to come to these islands solely to witness it; but now that it is simply a smouldering, sleepy, inert mass, I question whether it is not far more interesting to visit the volcano Haleakala on Mauai Island, which is ever so much larger. It is twenty miles in circumference, 2000ft. deep, and on a mountain 10,040ft. above the sea, is the largest crater in the world, and what it must have looked like when in an active state is not within the memory of living man to say.

The natives call it the "Palace of the Sun," and the sunrise and sunset from the summit is said to be very fine; there is a sort of house on top where one can rest the night, taking your blankets with you.

In the afternoon we passed Molakai Isle, where the lepers are.

One can get a special order and visit them, but the sight cannot be a nice one. Leprosy is very prevalent among the natives, but they do not seem to think much of it, a family often shielding a leper child from the police as long as possible in spite of the danger of catching it themselves.

Of all the islands, however, Kauai in the North is by far the prettiest, it has the best climate, splendid soil, and heavenly scenery. The mongoose, which was imported to kill the rats which were brought

by sailing ships many years ago, was luckily never introduced into this island, but in the other Isles it has become a fearful pest.

These animals do not attempt to kill the rats now, but prefer not only poultry of all kinds, but their eggs, to such an extent that very few people care to keep poultry at all.

There are no snakes on any of the islands, which is some consolation.

Very little shooting is done on the whole, although there are heaps of plover, some quail and duck, etc. In Kauai, or the "garden isle," some of the English and Scotch planters intend to preserve a bit and put down pheasants, etc. They ought to do well.

The steamers leave for Lihue, on Kauai Island, every Tuesday about five o'clock from Honolulu, and on Tuesday, October 23rd, we found ourselves being rolled and pitched about on the steamer *W. G. Hall.* On this island, with the exception of Lihue, there are no hotels at all, but it is best to get letters of introduction to some of the residents, as it is the custom here for people who can afford it to keep open house, for they are singularly hospitable.

In out-of-the-way places it frequently occurs that a traveller turns up, quite a stranger, and asks to be put up.

At the same time it is a system that can be easily abused. Open house here, as elsewhere, means keeping extra servants, having a full larder and a

larger place; the two former things are very apt to go wrong in these islands, far away from any shops or stores, as they are called here, and amid independent Chinese and Japanese servants.

The telephone is used and thoroughly appreciated here, and one is able to find it even in quite out of the way little places.

Lihue is a village up on the hills, with a small harbour where the steamers send their boats; the surrounding country is covered with sugar cane, the long green leaves waving with the wind, like fields of huge grass. There are some waterfalls to be seen in the district about five or six miles off, but we did not visit them.

At ten o'clock we drove off to Honalei (which, allowing for stoppages, can be done in five hours). The first bit of the road is fairly hilly, and we passed a lot of convicts engaged repairing it. One goes for a long way by the seashore, on your left is a high range of hills, jagged and precipitous, with clefts and little valleys. Once more, as one approaches Annahola, one gets amongst the sugar-cane fields again. Near here is a very interesting sugar plantation, the best in the island, next to Mr. G——y's, of Makaweli. As we had never been over one, we stopped to let the horses rest, etc., and called on the manager.

Without going into any details, it suffices to say that the "sugar industry" in these islands is supreme, a large plantation turning out from fifty to eighty tons per day. They have two systems—the ordinary

crushing system between huge rollers, when all the juice is pressed out of the cane, which they call the "maceration process;" and the "diffusion," a hot-water process, worked on the same basis as bees extracting honey from flowers.

The cane is cut into small slices and the essence extracted by water pressure. It is a complicated method and a wonderfully clever one, and there is doubt in the minds of experts which is better in the long run, "diffusion" or the "maceration" system. In some of the very large plantations in the other islands they use both.

Chinese and Japanese are employed at this place; about 1200 men. We had luncheon and then drove on, passing through sugar plantations till one reached Killauea, where magnificent scenery begins to show itself bit by bit. You pass over rich, green, undulating pasture land, bordered by the sea on one side and hills on the other, and palm trees dotted about. At Kalihiwai the view is magnificent, the green mountains towering up all round, the V-shaped valley at your feet, with the blue sea washing its golden shores. A river winds its way up the valley, full of gold-fish, with tree-covered banks and picturesque homes dotted about the valley and mountain sides.

It is impossible to give any idea of this scenery; some people think that this bit is the finest of the lot. Personally, I think that the scenery of Honalei Valley, a little further on, is finer, as, in addition to the sea and beach, and the rich green all round, with its pretty river and the grand

mountain scenery, you get also cornfields and patches of cultivation which give it a peaceful look, the golden hue and other colours adding greatly to the general beauty. The whole thing appears 1oooft. below you at a sudden twist of the road, in miniature; the most appallingly *blasé* or stupid person must be enchanted. As you descend down the hill side, the valley grows wider and longer, bringing forth fresh views, until you find yourself on the ferry, a large wooden raft pulled backward and forward by a rope, and the mountains towering all round you.

Their volcanic origin is very apparent in the sharp, regular layers, which are covered over with a green velvet carpet of grass. Here and there a waterfall, and cattle grazing peacefully; in fact, if one did not see the sea, one might be in an island valley, so shut away is it except for its lovely bay. We spent three or four days in the vicinity exploring some caves and so on, revelling in the most delightful sea bathing and drinking in the beauties all round. A man could easily spend weeks here, making excursions along the coasts and in the valleys and find fresh spots of loveliness every day.

The great dish is "Poi" (pronounced "Poey." Every vowel is pronounced in the Hawaiian language—there are only about a dozen letters; for instance: Prince Likelike's name we should pronounce in the ordinary way, whereas the correct way is "Leekey-leekey"; the "i's" and "e's," etc., being pronounced as in French.) "Poi" is a vegetable preparation, being starchy, and looks like

bill-stickers' paste. After it is made, it is usually kept about three days, when it gets a slightly turned taste, and is then considered perfection; some people eat it with salt and some with sugar, etc. Usually a cupful is placed beside you, and you dip your spoon or fork in, and give it a twist round, spill a few drops on your clothes, and pretend you like it. The correct way is to have a large bowl and dip your finger in; at any rate it is very nourishing, and people who are accustomed to it miss the "poi" very much when they have to do without it. A native takes a little in the morning and is able to work hard all day without feeling tired until the evening, when he tackles the poi again. It may have been this wonderful poi which kept the Hawaiians from cannibalism! They say they were never cannibals, whereas most Polynesians were.

No one ought to leave the Hawaiian Isles without seeing their celebrated dance, called "The Hula" dance. A man squats on the floor with a curious wooden instrument, like a couple of pumpkins hollowed out and placed one on top of the other. He pats them with his hands in the regular monotonous Eastern way, and now and then bumps the whole instrument on the floor to show you that he is still awake, while he chants some Hawaiian song. I was told that very few really good Hula dancers were left now, as it was dying out. It is very like the celebrated Persian dancing which one can see in Cairo any day, only these Hawaiians, as well as wriggling the body about,

make great play with their hands, the different gesticulations with the palms stretched out, and so on, meaning something or other the whole time. They have a short skirt of dyed grass, and a band of the same material round their ankles. It was the fashion some time ago to have their anklets of dogs' teeth. They have a bodice cut low of the same stuff, and their hair done in different ways.

They have a strange drink; it is made in a very curious way, certain herbs, etc., being chewed up, and then the spittal goes into a huge bowl, and undergoes a process of purification (which is very much required). It is an extraordinarily powerful drink, and a very cheap one for people who like getting drunk. I heard that if you took too much, you sleep it off and wake up sober and without bad effects, but the moment you drink water (unless you have given yourself ample time to fumigate!) you get immediately drunk again! This awful stuff is called Ikaka.

Although the natural food and drink is no doubt appreciated by the Hawaiians, that is not the case with the ordinary tourist, and the food one gets is very poor. Eggs and chickens, which can usually be got as a stand by in every country in the world, are here scarce because of the mongoose, so the people say. The beef is usually tough, sinewy, and tasteless, the mutton also of the very poorest description. They serve up knick-knacks very often of fag-ends of meat half cold, greasy, and high, with some rich French sauce to hide it (an old dodge in other countries!); and con-

sidering what you pay, it is preposterous. But you get no better food in the houses of rich inhabitants than in the hotels or restaurants. People who have made their money quickly here seem to have no more idea of living or appreciating the little niceties of life than the man in the moon. For instance, delicious fish abounds, but you rarely get it fresh and nice. The mullet is quite a common fish, and there are quantities of small fish all round the shores.

It is rather amusing to watch the Hawaiians catching these delicious little beggars (the Chinese are apparently the only people wise enough to buy them). A native stalks along the sand with a net of fine mesh which, when spread on the ground, forms a circle about 7ft. across, and weighted round the edge. With an eye like a hawk, he watches for signs of any fish playing about near the shore with the incoming tide. Should he see any, he lets fly, and the net falls (about as far as a lasso can be thrown) over the fish. He then wades in and raises it gently in the middle, the weighted ends gradually closing around the fish, and the little beauties are tumbled on to the sands.

With regard to throwing the lasso as a comparison, people often think that cowboys, Indians, half-breds, and all who use the lasso are able to hurl it with deadly aim enormous distances. That is a popular fallacy, and no doubt the pictures one sees help to give us that idea.

A friend of mine who had seen a good deal of lassoing in different countries, said he thought these

Hawaiians were first-rate at it. They are certainly very fine riders, and have perfect seats on a horse, and can sit a buck-jumper as well as any Australian.

Directly an animal feels the lasso over him, whether a horse or a bullock, he usually tries to bolt. The rider's horse then slows up and stops, planting its forefeet firmly into the ground and its head well down, and the rider lets the animal buck and frisk as much as it likes at the end of the rope. Care has to be taken when lassoing a bullock, should it turn round on you, to pass on to the opposite side to the lasso, otherwise a collision takes place, in which sometimes the rider comes off second best.

These Northern Hawaiians are very athletic fellows, with a wonderful eye, and whatever they take to in that way they seem to excel in. For example, they are first-rate swimmers and good shots, also an exceedingly gentle and kind-hearted people. They have a curious custom among them, however, which I do not think exists among the Southern Polynesians—that of praying a person to death. It is a ghastly idea, and now, of course, out of practice.

Whenever a family wanted an old parent to die, or had some brother, sister, or cousin they wanted to get rid of, they used to pray to their gods to kill them, and you still see here and there curious little stone mortars about the size of a small bird's nest, in which certain herbs, etc., were pounded up for use in their prayers for death. Of course, it was not the actual prayer which killed the person, but

the natives are very superstitious, and the continual strain from fright and worry which they got into from knowing that people (some who, perhaps, they had never seen, and might be living the other side of the island) were praying for their death, was so great that they went mad, killed themselves, or died. I met two half-whites who knew certain natives who had been killed or died in exactly this manner. It used to be a common practice among them, but a disagreeable one for nervous or superstitious people.

We returned shortly to Honolulu, and caught a steamer for San Francisco.

# VIII.—THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

THE s.s. *Belgie* arrived at San Francisco on the morning of Thursday, November 10th, after a slow passage with a strong head wind the whole way.

After the general medical inspection, we all hurried to look after our baggage. Now of all the countries I have ever been to in the whole course of my life, I have never seen anything so miserably arranged as the process of examination of baggage at this port. The steamers pull up alongside huge, dirty old sheds, the baggage is all brought up on deck and eventually taken to the dirty sheds, with a few officials scattered about. There are no benches or platforms or counters whatever for your baggage to be placed on, and it is just thrown higgledy-piggledy on the floor. It is only with the greatest difficulty that you can find the different articles which belong to you, in corners heaped up or crushed by heavy trunks in disgusting confusion.

This, however, is only second to the difficulty of getting them out, and collecting them together. As

to regular porters, I don't think people understand what they are, and it is only by a fluke that you can find any one who would act as such.

Each passenger, in exchange for his declaration *re* his baggage, has a little piece of paper given to him, with a number on, so that if yours is No. 1 you are supposed to get your luggage examined first, but I noticed that very little attention was taken of the numbers. There seems to be no head man (or if there was he didn't assert himself in any way), and the few officials there are have it very much their own way. The room, instead of being crowded with bustling porters who would help to get these unpleasant duties through, is filled with a lot of useless loafers, hanging about, spitting all over the floors, criticising the passengers, especially the women, who were probably sitting on piles of baggage, in this disgusting atmosphere, awaiting their turns. Truly there is a great deal in first impressions, and these cunning Californians, one would think, would pride themselves on being able to run a thing of this sort in rather better style.

Now, with regard to hotels in America, as far as my experience goes, there are three kinds to be considered.

The first sort—a great, cold, comfortless building, chock full of business people, etc., of every sort and kind, where you are only a number, and where the stranger finds mighty scant courtesy, where attendance is poor, and where prices are atrociously high.

The second sort are not quite so big or showy, but in reality far better and more comfortable, and infinitely preferable to the stranger who may dislike to live always in a continual rush, with banging doors, and loud voices all around him. The attendance is always far better, the cuisine is generally just as good, and the clerks, etc., are far more generous with information and answering questions (an important item to a foreigner) than the independent, semi-impertinent style that the bureau people put on at these huge rambling barracks.

The third kind are of the private order, where people make a long stay as a rule, and which are not of much account for the ordinary tourist. Added to all these in every town there are numerous second and third-class hotels of every description, which in these notes I do not propose to deal with. Most of the best hotels let out rooms on either the European or American plan. The former means that you pay so much for the room in the ordinary way; bedrooms with baths attached are usually slightly higher priced, and far preferable. On the American plan you pay so much for your board and lodging. Now, if one stays at a place for a considerable time, and you intend taking all your meals there (which one would do if in a country hotel and so on), then the American plan, or what on the Continent is called *en pension*, is naturally the best. If, on the other hand, you are in towns where one has acquaintances, where there are good clubs and

restaurants, and where one stays only a short time, the European plan is of course the best. And it is a pity that it is not the practice in Australia, South Africa, and the Far East, as one is much more independent, but hotel-keepers seem to think it is not so paying, or rather like to bind one down to meals, which brings one again to the wine question, a source from which a lot of money is turned over in some hotels.

In America the moment you sit down the waiters place by you a glass of iced water, a very nice idea in one way for those who like it, but certainly not inducive for wine to be sold. In hotels on the Continent, in comparison, it is curious to see on tables a large assortment of wine-glasses, but no tumblers, and much less a water-bottle. This must be very irritating to the travelling Americans, who seem so excessively fond of iced water. When analysed it will be found that the actual price of rooms in hotels in America is not much more expensive than on the Continent, but the extras, which are charged on every possible occasion, and for every possible thing, make one's bill at the end of a few days a pretty high one. These little items one is inclined to look on at first as almost a robbery; for instance, a charge is made for cleaning your boots, and brushing your clothes, etc., which strikes one as rather petty in a first-class hotel..

San Francisco is a most expensive place for a stranger; clothes, etc., are about double what they are in England, and any luxuries or gaieties one has to pay through the nose for. At the

same time, things in this town are good, and if a person is in the position not to consider the dollar very much, life can be there carried on in quite a princely way. The streets are broad, with electric trams—or cars, as they are called—rushing along in every direction, and the climate is good. About twenty minutes' drive from the centre of the town is the "Golden Gate Park," with splendid drives, a magnificent conservatory, bicycle tracks, etc. The Chinese quarter is worth visiting if one has not seen China itself.

As in all the large towns, thousands of shops, thousands of offices, tall buildings, short buildings, fine buildings, poor buildings, plastered all over with advertisements from top to bottom; people bustling about in the crowded streets, jumping off this car or jumping on that; messenger boys carrying parcels; old men hobbling along with eager faces, reckoning up, no doubt, how many thousands of dollars they will lose or make by the evening; young men rushing along with preoccupied faces, women bouncing along, snatching a look now and then into the shop windows, or breathlessly greeting some acquaintance. American men do not usually carry a stick, they say they have no use for them (no more have we, but what does that matter?). A man, to be dressed well, so I understand, must have everything on that looks new, or just pressed. You very rarely see a well-worn old coat (which looks a gentleman even when hanging disconsolately from some dirty old peg); no, it must be new, or just come from the

cleaners. There is as much character in a boot or hat as in a face. Over here we regard certain sorts of clothes we have had some time as old friends, and the older they get the more we cherish them. In some cases, particularly with thick driving coats, etc., they seem as if they won't wear out. The Americans have no sympathy in that way; perhaps they are right.

There are some charming places to go to in California, and along the coast, but at this time of year it was rather too late. A place a short distance off by rail called Monterey, with a good hotel, is one of the spots most frequented by the *élite* of San Francisco, but beyond a large hotel there, it is somewhat over-rated.

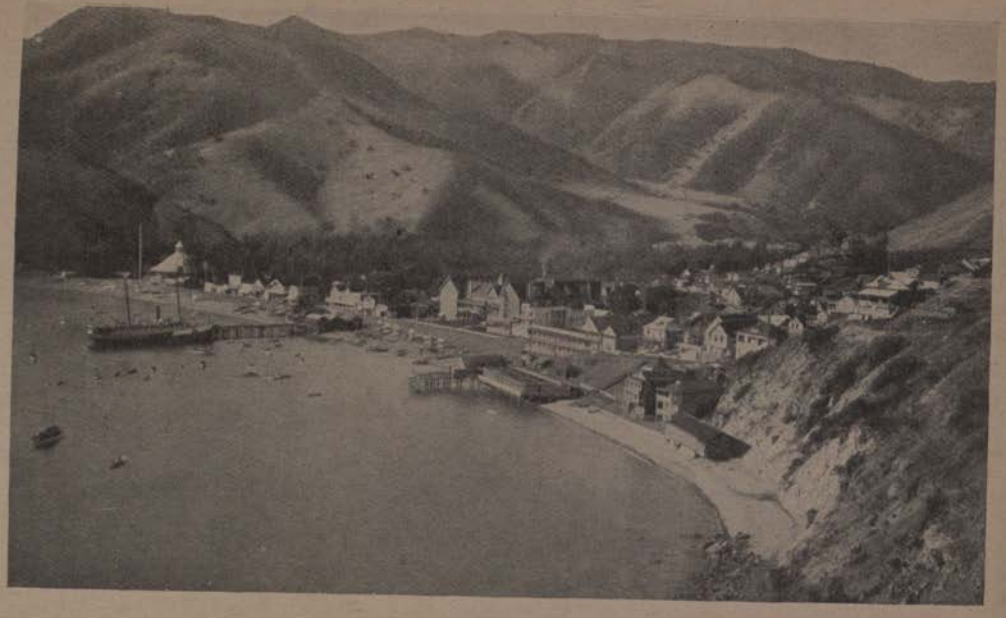
Southern California is particularly interesting to the stranger, however, and no one ought to leave before taking a run down to the south.

There are two ways of reaching Los Angeles from San Francisco—the coast route and the inner route, the former being the most picturesque. So, leaving there by the 9 a.m. train, we arrived about 10.15 in the evening. The country you pass is hilly and covered with brown grass, the rainfall in summer being insignificant, and we were told that they had had no rain for seven months. Now and then villages and small towns are passed, with their funny little wooden villas, hotels, and shops, sometimes with Spanish names; and swarthy, dark-haired Mexicans lounge about, and, as you go further the vegetation perceptibly changes, large palms and cactus, etc., being dotted about,

and the nigger, which one gets so accustomed to seeing in the States, is here conspicuous by his absence.

Los Angeles is a large, well-built, handsome modern town of some 150,000 inhabitants. The outskirts and residential quarters are exceedingly pretty, and one can traverse miles and miles of neat-looking wooden villas, no two exactly alike, in well-kept pretty gardens, with bright green lawns, which vie in smoothness and richness with our own at home. One of the pleasantest excursions to be made is to Pacadena, a rich country resort, with good hotels and innumerable rows of small country houses, standing in lovely grounds. In Southern California the marvellously rich soil and the mild climate enables the lover of Nature to grow almost anything, from the orchid and semi-tropical palm to the most ordinary English plants. Fruit there is in abundance—fresh figs, melons, oranges, pears, apples, prickly pears; in fact, nearly everything that is known, and you have strawberries all the year round. In Pacadena there is a curious old Mission House, built by the Spaniards, with some interesting but poor old pictures. The old Spanish priests are always very willing to show strangers over, and amongst the curios in this building they have a fine old copper basin with lid which has quite a history, and is supposed to be about 700 or 800 years old.

There were a good many Mexicans here. They looked an idle lot and had a dirty appearance, with their black hair cut square round the neck, black piercing eyes, high cheek bones, and big noses,



AVALON HARBOUR, SANTA CATALINA ISLAND.

with a touch of the Red Indian's blood in them. They are strict Roman Catholics, but their morals are not considered of the highest order.

Leaving Los Angeles at nine the next morning the train for the first part of the journey runs along the sea shore, and in a short time we reached San Pedro, a mud flat, where the steamer lies to take you across to Santa Catalina Island, the most celebrated spot in the world for sea fishing, the home of the leaping tuna, black bass, albicore, barracouta, yellow tail, etc.

Santa Catalina is an island lying about twenty-nine miles from the mainland, and is privately owned.

As the boat gradually leaves the Californian coast, one sees a great, grey mass of hills looming out of the haze, and at last one comes into the little bay, with its background of brown hills, dotted with green bushes and cactus plants, and the vessel pulls up alongside a rickety old wooden pier.

The island is twenty-two miles long, seven miles wide, and has an area of 55,000 acres; in the interior are some semi-wild goats, but as far as sport goes, it is best to limit yourself to fishing. Here the Tuna Club has its headquarters, and consists of about 300 members, their aim being to catch these immense fish with as light a tackle as possible.

The leaping tuna is, of course, found in many parts of the world, and is the gamest fish living, but the giant of these fishes is the "black bass," which

has been caught up to nearly 500lb. with rod and line, and although not nearly such an active fish, its weight and gigantic strength make it a worthy opponent for the strongest and most skilful of anglers.

To become a member of the Tuna Club the fisherman must catch and land his fish with unbroken rod, to weigh not less than 100lb. The rods are of thick greenheart usually, and measure only 6ft. 9in., and the line must be 24 thread, the reels used capable of holding 300 yards of it. The bait for tuna is flying fish about 11in. long, caught in gill nets, and for the bass a chunk of fish weighing about 6lb., preferably from the "yellow tail" fish.

The season begins about May, and goes on till about the end of September or beginning of October, but bass or Jew fish, albicore and barracouta, active and pretty fish, can be caught almost all through the winter. The bait for albicore and barracouta are sardines, which you troll behind the launches with thirty or forty yards of line out. These fish are caught up to 30lb. or 40lb., and are very sporting, a 6-pounder even giving a certain amount of amusement. These steam launches are let out by the half day at $\$3\frac{1}{2}$, or 14s., the man providing all the necessary tackle, which is usually very first rate, and far superior to anything in the fishing line which the British tourist is ever able to get in the old tubs which wander around our seaside resorts, with their burden of seasick holiday-seekers. Therefore it will be seen that the would-be fisherman has no need to spend several pounds on a

brand new outfit, and perhaps break or lose it, or, worse still, catch nothing with it, and pay duty on it. The little launches are worked by gasoline, and although the smell is somewhat disagreeable, they are certainly capital things. For tuna, etc., trolling at a steady pace is the order of the day, and when a large fish is on, the engines are immediately stopped, the oars taken out, and then the fun begins. For the giant bass it is necessary to anchor and to bottom fish with your rod and line like a paternoster, over the particular spots which they go to. The water is usually choppy, so unless one is a first-rate sailor the motion, with the smell of gasoline, induces other feelings beside thrilling excitement.

A member of the Club, a Mr. M——, was out with a fisherman of the name of Ironmonger, who keeps a photographer's at Avalon, and a tuna was hooked and played for 7½ hours. The man then had to give up, and handed his rod over to Ironmonger, who played him for another 5½ hours, and succeeded in utterly beating it out, and brought it, half dead, alongside. The angler then tried to gaff it, but being inexperienced in that art, made a hash of it; the fish gave one last furious rush, and the hook tore its way out of its mouth, and got away. The next day the steamer leaving Santa Catalina for the main land passed close to its dead body floating on the water, and some of the people who saw it estimated it as being between 400lb. and 500lb. weight (but they always look bigger in the water). On the return journey the next day, they reported it to

the fishermen, and immediately a fleet of launches and boats shot out to scour the surface for it, but could find no trace of it, so that instead of being stuffed and admired by thousands it probably was made food of by a lot of greedy and unappreciative sharks.

Another great attraction at Avalon are the glass-bottom boats. These are large row boats to carry several people, sitting aft on either side, and permit you to peer down through a glass window fixed in the bottom of the boat, and see all the exquisite coloured fishes and sea weeds, etc., in all their natural glory. The water is wonderfully clear, and one can see, as they slowly row you over these marine gardens, the gaudy "electric fish," the rich golden "garibaldi," "rock cod," "blue perch," "sun fish," "sheep's head," "rock bass," "white fish," many lovely shells, and other interesting and beautiful curiosities, reminding one of fairy caves in the "Arabian Nights." The seaweed, here called "kelp," grows in great profusion, and in some places along the coast it floats on the water in an endless mass for miles, and passages have to be cut through it, or it would interfere with the propellers of the small steamers, so thick is it.

About an hour from Avalon by launch brings you to a place named "Seal Rock," where you see quantities of these extraordinary animals basking in the sun, now and then lifting up their heads to give a sullen bark. The proprietors of the Island wisely do not allow them

to be molested, so that they are comparatively tame. When the launch blows its whistle, it usually puts a little life into the lazy creatures, and a few slip off clumsily into the water or flop about on the rocks in their awkward way.

There is a very comfortable hotel on the Island at Avalon, and several small places to go to. During the summer numerous tents are pitched in



JEW FISH, OR GIANT CALIFORNIAN SEA BASS, SANTA CATALINA ISLAND.

a certain quarter, and crowds come over from Los Angeles, etc., and for a month or six weeks it becomes a sort of Margate, but later on it quietens down and the place is full of anglers. The climate is mild and equable, with very little rain. There is a road that goes round the island, and a coach runs every day; the country is rocky and hilly, and in a wild way unlike anything else. I hear that a

new hotel is to be built there shortly, as the more the place becomes known the more popular must it become to anglers, as practically one can fish there all the year round.

Thousands of Europeans go out there and take up fruit growing (olives and oranges seeming to pay), also cattle ranching and horse breeding, Californian honey, tinned salmon, clams, etc., etc. —in fact, we know in England of the many things bottled and tinned (or canned as they call it in America) which are sent daily from that country, to say nothing of the wine; I have seen in San Francisco barrels and barrels labelled for shipment to Bordeaux.

Rather an amusing story is told of an Englishman making a tour in California, and being surprised at the vast amount of their produce, turns to an American and says, "But whatever do you do with your surplus stock?" "Well," said the Yankee, "we eat what we can, and what we can't we 'can.'" The Englishman was so tickled by this novel reply that, when he got home, he told his friends of the Yankee wit, and by way of illustration, said: "You know, I asked a Californian what they did with all the stuff they grew, and you've no idea how awfully witty they are, don't you know. The fellow said, 'Well, we eat what we can, and what we can't we tin.'" Unfortunately, no one else saw the joke.

There are very few places anywhere which have so many attractions within reach as Los Angeles. Santa Monica is a nice summer seaside resort, with

a good hotel and loads of little wooden bungalows stretching for miles along the sands. Ocean Park is another resort where sea-bathing goes on all the year round; also Coronada and Long Beach. A pleasant excursion is to take the trip up Mount Lowe. A railroad with cable car, similar to the Swiss arrangements, runs up, and the view from the summit is superb. The trip can be done in a day; but there is a good hotel up there, and many people prefer to see the sun rise and set, which is extremely fine.

On the way to Pacadena is an ostrich farm, where one can buy expensive feathers. There are also several so-called parks in Los Angeles, of which the Central, East, and West Lake Parks are very pretty. The lakes and walks are exquisite; semi-tropical palms, ferns, and plants of every description. There are other parks now wastes or wildernesses, which the people intend doing something to; considering that Los Angeles was not a very important place fifty or sixty years ago, and that to-day, 1902, it has a population of about 150,000, there is very little reason to doubt that it has a future before it; but at present, although the hotel accommodation is first rate (far surpassing San Francisco even), the whole town and surroundings can easily be seen in a few weeks.

On returning north, the coast route running along by the shore, after passing Buena Ventura, a prosperous little town, is exceedingly pretty. The train puffs along the track cut in the cliff, over-

hanging the sands, with the blue waves at high tide almost dashing up to its base. Far out to sea a few islands are scattered, and a little further on one comes to one of the most charming and restful spots on the Pacific coast, Santa Barbara. This exquisite spot is screened from the desert by a range of mountains, where fair shooting can be had from quail and duck to deer and bear. The hill district, overlooking the town called Montecito, is dotted over with charming wood-built country seats, standing in grounds of waving palms and exquisite ferns, which flourish here to perfection. In the distance the blue sea, generally without a ripple, shines like glass, and the islands rise out like giant ant-hills. In the midst is a long stretch of yellow kelp, or thick sea-weed, which floats on top like a gigantic sea serpent, and acts as a breakwater to keep this semi-inland sea in its usual calm. The sunsets one sees there are the most exquisite I ever saw in my life; evening after evening one could sit on the verandah of the Country Club, and watch the great fiery red glowing ball gradually drop nearer and nearer the horizon, till it gently stood poised on the deep (in fact, one could almost hear a hiss as it touched the water). Then the land around would melt into a glorious dark blue, and the sky was lit up in the most gorgeous colours of indescribable splendour; anon a star would pop out in the now dark sky, and one would then probably have a whiskey and soda and then drive home.

Santa Barbara itself is like most of the towns in

Southern California, which were once populated by Mexicans, who overran California in times gone by. One long, broad, straight street, generally of asphalte, with a tram car line running up it, generally called State Street, just as we call our principal streets with the shops and business houses in small towns, High Street. There are lots of side streets, and in one part there is usually what is termed the residential quarter, which means a succession of wooden houses of different sizes, with verandahs, standing in their own pretty gardens with palm trees generally growing around. These houses are all built for summer and warmth, as rarely does the glass fall below 60° in their coldest weather, and, although it is chilly after the sun goes down, it is not necessary in the daytime to ever wear an overcoat, or anything thicker than the clothing one wears at home in summer. However, there is a certain amount of catarrh floating about, and colds and coughs are easily caught. The hottest months are July and August, but not in any way unbearable, except when a hot wind is blowing from the desert, the other side of the hills. This does not often occur, but when it does it generally lasts three or four days. Unfortunately we experienced a touch of this in October, and the heat was damp and most unpleasant. There are pretty mountain drives about, and some fine cattle ranches in the district, and it is interesting to watch the rounding-up of the cattle in the season. The Mexican horses they use are not bad little things, ridden always with a sharp Mexican

bit and slack rein, and heavy, large, embossed leather saddles with a high pommel, and long, enormous stirrups that cover the whole foot, also made of leather. The thoroughbred Californian horses are very fine indeed, their grandsires and dams, etc., being all imported from England and kept pretty pure; but, owing to the food and climate, never seem, even when in hard condition, to have the same spirit and courage or go of our own. They are very easily broken to harness, and make charming hacks.

The Californian fashion of driving is also quite different to our own, holding the reins in separate hands, and for long coach drives you frequently see a six-in-hand.

The old Mission House up the cañon is worth visiting, bringing you instantly into old Spain. The priests are courtly old men, and fond of showing strangers all there is to see. We returned by rail, a matter of about fourteen hours, to San Francisco, with the intention of going down the coast to Panama by steamer. The trip takes seventeen days, and we were told by someone who had never taken it, it would be most interesting, calling at all the Mexican and Central American ports to Panama, and thence by rail across the isthmus to Colon, and from there by steamer to New York! It sounded all right, but after the first day on the steamer, owing to the miserable food and worse attendance, and the persistent noises that continued throughout the night, making sleep quite impossible, to say nothing of odours, we made up our minds to

get out at the very first port and return to San Francisco, to get to New York by rail in the usual way. On the fourth day we arrived at a Mexican port—Mazatlan—where we had to stay four days to catch the first returning boat. My friend and I were hard put to know what to do in this poor little place. There is a fine Roman Catholic cathedral, the only building of any pretension. The Custom house officers gave more trouble than necessary, and even in the better shops and the one poverty stricken hotel, scarcely anything but Spanish is spoken. The lower class Mexican seems to have more Red Indian than Spanish blood in him, judging from what we saw of them in this town; they, however, seem a kind-hearted and courteous people, apparently utterly lacking in morals. The heat, even at this time of year (November), was damp and muggy, and in summer it must be horrible. The buildings are brick and clay and plaster, with a coating of yellowy brown paint; the huge windows, with their dilapidated wooden shutters, are generally barred; the streets are paved with stone cobbles, and a few horse tram-cars drag along in an indolent way. Lazy Spanish-looking men lie about at the corners smoking cigarettes, and the women glide along with their black lace mantillas over their heads, with pale, serious faces. There is a parade with seats facing the sea, where you get a good breeze in the evening, and on the Sunday we were delighted to hear that there was going to be a bull fight at the "Plaza de Toros." The bull

fighters had come over from the city of Mexico, but it did not turn out a great success; the bulls were very tame, and two were hissed out before being killed. The next day the steamer arrived, and we left again for San Francisco.

A word or two might be said here about the places around San Francisco; the thousands of tourists coming from the Orient scarcely ever think of stopping there more than a night before tearing away again across the States, but in reality a couple of weeks can easily be spent in San Francisco exploring the country and many charming towns in the vicinity. The harbour itself is one of the finest in the world, and a magnificent panorama is to be seen from Mount Tamalpais, the summit of which is reached by rail. There are many trips to be taken across the bay, and a day can be spent in visiting such places as Burlingame, where the country club of the San Francisco people is situated, also San José, Palo-Alto with its University, the pretty country in the direction of Redlands, and San Raffael, to say nothing of a drive round the bay on a fine day.

A curious sight is Seal Rock, near a large building called the "Cliff House," where one can see these great brown monsters lying on the rocks basking in the sun, now and then lifting up their heads to bark, or slowly shuffling along to better their position, as they seem rather cramped together on the narrow ledges; it seems a wonder they don't catch cold!

In taking the train from San Francisco you go

from the station right on to a steamer. It is more like a huge barge than anything else; the stern fits into the platform, so that going on at night, if you did not know, you would hardly imagine you were on the water at all. There are numerous benches and enclosures, something after the style of foreign river steamers, and in about twenty minutes' time it lands you at a place called Oakland, where you take the train.

There is something very striking about the enormous engines in this country; an ordinary English or Continental engine beside one of these huge affairs would look like a mere toy. Each has a huge bell on its back which is rung at stations whilst shunting is being done, or when crossing roads. It is a monotonous noise, and when two or three are ringing together one is reminded of church bells. One can't help looking at them and admiring them as they stand puffing and blowing and snorting, as if eager to be off on their 1000 mile journeys.

The railway carriages or cars are open all the way up with seats for two on either side, so that one can walk up the middle of the saloon—in fact, from one end of the train to the other, as folding glass doors enclose the passage or platform-way from one car to the other. At night the seats are pulled together and form one berth; a sort of screen door is opened from the wall above, which makes another berth, and curtains are pulled over them each side, so that each berth is shielded, and sufficient space left in the middle

of the car to walk along. Each car is numbered and the berths are numbered; for instance, on your ticket might be car No. 2, upper berth No. 7. It is much better to get a *lower* berth if possible; it is far easier to get in and out of, and, moreover, in a top berth you feel the motion much more. At the end of the cars are poky smoke-rooms, with little washstands in them. The consequence is that there is always more or less of a crush, and if you go in late to avoid it, the smoke-room will probably be half full of early risers smoking strong cigars, which is not always desirable first thing in the morning. I must say that the Australian trains running between Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide are far superior in the way they are fitted up, in having more roomy lavatories, more comfortable beds, and far better attendance. On the other hand, on these American cars the food is excellent, one can get almost any sort of wines, spirits, liqueurs, cigarettes, and cigars, and the trains go very much quicker. There is one thing, however, which is very disagreeable — the cars all have double windows, as there is so much dust, and you are not supposed to open them yourself; there are a lot of little windows at the top of the cars, which one of the conductors open and shut now and then in an important sort of way with a long stick. The cars get dusty and stuffy, and after a long journey one generally has a headache or one's eyes smart to an irritating degree. One advantage, however, is that there are frequent stops

which can be taken advantage of. At the other end of the car to the smoke-room end is what they call the Drawing Room, a two-berth place set off by itself, which is rather nice for a man and his wife or any one who wants a little privacy. If the drawing room is wanted it is as well to go to the Company's office, and engage it in advance.

The servants in the train are all niggers, with the exception of the conductors, who, with a very few exceptions, I have found cool and most off-hand. The niggers, or coloured people, as they sometimes term them, are of African extraction, and were used in the Southern States as slaves. They are allowed a vote, etc., and in consequence are a cheeky lot. The nigger has something very objectionable in his face, and nothing in the world would make you trust them for an instant further than you could see them. That is not only my own short experience of them, but what Americans who have been brought up amongst them all say. And yet, before their eyes, they tolerate these coloured people, who every day become more prominent and audacious. Down in the South they are still held fairly firm, and are better in the East, but out West, and in the Central States, they are excessively independent.

They are different to the Kaffirs, Zulus, etc., in South Africa, more the type one meets with in Egypt, as black as ebony, with crisp, coarse, curly hair, which here they usually shave close to the head, great thick lips and broad noses, prominent glittering eyes, and that peculiar shaped

skull which is typical of the negro race. They are lazy and dishonest, but witty and with a sort of crafty cunning, which shines now and then like the silly cunning of a lunatic.

Where some of them have a little white blood in them, they appear superior in every way, which is curious, as in some races of this description a half-caste child only succeeds in inheriting all the bad qualities of the parents, with little or none of the good. At any rate, where I have come across half-castes, three-quarter-castes, and those with slighter strains, they have always shown more intelligence and better feeling than the pure-bred black, which to my mind only goes to show that a judicious mixture of white blood in this case appears a good thing. However, nothing can come of that, as (unlike the Hawaiians, who are gradually becoming whiter and whiter every day) a very strong line is drawn between the coloured people, or the African-Americans and the Americans proper. They are tolerated and ignored at the same time. One is, however, rather surprised to see these black porters lolling about in the railway cars, reading papers, etc.; each car has one of these niggers to make the beds, etc., who might be compared to a cabin steward on board ship. Perhaps they have nowhere else to go, and if so, it is a pity places are not provided for them. The conductors, or men who do the ticket-collecting, etc., act in the same way, and have their meals in the dining car. It is certainly odd from a European point of view, but "it's nothing when you are used to it," as a

veterinary surgeon said to me once, referring to dog bites.

About 6.30 in the morning, although not in a tunnel, we were more or less in darkness, broken by occasional flashes of light from the rising sun. We were in a snow-shed—a long archway or tunnel built of wood, great thick beams of timber, to prevent the snow from getting on to the lines. We passed through four miles of this. In certain places holes were cut in the wooden barricade, so that one could catch glimpses of scenery; but, with the exception of a view of some lakes, a good many feet below, and bare, rugged mountains and fir trees, one could not see very much.

At a place called Truckee we had to get out and walk about a mile, as there had been a fire, and the rest of the snow-shed had been burnt down, and they had not yet picked up the *débris*. A train was waiting at the other side, and, as we got there at last, it was found that there were not sufficient cars, so they had to wire for one to be sent on, which kept our train waiting about till 1.30. Therefore, instead of getting to Salt Lake City at 8.20 a.m. the next morning, we did not get in till 6.30 in the evening, as there was also an extra wait of several hours at Ogden, for some reason or other, a junction station and small provincial town, prettily surrounded by hills and gorges. It was pitch dark when we at last did arrive at Salt Lake City, after a very slow and irksome journey, which rather tended to take off a little of the advertised perfections of American railroad travelling!

An uncommonly good dinner was a blessing after so many meals in the trains, but a bad night in consequence of the most uncomfortable bed I ever slept in (they were made like ordinary servants' beds in pantries or in boys' schools), things which let down, and every time one moved the whole woodwork creaked like the bulkhead in a cabin of a tossing ship. In a first class hotel, with first class prices, they might have decent beds, and in a Mormon town, too, one would think that they were very necessary. In many hotels, in the dining rooms, when you pick out from the menu what you require, instead of bringing it up in the ordinary way they place a row of three or four dishes next to each other, and the consequence is that as you can't eat soup, fish, meat, etc., all at the same time, it gets cold waiting; this I have seen over and over again in what are supposed to be first rate hotels. Now, the very best cooking in the world is not worth eating if served up lukewarm and on cold plates and dishes, and mediocre cooking becomes detestable. In some places one gets stale fish and meat done up in all sorts of ways, and covered with rich French sauces; those one might call "flat-catcher dishes." There are generally oysters at the beginning of a meal, served up on ice in a plate, and as they have been probably kept on ice the whole time, they are usually absolutely tasteless, and if the dinner ends with a forlorn-looking ice cream and stale cakes, one is supposed to imagine that he has had a first-class meal. This, of course,

is not always the case, but one is never surprised to find it so. The niggers have very little idea of waiting, in fact, you have to do all the waiting yourself, until, exasperated, you get hold of the head waiter, who seems to consider all that he is there for is to open and shut the door for people, instead of keeping his eyes open. In my humble opinion a head waiter is either an extremely useful fellow, or one of the biggest class of fools that ever walked. Now, what a European misses in these hotels in the Western States (as I am now chiefly writing with reference to places known in the States as "Out West") is the hall porter; if there is one, they are generally not to be found easily, and are either lads of about sixteen or men equivalent to the "boots" in an English hotel. Thus, if one wants to ask any questions with regard to cab fares, etc., one gets little or no help. People are often inclined to think that the uniformed, gold-braided, pompous hall porter in a European hotel is rather a humbug, and that all he does is to lift his hat off and bow, etc., as people go in and out, but that is quite a mistake. These men usually know four or five languages, they are supposed to know all about the trains and steamers, they rank first among the servants' staff, and although to outward appearance they may seem useless, they are, nevertheless, when required most useful people. On certain occasions in Europe, if one stays a month or six weeks at a place, a great deal of the pleasantness of one's stay is due to an obliging hall porter. One's letters,

papers, and parcels are duly delivered, cabmen cannot cheat you, and no doubt several little things are in the hands of a man you can rely on, which relieves you from bother and worry. Not only in the States are the majority of these sort of people (if you ever find the hotel where they exist) useless, but often uncivil, and one finds that he must go to the office. These offices are always in the halls, and are generally crowded with commercial travellers, hotel *habitués*, and loafers chatting to the clerks, and on asking a question you often don't get answered at all, or, if so, in a most currish way. This is not only what a foreigner experiences, but what in busy places the American has to put up with himself, but the difference is that they are used to it and we are not. The manager of an American hotel is not so much *en evidence* as in Europe or elsewhere. In travelling across the States the ordinary European (whether he be Russian, German, French, Swiss, Swede, Italian, etc.) cannot help but being struck by the curious strain of utter independence and want of ordinary civil manners that exist throughout in the ordinary line of travel in the large towns. It is really a great mistake; they cut their own throats, and if the hotel people could only see it, and try to instil a little more comfort in their places, and supply a more "tony" vein throughout their *employées*, I am sure more people would go there, or probably stay longer when they were there. Sometimes one comes across an hotel where everything is very comfortable, where things are run on broader lines,

and where the manager exercises tact, which a foreigner consequently appreciates. Another system which I found it necessary to be cautious of was, that in going away you have to go to the office and get your bill; the consequence is that in the hurry of leaving any overcharge or error is not seen. Consequently, it is best to insist on having your bill sent up to you, or, at any rate, not leave the settling up until the last moment—always a mistake, wherever you are. On the other hand, they are more up-to-date in several little ways in some of the hotels than we are in Europe. The lifts, which they call elevators, are by far the best I have ever seen. Instead of oozing up in an unsteady, crawling way, or being out of order, which frequently happens, you are shot up from one floor to another like a stone from a catapult.

Then the system of warming the hotels is very complete. One does not have to pay extra for a chambermaid or "boots" to spend half an hour in lighting a smoking, fractious fire, which spits and spurts and then goes out a helpless wreck after having filled your room with smoke! No, fires are charming things at home, with good servants to look after them and keep in working order, but in hotels it is nicer to feel the room comfortably heated. All you see of the mechanism is usually a row of pipes, about 4ft. by 3ft., standing in some corner against the wall. The first time it was sufficiently cold to have it used, one was awakened by extraordinary noises going on in the middle of the night, sort of gurgles and clanking of iron,

which began to play like a geyser at stated intervals. These noises in the bedroom became such a nuisance that a cold and a restful night would have been far better. However, it is not often the case that the warming apparatus makes sufficient noise to keep people awake. The trains are also heated, but are kept far too hot for my fancy in winter, sometimes it is like being in a forcing house.

Another rather nice thing is, in some of the rooms you have a telephone connected with the office, which seems to save a certain amount of bother. They are usually near your bed. One night I rang down on returning to tell them to have me called at a certain time, thinking, of course, that the chambermaid, or waiter, or someone would come in and pull up the blinds, etc. Not a bit of it. You are startled out of your life by a bell ringing like fifty alarums in your ear, and after answering it with great fatigue and difficulty, you find that they have got nothing more to tell you than that it is six o'clock. That was the first and last time I ever experimented in that way.

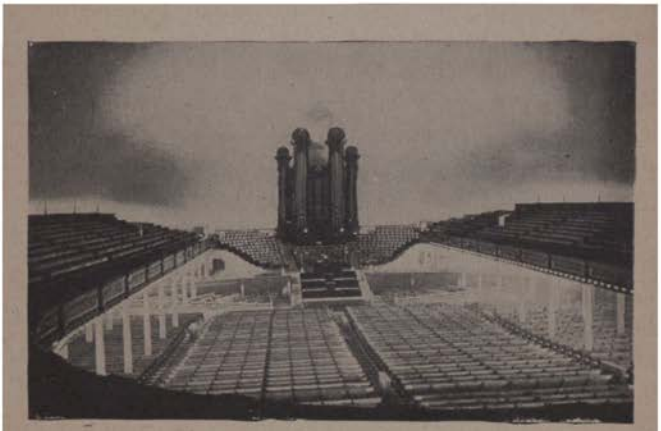
Early in the morning we started out to view the capital of the Mormons, their celebrated tabernacle and temple, etc.

Salt Lake City, or Zion, as the Mormons prefer to have it called, is the capital of Utah. It lies in an huge valley, surrounded by high hills. A river runs through, which the Mormons call "Jordan," and a large lake with very salt water, which they call Salt Lake, and which is equivalent to the Dead Sea.

This was the place which Mr. Brigham Young found when he was struggling on with his small band, like the Israelites of old. He had 142 men with him, only four or five women, and a few children, and owing to their pluck and enterprise they undoubtedly achieved great things. To begin with, Brigham Young is supposed to have been the father of about 250 children, and he had about fifty wives, so must have been a very vigorous individual and a man of strong personality. He was born on June 1st, 1801, and died in 1877, August 20th. He with the rest of the Pioneers left their homes in Illinois, journeying over the desert, and marching about 400 miles through the Rocky Mountains. They were there joined by others and the work of building, etc., began. They seem to have had a very bad time of it at the beginning, poor people. Their crops were injured by frosts, and they had to be kept on rations. Black crickets then bothered them, and threatened to destroy everything again. When things were at their worst it appears flocks of sea gulls settled in the valley and polished off the black crickets. This was in 1848, after which things seem to have gone better, till in 1855 grasshoppers attacked the crops, and they had famine. It seems then that these people discovered a root like yam, which they lived on, and it has not been seen since. All these things interfered with the growth of the town, but with their determined efforts a post-office was erected, then telegraph communications, and, in 1870, a railroad. The city now has an area of

10,000 acres, and about 70,000 inhabitants. The town is laid out in blocks of 10 acres each; the beautiful, straight, clean streets are 132ft. wide, planted with trees. In fact, there are almost too many trees in the town, and, looking down from any high point, particularly in summer, one cannot see the town at all, and, even when we were there, with scarcely any leaves on the trees, it was the case of the Irishman who said "that he could not see the forest because of the trees." There are swarms of pretty little detached houses in gardens. Tramways or electric cars scoot along all over the place; but, although it is thoroughly alive and busy—as one supposes every American town ought to be—it was a great relief to be able to saunter about anywhere in a restful sort of way, after the "wear and tear" of a town like San Francisco, with everyone "on the push!" The first thing we went to see was the celebrated Tabernacle, which reminded me more of a huge beetle than anything else, looking at it from a distance. It is elliptical in shape, 250ft. long, 150ft. wide, and 80ft. in height, and it will hold 10,000 people. The building has twenty doors, so that when full they say it can be emptied in three or four minutes, which would be of some use in case of fire. The roof is self-supporting, there being no pillars of any sort to hold it up, and, looking up at it, the great oval arch-shaped ceiling seems enormous. Another curious feature in the building is that a person, standing at one end of the building in the gallery, can hear distinctly the voice of another

from the other end, even if only in a whisper. The choir is supposed to be a very good one, and the organ is one of the largest in the world. Service is held every Sunday. There is nothing at all striking in the inside of the building. The rows of benches are of plain wood, and the ceiling and walls are simply whitewashed. Around the organ are the choir seats for about 300. Below



INTERIOR OF MORMON TABERNACLE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

those are four rows of seats belonging to the Mormon Church dignitaries. The first pew is used by the first Presidency, the second one by the Twelve Apostles, the third by any invited speakers, etc., and the fourth by those who dispense the Sacrament, water being used instead of wine on these occasions. There are no collections, the seats are all free, and anyone can go.

Next to the Tabernacle comes the Assembly Hall, a very fine building, which holds about 3000 people, and used by the Mormons for holding conferences, meetings of the priesthood, and so on. Opposite stands the Temple, a fine massive grey building, with a lot of high towers, on the top of one is a gilt figure of the angel Moroni blowing a trumpet. Some time ago an eagle settled on the trumpet for three days and nights without moving, and the Mormons were in a great state about it, and could not make out the reason of such a performance (perhaps it had lost itself and could not make up its mind which way to go). Unfortunately no one is allowed to enter this building except a Mormon, but it is said to be very fine indeed.

All these buildings are close to each other in well laid out grounds, and partly surrounded by walls. Not very far off, at the end of one of the principal streets, is a statue in bronze of Brigham Young. You are shown the house where he lived, the houses of some of his wives and a rather nice house belonging to his favourite wife, which are now occupied by other people and present little interest.

Higher up is a grass lawn surrounded by rails, in which is Brigham Young's grave with five wives beside him. No more were allowed to be buried with him. Of course, Mormon practice has ceased now—at least, the marrying of more than one wife. Ever since gold was discovered in Utah, as well as other things, people came drifting in from all directions with different views and ideas, and they

thought it time to stop Mormonism; this took place about fifteen years ago. Many of the men kept their wives in secret, but the punishment was a severe one if they were found out. But no doubt in the country there are Mormons still living with three or four wives—*qui sait?* There are any amount of libraries, churches, and schools scattered about, pretty mountain resorts, and in the summer the bathing resorts on Salt Lake — twenty minutes off by train — are simply crowded with people from all over America. The water is so buoyant that a person who cannot swim is kept afloat; there are two magnificent bathing casinos, "Salt Air Beach" and "Garfield Beach." A fine view of the town and surrounding country can be got from the top of the "City and County Building," a really magnificent building in fine grounds. When you enter it, the first thing that strikes you—after mounting two flights of steps on to the first floor, which is of marble, and the walls of onyx brought from the surrounding hills—are placards all about the walls with "Don't Spit" in large letters.

It is odd, but it is certainly most necessary, and I can only say it would be a good thing to have placards of that description posted up in tramcars, trains, hotels, streets, and everywhere, but instead of that they seem to encourage it, as spittoons are placed everywhere—in bedrooms, in hotels, in the railway cars, and in the most unlikely corners. There is no country in the world that I have visited that carry this (to us) filthy habit of expectorating to the

extent that it is carried on in America. However, there is an excuse, in a way, that there is always a good deal of catarrh floating about, which must tend to weaken the mucous membrane, and no doubt has something to do with the nasal twang which one hears in the States and Canada. I had a cold in the head the whole time I was in America, and particularly so in Chicago, but did not go to the extent of expectorating right and left, although it is said that when you are in Rome do as the Romans, which only reminds one of how very silly some of those old-fashioned sayings are when you analyse them.

The Mormon religion is not so very different to our own in ordinary ways, but there are lots of rites and ceremonies, etc., which we have not got. Briefly speaking, it may be of some interest to know that the Mormon belief, or the Articles of Faith of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, are as follows:—

1. We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and in his Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.

2. We believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgression.

3. We believe that through the atonement of Christ all mankind may be saved, by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.

4. We believe that these ordinances are: First, faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; second, repentance; third, baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; fourth, laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost.

5. We believe that a man must be called of God by "prophecy and by the laying on of hands" by those who are in authority to preach the Gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof.

6. We believe in the same organisation that existed in the primitive church, viz., apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, etc.

7. We believe in the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues, etc.

8. We believe the Bible to be the word of God as far as it is translated correctly; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God.

9. We believe all that God has revealed, all that he does now reveal, and we believe that He will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God.

10. We believe in the literal gathering of Israel and the restoration of the Ten Tribes; that Zion will be built on this continent; that Christ will reign personally upon the earth, and that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisaical glory.

11. We claim the privilege of worshipping Almighty God according to the dictates of our own conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where, or what they may.

12. We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers and magistrates, in obeying, honouring and sustaining the law.

13. We believe in being honest, true, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men;

indeed; we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul, "We believe all things, we hope all things;" we have endured many things and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely or of good report, or praiseworthy, we seek after these things.

We left by the 8.30 train for Denver by the Rio Grande, where some scenery is passed which no one ought to miss. One goes through the Rocky Mountains, and in some places the feats of engineering skill beat anything one has ever seen before. The towering rocks, sheer precipices 1000 feet and more in height rise above you, huge boulders of all shapes and in all positions seem about to fall down on to the line as the train puffs its way through, and when one sees how wild and grand the scenery is, it is hard to realise that one is really going along comfortably in a train, and how it ever got there. It was about November 18th, and anon it began to snow, the first I had seen for about two years, and I think the thin layer of pure white, resting in crevices, with the numerous fir trees, rather added to the beauty of the sight. We arrived at last in Denver, where we intended to stay the night and catch the express by the Burlington route the next morning, but as it proved to be a very fine town, we did not leave until the evening, and a long, tiresome journey through uninteresting country for two nights and a day at length brought us to Chicago.

The first question which anyone asks with regard

to Chicago is: "Oh! did you go over the stock-yards?" Yes, certainly we did; but at the same time it seems rather a pity that a healthy, fine town like Chicago should seemingly have not much more to recommend it than the celebrated stock slaughtering establishments!

The streets in the business part in the daytime are simply chock full of people, hurrying along as if their very lives depended on it (no doubt their fortunes do). In this remarkable town a man is scarcely on the list of the wealthy unless he has about $5,000,000, and there are prominent millionaires there with $25,000,000 and more. There is probably no other town in the world where so many rich people are actually huddled together. However, they apparently know how to enjoy it, as there are any amount of theatres, etc., and places of amusement. In the evening the streets and shops are all brightly illuminated, and down the principal street, from one end to the other, are electric lights stretching across on wires from one side to the other. When we first saw it, it looked as if it was illuminated for some special occasion; but when we were told by a passer-by that it was like this every evening we could not help thinking what a good idea it was—not only a splendid advertisement for the shops, the articles looking their best by this light, but could be noticed by passers-by, who would buy them the next day. At least, that is what we did ourselves in a few instances, it forming besides a cheerful lounge after dinner.

Lincoln Park, which borders Lake Michigan, is certainly beautiful. When we were there in winter, all the leaves were off the trees; but one could quite imagine what it would be like in summer. One sees some good turn-outs and very fine horses, and very rarely does one ever see a bearing-rein. There are apparently two "Belgravias" in Chicago, the north side and the south, and one can drive through rows and rows of pretty detached houses and not see two alike. All this part of Chicago, with the park and lake, with any amount of bathing, boating, and fishing in summer, is without doubt delightful, and anyone staying there knowing a lot of people, who are apparently most hospitable, with all the recreations and amusements that this town affords, must indeed be hard to please if they cannot get a good time. But the business part of the town—oh, how different! What a crush, rush, shove, and push; not like the crowded boulevards in Paris, in which a stranger swings along all right with the rest, nor the crowd of London streets, where the stranger is one of them, but typical to the town—comical, ludicrous, business-like, restless, increasing and decreasing as it sweeps by, like the rapids in the Niagara River. It struck us that strangers in Chicago, whether they be Americans, Canadians, or any nationality they like, in just passing through, staying in hotels, knowing nobody—or, at least, very few—come away with very disappointing impressions. In parts the town reminded me rather of bits of

London. People say that Sydney reminded them of London; personally, I never thought so, unless it be in some of our slums. St. Petersburg in its massiveness, etc., reminded me, and reminds me still more, of London than any town I have ever seen yet; but Chicago is very dirty, and things get an old look soon, which might help the resemblance. Everything there, however, is very expensive. People who are making money think no more of squandering a dollar than at home we do of wasting a threepenny bit. There are several fair clubs in Chicago, but, like a good many of these clubs in the West, they are used in day-time for lunch only, for talking business in, and in the evenings there is scarcely a soul to be seen, so that billiard tables, etc., seem a waste of money —and wives have no score to be angry.

After a hasty lunch one day we hastened off to see one of the large stock-yards, where they probably kill sometimes as many as 15,000 head per day, including bullocks, bulls, calves, pigs, and sheep. On the day we were there, there were more bullocks being killed than anything else. The actual killing you see very little of. You go upstairs into a huge room, and at one end are what look like a lot of old railway trucks. Inside these the bullocks are driven up till they get to a required place, three in each car, and a man stands on a platform above them with a long bludgeon, which he whirls round and catches the poor brutes a crack on their foreheads, which paralyses the brain. You hear three dull, dead thuds, the side of the box swings

open, and the next instant the three carcases are tipped out, with stiff legs, sightless eyes, and lolling-out tongues. They are not left like this for many seconds before others take their place. Men fasten their hind legs to chains, and in another moment they are swung up with their heads hanging four or five feet from the ground, then slowly carried round by a sort of cog-wheel chain attached to the ceiling, till they are hanging over a place where a man stands and cuts their throats, another man holds a bucket, which the blood gushes into.

Ghastly as it looks, it is by far the best way, as they lose their life's blood before coming to after the stunning blow. After this they are skinned, and the head cut off. The most ghastly part is where you see a pile of bloody skulls on the floor at a man's feet. He carelessly stoops to pick one up, tosses it round in his hand, and holds it on a block in the required position for another man with an axe, who stands opposite, and who, with deadly skill, clefts off a piece of bone, which exposes the brain. The skull is then tossed on to another pile, where a man stands occupied in picking out the brains with a sharp-looking hook, and arranging them neatly on a great blood-stained iron tray. There are, of course, lots of processes like this to go through, and, whilst one is standing gazing about, you see hand-carts being pushed along full of blood and entrails; anon a man pushes you to one side with an arm and hand red and dripping with blood, or you find yourself standing and slipping in crimson puddles. The

silence, the rather dim electric light, the overpowering stench and muggy heat, soon drive one out, but leave an impression of hell, nightmares, hospitals, dentists, and goodness knows what.

Then we were shown the pigs. My goodness, what a noise there was! These fellows, anyhow, were not going to die without making a fuss; they wanted a fair trial, poor chaps. But it was no good. Half dead with fright and insane fury in their eyes, they were stuck one after the other, their carcases as they came along were thrown into a large tank of boiling water, where they floated about like dead mice in a tub. This process was to soften the bristles, and, in turn, they were put into a scraping machine, which seemed to shoot them up to the skies and then bring them down again with a plump, looking as white and fleshy as could be; any superfluous hairs left on them were scraped off by hand. They were then cut up and made into hams, bacon, sausages, etc., in the usual way. You can see the sausage making, the bacon being packed away in nice little tin boxes; also the fat, red-faced, pompous Government inspector, probing the hams with a long dagger-like instrument, pulling it out, sniffing at it carefully, like the connoisseur he is, to see whether he can pass it as sound previous to its having the grease rubbed off, carefully packed in paper, and put into great boxes, with the Government stamps, ready to be sent away. The sheep were the next to be seen, but as they are such helpless and uninteresting creatures, and as we were sick of the noise and

stench, we decided to beat a retreat, glad to have witnessed the sight, but by no means anxious to go there again.

In summer many pretty excursions can be taken on the steamers which run all over the lake; but at this time of year, for anyone excepting the residents, there is very little to be done but to gaze in surprise at the splendid buildings and air of life and activity all round you, knowing that this town, now of nearly a quarter of a million inhabitants, was once a place with a few wooden buildings, which was utterly burnt to the ground some years ago, and that the Chicago we now see has been growing in this marvellous way about forty or fifty years only. Surely there is no other town in the world of its size that can boast of the same thing.

We checked our heavy luggage on to New York to await our return from Canada. The luggage system itself in the States is good. For instance, you can send your baggage from San Francisco to New York and receive what they call a "check," a little brass tab with a number on, and an equivalent number is put on your baggage; on giving this to a "transfer" man you get it without any difficulty. These so-called transfer men belong to companies, and usually come into the car and ask what big baggage you have and what hotel you are going to, when you give them the checks and they send them up, and usually charge 1s. for each piece. It is the only way to do it, as you won't find a cab, or "hack" as they call them, who will take anything

more for you than hand baggage. Americans seem usually to travel in the cars with baggage enough only for holding a handkerchief, collar, and tooth brush. Very few hotels have 'buses of their own —in fact, hardly any. Everything seems so arranged that the simplest businesses are cut up into so many different departments.

The luggage was examined at Detroit, but was a very simple operation. In most cases nothing is opened at all. We unfortunately got there at night, and therefore could not see very much of the place, but from the numerous lights and the pretty river, and some grand-looking buildings, it gave one the impression that it was well worth seeing. In order to cross the water, the whole train runs on to an enormous iron steam ferry, as steady as a rock—and well it might be with such a ponderous cargo. The sensation is funny, and the sight must look very odd from either shore, to see a whole train standing on a raft like a cockleshell. There is very little that these Yankees allow to interfere with their progress, and this, to my mind, was a striking illustration of their engineering genius.

It was our intention to stay on the Canadian side of the Niagara Falls, but we learnt that the old hotel which was so popular, the "Clifton House," had been burnt down, and the other hotels were mostly closed for the winter. No doubt they will not be very long before building something good in its place. Only two or three of the smaller

hotels on the American side were open, so we had to put up in one of them.

We were cautioned by several people to beware of the extortionate prices, etc., practised by so many of the innkeepers, guides, flymen, etc., but I must say that I did not find things, in that way, quite as bad as they were painted. From what I heard, the Government in the last year or so has tried to put a stop to the swindling, which apparently used to be practised by many on unwary travellers.

However, one system which is very distasteful is that in most of the hotels they have a shop with furs and curios, which a visitor in the hotel is generally pestered to buy by some officious little American saleswomen. It takes off to a certain degree one's pleasure. In Algiers, India, Ceylon, Egypt, etc., one expects it, but is done in a different way, and acts, more or less, as a diversion to the monotony of Oriental life. At the different places, such as the Whirlpool Rapids and so on, in order to enter the place to obtain the best views, you have to pass through a shop, and on your way in and out they waylay you and hurl souvenirs, second-rate furs, and absolute trash at your head, as it were. At first (presuming you are one of those people who do not go in for buying a lot of trashy curios) one is inclined to lose one's temper, but after a little it becomes amusing to wonder how these girls have the cheek to carry it to the extent they do, and with so little self-respect. They might be likened to a third-rate

hair-cutter who wishes to sell you a hair-restorer or some such rubbish.

Well, now to the "Falls," a place which billions have visited. Instead of seeing one huge fall, you see several. The right side of the river, looking up, is the Canadian; the other the American. On the Canadian side you get by far the finest view of the falls, as Goat Island, in the Niagara River, cuts it into two. The larger stream sweeps, with a thundering noise amidst dense clouds of spray, over a curved ledge into the chasm below, called the Horseshoe Falls (but not a bit like a horseshoe), and the smaller stream plunges over limestone rock in a more regular sort of way, which gives one a good idea of the gigantic force of these headlong currents. This is called the American Fall.

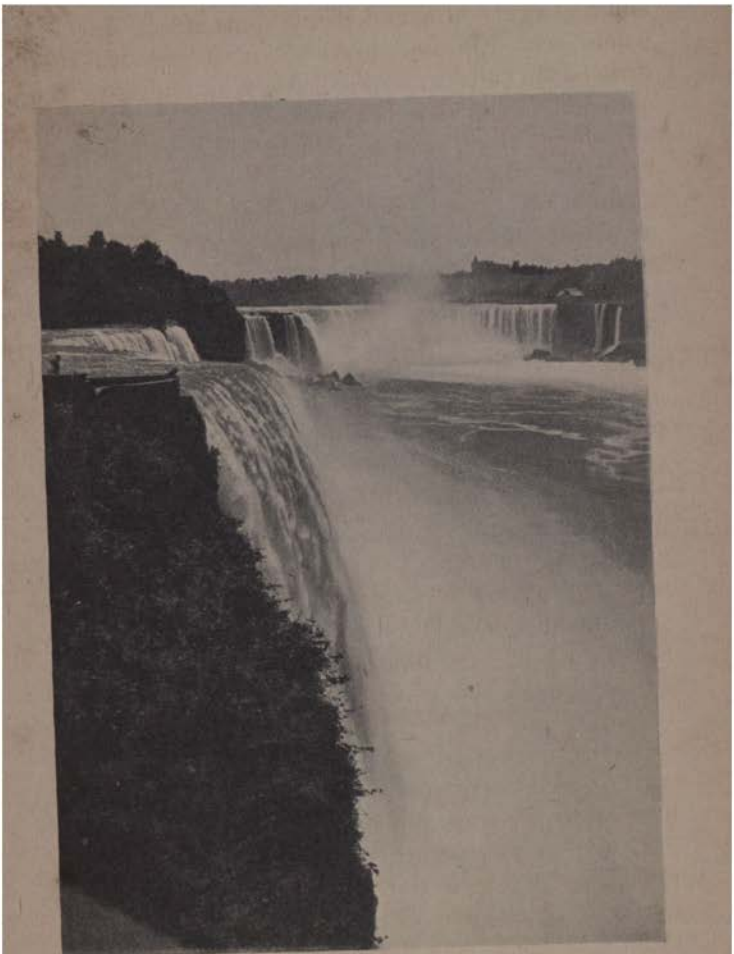
What must have been the feelings of the first people who came across them in their wanderings, unblemished and pure, midst their native wildness? Suffice it to say that the Canadian Fall is 125 feet high, and the noise that they all make on a clear day, when the wind is in the proper direction, can be heard distinctly at Buffalo, over twenty miles off. That perhaps gives one a better impression of their enormity than saying that 3,536,614 barrels full of water go over every minute, and statistics of that sort.

It is possible by going down a little distance in a lift, and then proceeding through a tunnel, to stand on a ledge of rock and see the water pouring down all round you. It seems a curious sight to see the spray being tossed about like soap-suds,

and feel every now and then a spurt of water, which would soon wet one to the skin if one was not dressed in oilskins, which they provide for the occasion. The view of the two falls from the banks anywhere along the Canadian side is very fine. From the other side one can go down in a sort of inclined train to the foot of the American falls, and, with an umbrella and waterproof, climb the rocks as far as safety and common sense dictates, and stare up and around until the spray—every now and then wafted over you in a thick cloud—has penetrated, say, as far as the waistcoat! There are five or six little islands scattered about, and picturesque shrubberies, etc. Lower down one can see the rapids, the scene where Captain Webb lost his life. After all said and done, I can quite understand a man, with great confidence in his own powers and a perfect swimmer like Webb was, attempting it. Outwardly, there is nothing very terrible about it; it simply looks like a rather rough sea. The difficulty is that the under-current forces the waves to curl back, as it were, towards the falls, so that a swimmer, although carried along, has also to battle against these waves. Apparently Webb had done the worst of it when he disappeared.

Lower down comes the whirlpool. The river makes a sharp bend to the right, and the left shore forms a bay, with the waters eddying round, forming a nasty, treacherous, oily-looking surface.

Bridges run across the river and rapids connecting the American and Canadian side, and electric



THE NIAGARA FALLS.

trams run all round about the falls and rapids, and trips in them repay you. In summer a small steamer carries passengers about, but when we were there snow and ice was the order of the day. In certain places, where the spray from the falls had been blown on the trees, it became frozen, and every twig had a coat of crystal, which in the sun looked lovely. In the depth of a severe winter, however, a bridge of ice forms right across the falls from the spray solidifying, which thousands can walk over. That, indeed, must be worth seeing. One can either go to Toronto across Lake Ontario by steamer, or around its western shore by train, which we chose, thus escaping, to a certain extent, the cold.

It only takes a few hours, and we found ourselves for the first time in Canada proper, sitting round a good cheery English fire, discussing once more the mighty Falls.

Toronto is the chief town in Ontario, which is about the most important province in Canada. It is an uncommonly well built and laid out city, and although it has over 150,000 inhabitants, is one of the easiest places to find your way about in that I know. The two principal streets run parallel with the bay, tramcars rush about everywhere, but the pavements and roads are so wide that they cause no inconvenience whatever to pedestrians or carriages. The air is bracing, and being on the shores of the lake makes it, particularly in summer, doubly attractive. Considering the large amount of shipping and

general business done, and being an immense railroad centre, it is astonishing how clean and well kept and regulated the whole town is. There are some exceptionally fine buildings and a very pretty park a few miles off. From Toronto one of the most pleasant trips to be taken is on the lake up to Ottawa, through the "Thousand Isles," the name so given because of the numerous little islands dotted about over forty miles of water, till a place called Kingston is reached, from where one rails to Ottawa.

These islands vary in size, the largest being about 9000 acres. Lots of people have charming villas on them, where they go in summer. There are altogether 1800 of them, and they look as if they had been shot out of a pepper-box. As the steamers had stopped running when we were there, we unfortunately missed this pretty sight, and went direct to Ottawa by train. Considering that Ottawa is the capital of Canada, one is rather inclined to expect to see more than one does, for, with the exception of the Parliament buildings, which are the most imposing that exist either in Canada or America, there is nothing else of any particular interest.

From the back of these magnificent buildings one gets a superb view of the river, the Chaudière Falls, and an extensive view into the French Province, and also the other side of the town. In the suburbs is "Ridean Hall," the residence of our Governor-General. There is only one long straight street of any consequence, but which has some excellent

shops, where I found things as cheap and as good as one gets them at home, which is saying a good deal. It is a rare place for furs, particularly racoon skins, which are worn as coats by men and women all over Canada in the cold weather. Here they always wear the fur outside, the inner side being lined in the ordinary way with silk. There is not the least doubt that wearing the fur outside is much warmer than having it inside as a lining, as we usually do—it is, after all, only natural (otherwise, why do animals do so, particularly Polar bears?) It looks rather funny at first to see people covered from head to foot in a mass of fur, but one very soon ends by doing the same oneself.

Although Canada in parts must be one of the most lovely countries in the world in summer, we were very glad to see it as we did in winter, clothed in a light covering of snow, with the sharp bracing air, in which one can walk for miles without fatigue, and feel as if one could consume a herd of bullocks. It was ideal, and we saw it in a typical way, with the sledges and their merry tinkling bells (which brought back to me memories of a winter in Hungary), the skating, tobogganing, curling, and the tremendous amount of sports of this kind which these keen, deep-set eyed, sinewy looking Canadians go in for. The women, too, in Canada are a very sporting lot, splendid skaters, keen on fishing and even shooting, and nothing seems to tire them, as you watch them swing along, with their slender little symmetrical figures

wrapped up in their furs, their faces glowing with health, and their eyes sparkling with fun—there are lovely women in Canada. I wonder, really, how it is that people do not come out to Canada in greater quantities than they do. It is a glorious country, and one in which any man with a head on his shoulders can do well in. Unfortunately, there are two reasons why Canada is not thought so highly of as some of our other colonies for enterprising capitalists of both large and small amounts. At home we continually hear of Australian millionaires and South African millionaires, etc. These men act as a walking advertisement to a country. People think—and sometimes rightly so—that if these men become rich in a certain place, why should not they, and off they go. Now, one very rarely hears of the Canadian millionaire. They exist, but apparently they like Canada so much that, with the exception of short trips abroad, they prefer to remain there—and rightly so. One has only to visit any of the large Canadian towns and see signs of wealth everywhere amongst both the French and English colonists in hundreds of the fine houses. Another thing which is inclined to damp ardour is simply due to the way which some people go, or are sent out there. In the first place, many sons, etc., are sent with a view to farming; they find the life dull, spend their time in loafing about the towns, and at last return home telling their people that the country is useless. On the other hand, lots of young men are gulled by false advertisements, which are all humbug; this

perhaps is the chief reason. One sees, for example, a man advertising who says he has room for a young man who wishes to learn farming, etc., etc., and a bonus of £100 or £200 is asked. It may be all right, and it may not be. In nine cases out of ten it is not. The man goes out to find some fraudulent, uneducated farmer in a dirty little house. He finds himself stranded, does not know what to do, has paid his bonus, does not exactly like to leave, so settles down. Later on he buys from this man, at an apparently cheap rate (for friendship), some miserable farm where the land has been so used up that it is more or less worthless, even in the hands of the most experienced native farmer. These sort of things finish a man up.

If a man has not got the craze for gold-hunting, and whose sole ambition is not to become rich in five seconds, but is content to work in a beautiful country, with a glorious climate, heaps of sport, and attractive people, and get a fair return for his money, there is no country in the world like Canada.

Any man who is strong and healthy, and does not mind a certain amount of wholesome work, can go and get a position under a farmer, who will always give him in exchange for his labour board and lodging, and, later on, some pay. In this way he can look about for himself, get an insight into the life, and at last find something which he thinks, with the experience he has gained, will turn out profitable. The banks in Canada make it a point

to help along any of their clients, and a man going out there with a small sum of money, and lodging it in one of the good banks, will get every sort of information he requires (it is naturally to the interest of the bankers to see their clients do well), and also they know so much about the country and the inmates, through their many agents, that more information can be got from them than from anywhere else. Letters of introduction in cases of this description are, of course, of help; but in the large towns an honest stranger can reckon on being courteously treated.

One can either go from Ottawa to Montreal by water or by rail; we chose the latter, as the country is pretty, and, in spite of our heavy racoon coats, we felt on occasions the cold.

There had been a slight fall of snow, which made the air crisp, so we jumped out of the train and into a sleigh, gliding merrily along, listening to the cheerful tinkling of the bells, with the sun shining brightly.

Montreal is the largest town in Canada, and the most important in many ways. It has now a population of about 250,000. As early as 1534 the site was discovered by Jacques Cartier, the celebrated French explorer, and in 1641 de Maisonneuve founded Montreal, and in the following year the new city was consecrated under the name of Ville-Marie. In 1775 the Americans tried to take Canada, and made a dash on Montreal, but the French and English joined together (as they would probably do again) and surrounded a

party commanded by one Ettian Allen, of Vermont, O.S., when he had to surrender. The Americans, however, gave the French and English-Canadian Colonists a certain amount of trouble, till, finally, in the spring of 1777, the Yankees had to clear out, having also lost General Montgomery, who was killed during their futile attack on Quebec. Since then Montreal has gone on in strides, and is growing fast, and must become, in time, a town of immense importance. There is the picturesque French quarter, with the hotels, cafés, and shops, reminding one of some charming old-fashioned provincial French town. The French church has spent money lavishly in erecting some magnificent buildings, and the institutions of the place are mainly French.

We arrived there on Sunday morning, and rather an amusing little incident happened. Having seen a gaudy placard of a fine hotel advertised, we thought it would do, and on getting into a sleigh, and wrapping rugs carefully round us and so on, preparatory to a long drive, the driver, thinking that we were sufficiently comfortably settled, enquired where we wanted to go to. "The —— Hotel," we answered. "Well, it is not very far," he replied, casually looking across the road, and pointing his whip at a third-rate pot-house. Utterly disgusted, we told him to drive to another. These little incidents are amusing enough in their way, but perhaps more so when you look at them afterwards, or when they happen to somebody else! It shows how careful one must be when travelling

to get correct and ample information and not rely on gaudy advertisements.

In some of the very old houses you see a few of the old iron shutters still hanging up which were used in case of attacks from the Redskins. Some of the little bye streets are extremely picturesque, and further up, when you come out into the square, there is a statue of Jacques Cartier. It reminded one, for the moment, most vividly of a piece of Rouen. Further up there is a statue of Nelson. There are hosts of fine buildings, which at first confuse you, and then you get tired of looking at them. The bridge there, which connects the Grand Trunk Railway with the Island of Montreal and the south shore of the St. Lawrence, is two miles long, one of the longest in the world, built of iron, and about 22 feet high, and most certainly a magnificent piece of engineering. There are rows and rows of charming houses, and as one goes further up the hill, the view of the River St. Lawrence and the harbour, etc., looks very fine. At the back of the town is the celebrated hill, which offers such numerous attractions for picnicing, etc., in summer, and tobogganing in winter; it is called Mount Royal, from which the town derives its name.

One afternoon we took a drive round in a light sleigh drawn by a couple of spanking Canadian horses, visiting the different buildings belonging to the French—monasteries, hospitals, and many other buildings—which lie on the outskirts, and which, from their architectural beauty and fine proportions, would be famous anywhere.



DOMINION SQUARE, MONTREAL.

The snow in places lay pretty thick, but over the hard, crisp surface on and on we swished, till we came at last to one of the entrance gates of the Catholic cemetery. It is like a large undulating park with small trees springing up, everywhere the snow covering the ground, and a whole forest of tombstones of different shapes and sizes, some most imposing looking, others worth noticing from their oddity. On and on we drove without a stop, through miles and miles of this stone forest, till one began to think that the whole world lay buried there. The absolute silence, except for the tinkling of our bells, the light getting fainter and fainter each moment, with the deep, red sun glowing through the trees, giving the snow the appearance of a carpet of blood, was a sight never to be forgotten. Talking at the time was out of the question, but one's thoughts were set agoing at lightning speed of ages past, of skulls and bones, transmigration of souls, etc., till at last we suddenly came up to where stands a life size representation of the three crosses of Calvary—our Lord, the Repentant Sinner, and the Thief. The horses pawed the ground and tossed their heads about; the uncanniness of the surroundings must have struck them as it did us, and off we noiselessly flew once more, sweeping past an outlet and one of the custodian's houses with a sigh of relief.

When one had returned to a right frame of mind, it reminded me in some measure of the story of a Yankee taking a friend, from another

State, for a drive with a fast trotting mare. After dilating on the qualities of his animal for some time, his friend replied, with that true Yankee love of "going one better," that he had a mare in Kentucky that went at such speed that on one occasion when he took a friend of his for a drive, he was asked why there were so many tombstones dotted about everywhere, and how long it would take before they got out of the graveyard, as he was beginning to get sick and tired of it. "Well," said the owner of this marvellously fast trotting Kentucky mare, "this is not a graveyard at all; these are all milestones we are passing, I guess."

Up and up the hill we went along the smooth curling road, until the summit of Mount Royal was reached. Extracting ourselves from the mass of furs, and throwing a rug over the horses, sputtering with foam, but as fresh as when they started, we walked to the edge of the hill, and from a small wooden erection saw one of the finest panoramas of the kind which could possibly unfold itself before the eyes of man—at least, that is how it struck us, but we saw it under exceptional circumstances. Behind us was the sun, a deep, lifeless crimson ball resting on the crest of the hill, and looking out in a sullen way from behind the trees. Not a cloud to be seen in the cold, grey, sodden evening sky; right in front of us was the moon at the full, hanging over the city like a giant electric light—cold, clear, bright, and glorious looking—as if it was sucking, like a vampire, the remaining life from the now fast-sinking sun.

As one stood there gazing down on the city, spread out like a map at our feet, fresh lights popped up, large, dark, sombre-looking buildings, scarcely distinguishable in the gloom, suddenly burst into view, lit up like fairy palaces. There was still enough natural light left to see the view, the mighty river flowing beyond the opposite shores, with the scattered lights of villages on our right, the now fast fading outline of picturesque hills. We stared entranced till the scene assumed the shadowy silhouettish look of a Whistler's picture, and then faded away like a dream. And a dream indeed it was. A very few minutes brought us once more in the midst of what we had been gazing down upon, and the brightly-lighted shops and a drop of delicious Canadian whisky soon sent the blood tingling through our somewhat frozen veins.

The Canadian horses are an exceptionally fine lot of animals. I have seen bigger horses in this country than in any other country in the world, well shaped, with plenty of bone and substance, showing quality, power, and speed, and not, as is often the case with very large horses, lacking strength, being slack about the couplings, and no quarters, like many Australian horses. In winter they are shod with cork and well greased before going out, to prevent balling. They are, as a rule, exceptionally good-tempered animals, and have more brain than one usually sees in the creature at home and elsewhere. I suppose the climate agrees with them. As a rule, there is nothing very clever

or intelligent about the horse. When one hears (as one often does) someone exclaim: "What an intelligent animal a horse is!" I wish they would explain why. I have seen a good deal of horses since I was born, and hope to continue to do so until I die, and, taking into consideration the hundreds of years these animals have been the intimate associates of mankind, I think that their intelligence is far below what one would be led to expect. When properly broken, a horse, as a rule, is a willing animal, and if he knows what you want him to do he will usually do it. Nearly all tricks, vices, or bad habits that a horse may have can be traced to evil or foolish breaking. It forces them out, or rather gives them to it, which apparently goes to show that the personal characteristics of a horse are by no means strong. Naturally, they have been the slaves of man, and contact with him must produce its results. In Arabia we are told that horses show great affection for their masters. Does that mean that they jump up and lick his face and hands? No; animals like the elephants, monkeys, foxes, in my humble opinion, with many other wild animals, have more intelligence in the tips of their tails than a horse—useful, good-natured, kind creature as he is, and fond as I am of him. As to comparing them with dogs, I would not demean the brain of the commonest cur aground with that of any fabled horse. I don't deny that they possess instinctive power, which in some aged horses is particularly strong—such as finding their way home

on occasions; but as to reasoning power, which I have noticed over and over again in wild animals, and in dogs at home, I don't believe a horse possesses any. Once I had a horse that used to sham lame. The first time I couldn't understand it, and paid a guinea to a vet. for nothing. The second time I could, and that horse went sound up to the day I sold her and saw the last of her, which was fifteen months after. That showed a certain amount of cuteness, but nothing more; certainly not reasoning power, or forcing its brain into channels of thought and action. If it had been, she surely wouldn't have done it, as she would have "reasoned that there was no reason for it," as some Irishman might say!

However we must jog on, and see what we can find in another covert.

The next day, after an early breakfast, but an uncommonly good one (which is not always the case when travelling early), we got into the sleigh and scooted off, accompanied by the jingling of the bells, to the charming little Hunt Club, and then on to the kennels situated a stone's throw from it.

Snow was fairly thick, and as we jumped out it was freezing like blazes (that is, of course, when blazes freeze). How nice it was to grip the honest hand of an English huntsman right out here. Scrupulously clean and fresh looking, as horsey men, who can afford to be, generally are, and as neat and dapper as a Newmarket jockey or a Royal groom, with his clean shaven face, white tie, and clear cut

broken features. Am I in Canada after all, or am I in England? Why, Canada of course; and why not? Canada is one of England's colonies and therefore part of her. "Come on," said I, "and show us your hounds," and we followed the old buck with that shambling shuffling quick walk, with the slight limp that one so often sees in men of this class, which either comes from some old fall, a tight boot, or a bit of swagger. Reaching from a shelf a light swish I followed him in. There were twenty-seven couples of nice looking, hard working, useful hounds, and a well-matched lot they were —a trifle fatter than we keep them at home, maybe, but no doubt very hard. Of course, we were told in the usual way that there were no "babblers," "skirters," etc., among the lot, but we did not want to buy them, so it mattered not. Favourites and heroes were discussed, trotted out, and turned round, till at last, with gurgling growls of indignation, like trains make as you walk under an arch, so with a bound they jumped back to their benches, sitting up and looking at one in that sad, bored, dignified way, as much as to say: "Oh, if you are not going to take us out, you can at least let us sleep, and—clear." So we cleared!

There are a good many foxes about, and excellent sport is to be had. They suffer from wire, as we do at home, and everything is done as it is in the "Old Country," as they call it. People are as keen as mustard, and the hack-driver down to the butcher-boy get a squint at the fun whenever they can.

There are numerous charming excursions to be made, and some very lovely places to go to in the country round, with trips up the river, and visits to the various pretty French and English villages dotted about on the shores. Lovely as all I saw of Canada looked, draped in snow and many coloured crystals, it must be lovely indeed in summer. But the winter months is the time for sports. Snow-shoeing is a popular pastime, tobogganing, for people who like it, is gone in for tremendously, one famous track being on the slopes at the back of Mount Royal, where one can swish along like the wind. Hockey on the ice (a fine game for broken noses), and so on; also curling (recommended for making your back ache). In summer there is any amount of fishing, golf, cricket, etc., and I may say, although "comparisons are odious," that there is a far greater variety of outdoor games on the whole in Canada, both in summer and winter, than in America. The chief game in America, and the most popular, is base ball, something like our rounders, but more scientific. I feel as if I could go on writing about Canada for pages, but as I am coming to the end of my note-book I bid the beautiful country farewell with one great regret still lingering in my mind, and that was our inability to visit Quebec.

Quebec was founded by Samuel de Champlain in 1608, and from all the historical war recollections that is associated with it—the battlements, towers, and fortresses—it must indeed be an interesting town to visit, in a picturesque and mediæval sort of

way, probably far and away the most interesting town on the whole continent, at least so say many American and Canadian travellers.

Leaving Montreal about 9 o'clock in the morning, through woods, and skirting lakes, and over most interesting and pretty country for the first part of the journey, the train arrived at Boston about 8.30 in the evening. We caught Boston in a horrible condition. Great banks of snow were heaped up on each side of the road, and men were shovelling it about, swearing and gesticulating, as if it was each other's fault, the whole way from the station to the hotel. These Bostonians were evidently not used to such a generous helping of snow as they had just had supplied to them, and the way they dealt with it was not quite as systematic as it might have been, and, from an onlooker's point of view, funny in the extreme. The next morning, on looking out of the window, the snow was certainly coming down as thickly as it could, and it continued to do so until four o'clock in the afternoon. However, as we could not stay long in Boston, we put on our coats and put up our umbrellas, and started forth to see what we could.

Boston is considered the first town in the United States for culture; people spend their time in lectures and so forth. In order to get into society one must be very clever, or appear to be clever, or be thought to be clever or talk cleverly (which is all much the same)! One comes across dried-up, middle-aged women and plain girls, who have not the least idea of being of use to the world in

general, or imparting what they may learn, content to absorb all the books and works, and pickings from other people's brains, and thereby lose all imagination and the charm of originality. We saw pasty young men, with great, big spectacles, long-haired, hollow-eyed, and pimply-faced, aping the manners of old men, and ogled by dyspeptic-looking old maids with trembling hands. Dictatorial, scowling professors, with unbrushed clothes, baggy-kneed trousers, and squeaky boots, prowled about the huge lecturing rooms.

But is that all you saw of Boston?

No, dear reader, certainly not, otherwise I should not have dared to write even that much.

There is a class of this sort of people in nearly every large town in the world that can boast of public libraries and lecture-halls, and such like accessories, for the so-called cultivation of men and women's brains.

And, *par excellence*, Boston is the town where they struggle to attain a very high grade of intellectual study. However, there are a number of people in Boston who don't care a fig for that sort of thing, and laugh at it up their sleeve, so that you get people to suit every taste. The town itself I can't say I cared for particularly. The streets, except a few of the principal, are narrow and irregular, and, in spite of the high condition of culture supposed to prevail amongst high and low, I found the ordinary masses that one came in contact with as independent as many of the people out West and in Chicago. We heard more

"twang," I think, in Boston than anywhere else, which is objectionable (particularly when the walls of your bedroom are rather thin, and a newly married couple occupy the room next door, and you want to go to sleep, and you can't without being awoke about half a dozen times). The next day was fine, with a clear blue sky, but a strong east wind. We managed to get hold of a sleigh, and toured round the outskirts of the town, etc., to see what we could see, having had enough of bilious institutions and big buildings.

It is hard to get correct impressions of a place in so short a time, and I make it a point under no consideration whatever to allow impressions to carry one away. Neither is it much good to listen to the views of residents, as they, of course (as one would do oneself), naturally crack up any hole they lived in, although the most useful information can naturally be got from them—that is, provided they are willing to impart it.

So we left interesting, practical, though straight-laced Boston, which all people of education in the States think a good deal of, but which the ordinary tourist would not have time to appreciate.

The journey from Boston to New York is not a very long one, but the country is plain. We arrived there at night, having left Boston in the afternoon. Now New York is New York, and although we stopped there some little time before paying a visit to the Southern States, we will for the present leave it alone, and take it *en gros* on our return journey, and proceed without further

delay with our notes on the South. From New York we arrived at Philadelphia in the evening. Before getting in, the whole country seemed dotted with a mass of electric lights, blue arcs which made it look, from either windows of the cars, a most enormous place, and indeed, as we found out afterwards, it competes with Chicago as a place of "magnificent distances;" it seemed also the best lit up town in the States (it struck us that they do not light up their towns at all well as a rule; there are plenty of lights in the main streets and crossways certainly, but they don't somehow seem to give out a very bright light, and in the side streets, it is woeful). Philadelphia is a fine town, but it would be futile and uninteresting to talk about the many fine buildings and streets one sees, as one could go on writing without end. Just like San Francisco, Boston, Chicago, etc., the only feeble description or word I can find to say of them is "fine." They are all, to the man passing through, one very like another. European towns are all distinct, inasmuch as they have something at least historical to distinguish them, but in America one sees the broad streets, tram-cars, high buildings, and general rush more or less wherever you are. There is one thing, however, which Philadelphia is justly famed for, and that is its park. Naturally, in winter you can only get a bare idea of it, but in summer it must be enjoyable. It reminded one in parts, with the undulating park ground and clumps of trees spread about, of a large private park at home. In other respects it

has cafés and hotels and boating clubs dotted about. Although it is considered the finest park in the States, with due deference to it, I preferred the park in San Francisco far more. If, as I said before, to the passing stranger one large American town is more or less like another, it by no means appeals in this light to the residents, particularly so from a social point of view.

They compare, for example, three large American towns—viz., Boston, New York, and Philadelphia—in the following way, which quite agrees with our ideas of Yankee wit: "When a stranger comes to Boston, they ask him what he knows"; in New York, "how many dollars he has"; and in Philadelphia, "who he is." Those are the credentials. It seems that in Boston, no matter who a person is, if he or she is at all learned, or has done anything, or is a celebrity of the smallest order, the airy Bostonians embrace him. Of New York, with regard to the dollar, except amongst a certain set, the saying might pertain (I should have thought) more rightly to the Chicagoans! Thirdly, rightly or wrongly, the saying with regard to Philadelphians suggests a slight touch of snobbery, which is quite wrong, as most of the Philadelphians are most warm-hearted (and, after all, it seems only right and proper, if they choose, that they should know a little about people before admitting them right and left into their society. *Honi soit qui mal y pense!*)

Once more in the train, and we were going full swing to the South, and to the capital—Washington.

Having visited every capital in Europe except Lisbon in Portugal, and in addition a great many of their larger towns, and large towns in various other parts of the globe, I unhesitatingly say that, in my opinion, for a beautifully laid out, well-planned town Washington most certainly takes first place, and that is saying a very great deal. Well may Americans be proud of their beautiful capital town. It is a place well worth visiting, a place which one would be proud to live in, happy to be born in, content to die in. Its streets are all of asphalt, broad, straight, and clean, with magnificent buildings, one vieing with the other in architectural beauties. But enough of them, as they are, after all, only reproductions of a similar kind one sees in other large American cities. It is the Capitol which one sees rising up from the mass of buildings, its outline clean and clear, standing stately in a background of pure blue sky, as easily distinguished as our own St. Paul's, or Notre Dame of Paris. It is built on high ground, with a drive round it leading to the foot of a flight of broad steps. The first room one enters is a huge domed hall, hung round with large oil paintings illustrating American history, but the light is not perfect. Elevators take you to different floors, the interior is entirely of marble, and from all the different windows pretty peeps can be had. There are, in the usual way, a lot of pestilential guides who wish to chant, for a dollar, in their sing-sing monotonous way, their vocabulary of boredom, but

as a stranger can range about the building as long as he likes, free and undisturbed, a guide is unnecessary. Long marble corridors and broad marble staircases lead you to different rooms and offices of state importance, and the building is kept at about 70° by the heating apparatus, which they have brought to a great state of perfection in America. In some places where they use it the atmosphere, however, becomes stuffy, depressing, and headachy, but on the whole, in hard winters, they far surpass our system of open fires in grates, for when once the fire dies out, it leaves the room stone cold—moral: don't let the fire go out! Opposite the Capitol is another stately building, more gorgeous than the Capitol, but not so grand or noble looking—the Library. On either side of a finely sculptured bronze fountain are flights of steps leading up to its doors. Inside, the stairs, walls, pillars, etc., are all of highly polished white marble, and in the nooks and on the walls and the ceiling are large allegorical paintings and decorations; but the many colours used, all of the brightest tints, produce by no means a pleasing effect. They say that the artists painted them in brightly with the idea of their soon toning down to the required depth; let us, therefore, hope that Nature will be quick about it. Huge buildings on either side are simply stacked full of books, and in the centre is the reading room, built in a circle, with desks all round and a balcony on top; this, in all probability, for the purpose of a library,



THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.

is the finest building of its kind in the world. Further down in the town is what is called the "White House," where the President lives, a large roomy-looking, plainish building, but with a very fine view from the back. On its right stands the naval buildings, etc., and on its left the Treasury, a fine, substantial-looking building. There are numbers of trees planted about everywhere, large, well-kept lawns, and statues and monuments dotted about in all the open spaces, corners, and crossings quite lavishly. They have an enormous monument there, the shape of our Cleopatra's Needle, only of grey stone, perfectly plain, and of enormous height. An elevator inside runs up every quarter of an hour, and the walls are carved with the arms of each State, on slabs inserted in the walls, but it is so very poorly lighted that one can scarcely see them. A stairway working round the elevator is open to anyone wishing to bring on heart disease, and when the top is at last gained a truly magnificent view of the town and surrounding country lies thousands of feet beneath you. So high was one, it reminded me, from the flat look which everything had, of when I once was in a balloon. On a clear day Mount Vernon can be seen distinctly; one can follow the course of the river for miles, the bridges, the ships, etc., looking like mere toys. The different views you get of the city itself are exceptionally fine, and one can then see what a grandly laid-out place it really is, and what fine taste and architectural skill is displayed. There is plenty of open space, and nothing indicative of meanness,

poorness, or pinchiness, but certainly a right worthy capital to a grand nation, so we thought, and we could not help a flush of admiration for the great things these people, who are of our own blood, can achieve, have achieved, and will achieve.

Washington is considered, being in South Virginia, a Southern State, and, as far as winter resorts are concerned, it is unnecessary to go further south in search of them, as there are hot springs and first-class country hotels open all the year round. A little further south, in North Carolina, there are also some charming resorts in pretty country, celebrated for their thermal waters, etc., and also pine resorts (equivalent to our Bournemouth) in South Carolina.

Although there was thick snow when we left New York, not a trace of anything of the sort was to be seen South; at the same time we didn't feel any perceptible difference in the climate until we got right down into Florida, and even then in the North it was rather cold, although we had bright sun, pure blue skies, and perfect air. In the coldest months one does not feel the benefit of the Florida climate until one gets well to the South, where it is as warm and perfect as the Riviera. It is *par excellence* the State for fashionable and beautiful hotels, and it is a pity that other countries do not seem to know much about it. One has a sort of idea that Florida is a wild country, full of savage redskins, etc. Of course, there are wild patches there, such as the "Everglades" and

so on, but on the whole Florida is one of the pleasantest States, and as a winter resort cannot easily be beaten.

It was our intention first only to go as far as South Carolina to see what a Southern State was really like and a southern town, so a good day and night's journey brought us to Charleston, the capital. But we were very disappointed, and wished that we had pushed right on to Jacksonville, the capital of Florida, where there are good hotels and a rather more lively place. We, however, decided to stay there one day, and then push on right through to St. Augustin, which is the first real winter resort one comes to in this region, and a very charming place. The sleepy old town of Charleston, which, with a certain amount of dirt, its funny wooden houses and verandahs, and its narrow back streets, gives one in places a very good idea of what these old southern towns must have been in the old slave days, before the introduction of tramcars and things of that sort, which you now see bustling about the main streets just the same as you see them everywhere else.

The harbour of Charleston is a very good one, with lots of pretty spots and islands all round; but all these sort of places with no regular amusements going on are naturally dull in winter and wintry weather, unless one happens to be a resident, and have your time and occupations cut out. They have a nice little park, and time could no doubt have been spent interestingly in visiting the forts

and batteries about the harbour. As the coast is strongly fortified in that district, the gunners kept there and at St. Augustin are, of course, all "regulars." Although no doubt first-rate shots, and thoroughly well up in their gun drill and so on, they ought, from an outsider's point of view, to have a little more attention paid to their deportment and soldierly carriage. When they are out in the streets one feels inclined to give them a smack on their backs, and tell them to hold themselves up. Nearly all Americans, particularly those brought up in the country and men out West, can shoot, and shoot well, as was proved in the last war, where on many occasions the marksmanship could not be surpassed. Their regular cavalry, too, at least, what they have of it, is first rate. There is very little discipline (how can there be with a private in the ranks, and perhaps his coachman or groom a corporal or sergeant in the same company?). A large standing army is against American policy; but what can they do? In one way it will help to pour a certain tone into social America; hitherto, the merchants have been the principal people (and what more rightly, for who is it, after all, who make countries but merchants?); but in a few years' time the Americans will perhaps say, with their clanking spurs and a crack of their swagger canes: "*Nous avons changé tout cela!*" and then they will be no better off than any other country!

We left Charleston in the morning. The country through which you pass is very flat—green, rather

marshy-looking stretches of land and thick woods, with swamps. It was unfortunately raining when we got in, but the next day was fine, with a magnificent sky.

St. Augustin is one of the most favourite winter resorts, but although there were a sprinkling of people there when we arrived, the season doesn't really begin till about the beginning or middle of January, and generally finishes in April, so that the Florida season proper is by no means a very long one ; but while it lasts it is gay, as the huge hotels there are crammed to overflowing.

In the new part the streets are all made of asphalte, and good for bicycling. There are several shops, a casino, and a fashionable local paper. In the old part there are a few Spanish houses still existing, and two or three of the streets are exceedingly picturesque. In the square there still exists the old slave market, the floor of which is of brick and the roof supported by eight red brick pillars. There are no walls, the place being open to public gaze, for the auctions held there and so on. The structure, judging roughly, is about forty yards long and about ten yards broad, and during a large sale I should think there must have been a bit of a crush, or they huddled the slaves together pretty closely. It is now used as a place to lounge in, as there are a few iron benches placed there for the benefit of any loafers. There is nothing about the place in the very least which would give one the idea of its ever having been used for that purpose, but

no doubt with a few lusty negroes, a few pretty quadroons, and a conglomeration of young and old, and children, and a few would-be purchasers strolling round, amidst the haggling cries and disputes of the oily dealers, it would soon make one realise the past! *Cui bono;* and after all was it as bad as it was painted? In my opinion, no, not one half. It stands to reason that a man who kept a lot of slaves could not afford to treat them cruelly, and have them die. Each one represents a certain sum of money, and they naturally have to be well fed and cared for, and look their best, when offered for sale; it is exactly the same with a horse or cattle dealer. Moreover, there are now old people existing who preferred being slaves, under fair masters, to being independent and probably half starving. They are a very weak race intellectually, and, like all weak people, can get on better when they have some one to depend on. It is quite exceptional to ever hear of a pure nigger who has ever done anything to make any sort of name or position; they are as a whole a lazy, idle, lying, thieving lot, and that is the unbiassed opinion of nearly every Southerner whom I asked. They are, moreover, absolutely without any morals of any kind; it is quite a common thing for them to try to rape a white woman, in which case in the South they are lynched. A common habit also is to take little children into woods, outrage them, cut their throats after, and bolt. It is very well for people to write books about them, cracking them up, and running down the old

slaving days, and bringing in the poetical—whips, starvation, irons, and bloodhounds; but these soft-hearted people would probably sing a different tune if their sisters or daughters or wives were left at the mercy of a nigger for a short time. And is it this people that the Americans, perhaps from cheap political reasons, put on an almost equal footing with themselves? Give them an inch and they take a mile, and they will probably become more offensive day by day. There are about 7,000,000 of them and they breed like rats, although, strangely enough, you don't see many little children playing about. There are far more of them in the Southern States, and southern people, therefore, know a good deal more about them and how to treat them than they do in the North, where they are not so numerous. But I must say, as a whole, I found them every bit as cheeky and off-hand (or, rather, I should say, inclined to be if they thought they could) down South as out West, or anywhere else in the States. In Canada I found them a rather better mannered lot, but there both the English and French Canadians don't put up with any nonsense from them, neither do they chaff them or allow them to become familiar in any way, and neither are they frightened of them.

To return to St. Augustin, a great feature there was the sands; they are as firm and hard as a billiard table, and one can bike, ride, or drive along them for miles and miles. On the north of the town is an ancient fort, belonging once to the

Spaniards, with an interesting history, which an old sergeant there is willing to spin out. They have a handful of regular gunners there, but it looks by no means a very healthy place, damp, low, and almost on a level with the sea. Unfortunately we could not go over it and see the dungeons, etc., as there were some prisoners there. The city gates are rather interesting, and an old street is curious for its extreme narrowness, being not more than 6ft. wide. Further south, along the east coast of Florida, you come to other charming spots and resorts, such as Ormond, Rockledge, and notably Miami, the furthest town south, on the pretty Biscayne Bay, which has no winter. On the west coast there is Tampa, which is probably the most popular place of the lot, with the finest hotel in Florida, and that says a great deal for a country and State where the hotels are superb. There are shooting and fishing, game of all sorts abounds, and these waters are the home of the celebrated tarpon.

Never did we regret having to give up the delightful companionship and liberal sport offered to us more than at that time, and rarely had we been so sorry to leave a place as we were to leave St. Augustin. It only served as a taste, which made one wish to see more of the many charming places of Florida, and to prolong at least one's stay till the season was in full swing; but in travelling one is so often the victim of circumstances. It takes about two nights and a day from New York to Florida, which means that one day one can be skating or

sleighing, wrapped up in furs in the very depth of winter, surrounded by snow, and about forty-eight hours after you can be at Tampa or Miami, sitting outside on the verandah after dinner without an overcoat.

Surely this is wonderful. One cannot understand why it is that Americans travel so much as they do in foreign countries, when they have nearly every sort of climate and scenery etc., to be got on their own continent. They have grand mountain scenery in Canada, and their own Rocky Mountains. They have geysers, which beat anything in New Zealand, in their Yellowstone Park, and most beautiful geologic formations, not far short of the celebrated old pink terraces at Roto-Mahana, now alas destroyed. The scenery in the Yosemite valley is very fine, and in addition to charming summer resorts such as Newport, and other seaside places, to say nothing of those on the Western Coast, they have their Riviera in Florida and California, and lots of historically interesting buildings and towns "down south," perhaps not as old as Rome or Prague, but still of a certain age (as some one said of a very young old lady). In the season they run down to Florida a special Florida Express, which is supposed to be the best train in America, with library, baths, and so on (and a lot of black servants to give you a nightmare). We went straight back to New York, and it is curious that, in the different Temperance States one passes through, where they have the "Prohibition Bill" on liquors and wines, they are not

allowed to sell them even on the trains. One moment, for example, you ask for a bottle of claret, and are told that you won't be able to have it for an hour "as we were still in the State of so and so." This is going on the whole time whilst the train is at full speed. Some of the States having these laws are Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Mississippi, New Jersey, Ohio, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and Wyoming. This seemed very odd. We arrived at New York late in the evening, and the feeling of freedom in a good-sized bedroom, with one's traps all around, was anything but unpleasant after the cramped up little spaces that one even has to struggle to get hold of in the trains.

To say anything about New York in a few notes like these is out of the question, beyond expressing a feeling of wonder at the vast undercurrent of life buried all day long in the business part, equivalent to our city, in gigantic buildings. New York is at first enormous and bewildering. The elevated trains, the tram cars, the movable "pier-boats," floating jetties, which are all perplexing when seen for the first time, and the utter inability for the stranger, although speaking the language, to get the slightest understandable information likely to enlighten him in the very least, or putting him nearer on the track of his destination, all helps to drive him away in despair from that tedious quarter to the quieter parts of New York Belgravia.

The hotels, one or two in particular, have the reputation of being the finest in the world. They are certainly very large; the restaurants are first-rate, but the prices seemed to me a great deal higher than one would pay for superior dinners in Paris. However, there is something fascinating about New York, despite the ceaseless bustle, which tells on the stranger's nerves, and no doubt, after a little time spent there, he may get the same airy opinions and lofty contempt for all the rest of America, like our true bred Cockney has for our provincial towns. Was it not the great Napoleon who also said: "There is only one France, and that France is Paris"?

Newport, equivalent to our Brighton, etc., is a charming seaside summer resort for New Yorkers, and another charming little place, very popular in winter, is Tuxedo, amidst the wildest and most lovely scenery imaginable, with châlets dotted about all over the hillsides.

To continue writing about the ordinary sights of New York, to say nothing of the extraordinary ones, would require volumes, and would most probably convey nothing to the reader, unless it were sleep, and we can only advise him to go there himself and see the New Continent with his own eyes; so here we will leave him, amongst the kindest-hearted people in the world.

An uneventful voyage brought us to Liverpool, where the special train rattled us up to town; and on December 14th I was once more at home. How delicious it was to wake up in one's own room,

to lean out of one's window, and draw in bucketfuls of pure country air; to see the cows grazing peacefully, the birds twittering in the trees, and the Downs in the distance. Yes, it was difficult to believe that one had been away just a year, when it all seemed as yesterday.

# APPENDIX.

| | Hotels. | Clubs. |
|---|---|---|
| **THE CANARY ISLANDS.** | | |
| LAS PALMAS... ... | Hôtel Catalina... ... | The Club House. |
| **SOUTH AFRICA.** | | |
| CAPE TOWN... ... | Royal Hotel ... ... | Civil Service Club.<br>City Club. |
| KIMBERLEY ... ... | Grand Hotel ... ... | Kimberley Club. |
| JOHANNESBURG ... | Heath's Hotel ... ... | Rand Club. |
| PIETERMARITZBURG | Imperial Hotel... ... | |
| PRETORIA ... ... | Grand Hotel ... ... | |
| DURBAN... ... ... | Royal Hotel ... ... | Durban Club. |
| EAST LONDON ... | Central Hotel ... ... | |
| ALIWAL NORTH ... | Balmoral Hotel ... | |
| BEAUFORT WEST... | Royal Hotel ... ... | |
| **TASMANIA.** | | |
| HOBART TOWN ... | Orient Hotel ... ... | |
| **NEW ZEALAND.** | | |
| WELLINGTON ... | Royal Oak Hotel ... | Wellington Club. |
| MASTERTON ... ... | Club Hotel ... ... | |
| NAPIER... ... ... | Masonic Hotel... ... | |
| TAUPO ... ... ... | Terrace Hotel ... ... | |
| WAIRAKEI ... ... | Geyser House Hotel | |
| ROTORUA ... ... | Grand Hotel ... ... | |

| | Hotels. | Clubs. |
|---|---|---|
| **NEW ZEALAND** *(continued)*— | | |
| AUCKLAND ... ... | Star Hotel ... ... | Northern Club. |
| CHRISTCHURCH ... | Russell House Hotel | Christchurch Club. |
| DUNEDIN ... ... | Grand Hotel ... ... | Fernhill Club. |
| **AUSTRALIA.** | | |
| SYDNEY... ... ... | Australia Hotel ... | Union Club. |
| JENOLAN CAVES ... | Cave House ... ... | |
| KATOOMBA ... ... | Carrington's Hotel ... | |
| MELBOURNE ... ... | Menzie's Hotel... ... | The Melbourne Club. |
| BALLARAT ... ... | Craig's Royal Hotel | |
| BRISBANE ... ... | Imperial Hotel... ... | Queensland Club. |
| ALBANY... ... ... | Freemason's Hotel ... | |
| PERTH ... ... ... | Grand Hotel ... ... | |
| COOLGARDIE... ... | Grand Hotel ... ... | |
| KALGOORLIE... ... | Grand Hotel ... ... | |
| **SINGAPORE** ... ... | Hôtel de l'Europe ... | Singapore Club. |
| **JAVA.** | | |
| BATAVIA ... ... | Hôtel des Indes ... | Concordia. |
| BUITENZORF ... ... | Belle Vue Hotel ... | |
| BANDONG ... ... | Homann's Hotel ... | |
| SOEKOEBOEMI ... | Ploem's Hotel ... ... | |
| MAOS ... ... ... | Railway Hotel ... ... | |
| PASŒRAN ... ... | Marine Hotel ... ... | |
| SAMARANG ... ... | Pavilion Hotel... ... | |
| TOSARI ... ... ... | Tosari Hotel ... ... | |
| LAWANG ... ... | Lawang Hotel ... ... | |
| SERABAYA ... ... | Hôtel Wynfeldt ... | |
| NONGKO-DJADJA ... | Nongko-Djadja Hotel | |
| **SIAM.** | | |
| BANKOK... ... ... | Oriental Hotel... ... | The English Club. |

| | Hotels. | Clubs. |
|---|---|---|
| **CHINA.** | | |
| HONG KONG... ... | Hong Kong Hotel ... | Hong Kong Club. |
| SHANGHAI ... ... | Astor House ... ... | Shanghai Club. |
| CANTON... ... ... | Shameen Isle Hotel | |
| MACAO ... ... ... | Hôtel Bellevue... ... | |
| TIENTSIN ... ... | Astor House ... ... | Tientsin Club. |
| PEKIN ... ... ... | Hôtel de Pekin ... | The Club. |
| **JAPAN.** | | |
| KIOBE ... ... ... | Grand Hotel ... ... | European Club. |
| OSAKA ... ... ... | Osaka Hotel ... ... | |
| NARA ... ... ... | Japanese Hotel... ... | |
| KYOTO ... ... ... | Yami's Hotel ... ... | |
| YOKOHAMA ... ... | Grand Hotel ... ... | The Club. |
| TOKIO ... ... ... | Imperial Hotel... ... | |
| NIKKO ... ... ... | Hôtel Nikko ... ... | |
| **HAWAIIAN ISLES.** | | |
| HONOLULU ... ... | Hawaiian Hotel ... | The Pacific Club. |
| | Hôtel Moana ... ... | |
| HILO ... ... ... | Hilo Hotel ... ... | |
| KILLAUEA ... ... | Volcano House Hotel | |
| PUNALUU ... ... | The Punaluu Hotel... | |
| LIHUE ... ... ... | Rice's Hotel ... ... | |
| HANALEI ... ... | Deverel's Hotel ... | |
| **AMERICA.** | | |
| SAN FRANCISCO ... | The Palace Hotel ... | Bohemian Club. |
| SANTA BARBARA... | The Arlington Hotel | Santa Barbara Club. |
| LOS ANGELES ... | The Angellus Hotel | |
| PACADENA ... ... | Green's Hotel ... ... | |
| MAZATLAN ... ... | Hôtel Central ... ... | |
| SALT LAKE CITY... | The Knutsford... ... | |
| DENVER... ... ... | The Albany ... ... | |
| CHICAGO ... ... | The Oratorium... ... | |
| BOSTON... ... ... | Hôtel Touraine ... | |

| | Hotels. | Clubs. |
|---|---|---|
| **AMERICA** *(continued)*— | | |
| NEW YORK ... ... | Waldorf Hotel... ... | Union Club. |
| | Buckingham Hotel ... | Knickerbocker Club. |
| PHILADELPHIA ... | Hôtel Walton ... ... | |
| WASHINGTON ... | The Arlington Hotel | |
| CHARLESTON ... | Hôtel Charleston ... | |
| JACKSONVILLE ... | St. James' Hotel ... | |
| ST. AUGUSTIN ... | Pouce de Lion Hotel | |
| **CANADA.** | | |
| TORONTO ... ... | The Arlington Hotel | |
| OTTAWA ... ... | Russell House Hotel | |
| MONTREAL ... ... | The Windsor ... ... | St. James's Club. |
| QUEBEC... ... ... | Chateau Frontenac ... | |

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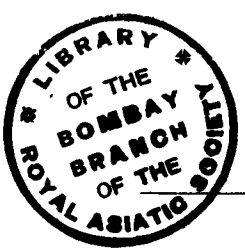
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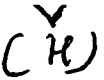
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